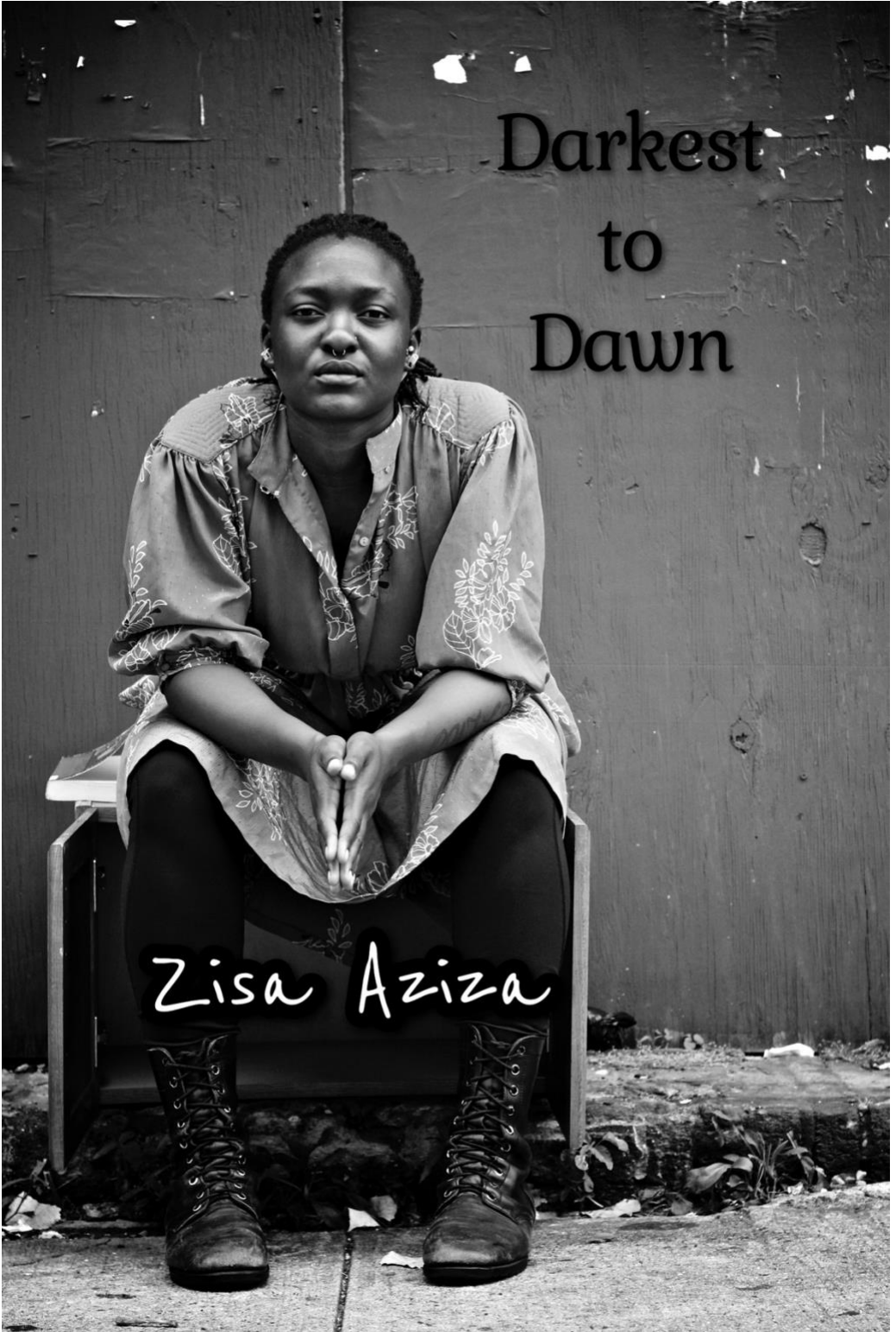
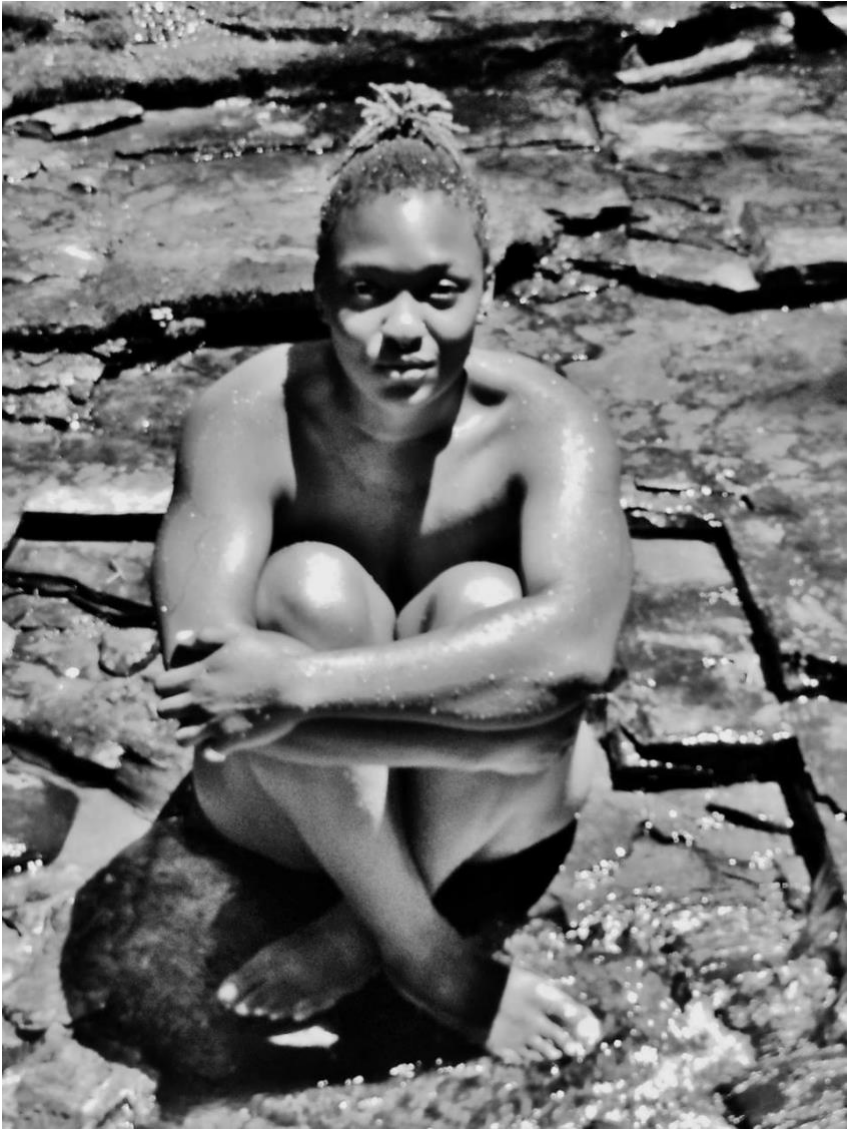


Darkest to Dawn

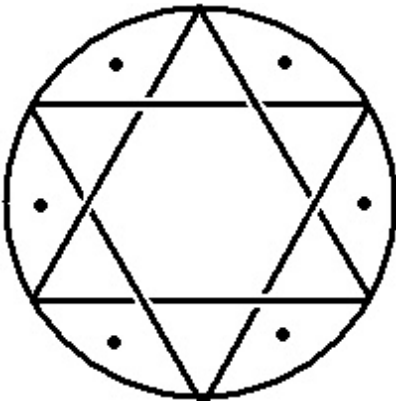
Zisa Aziza





Love is Destiny

adios vaya con dios



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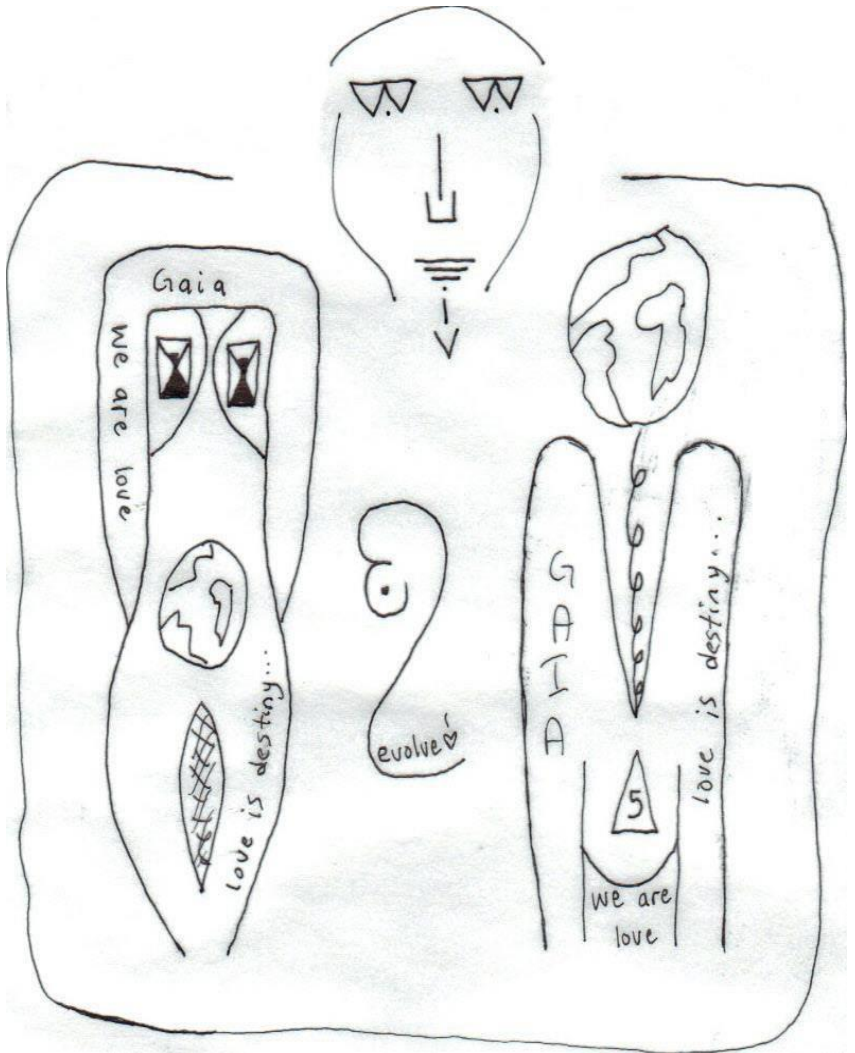
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Darkest to Dawn



Semper Peto Evolvenda

Insurrection Media Praxis

Always seek to evolve

Pedagogy of Emancipation and Co-creation

Objective: *Create artwork to support the irrefutable necessity for the collective pursuit of planetary and spiritual emancipation.*

Resistance, as a political ideology, enables the perpetuation and mutation of oppression and dehumanization by promoting the neglect of self-reflection, accountability and emotional autonomy—it absolves one of self-responsibility.

It is through the process of **acceptance** that we, as individuals within the collective, are empowered to transcend and cultivate a sphere of transformation. The elevation and expansion of consciousness, synthesized by the disidentification and depersonalization of historically identity based trauma, will sustain the conservation of vital life energies.

Of the many strands of oppression, the most acute form is that which is internalized. We must emancipate our self-perception from psychological colonization. We are cells within the body of a living being. We are self-aware and capable of working with divine energies.

As the inhabitants of a degenerative society in the terminal stages of devolution, it is our existential imperative to invest all resources into creating the harmony and unity we desire.

Praxis

It is my prerogative to make sense, and find value, and create meaning for the life that I am to live. Thus, my intention to create and disseminate art with the objective of complicating the dominant and resistant cultural paradigms of First World peoples. Because freedom is more than a theory to gift wrap in semantics and legislation, or trick-and-treaty notions of hegemonic equality and an inaccessible Amerikan Dream, I believe a sincere pursuit of freedom would catapult one's soul to un-conditioned and un-colonized inner realms of love; and, thereby, induce one to pursue freedom for all of the human race—a reverence for life, every form of life, would become innate.

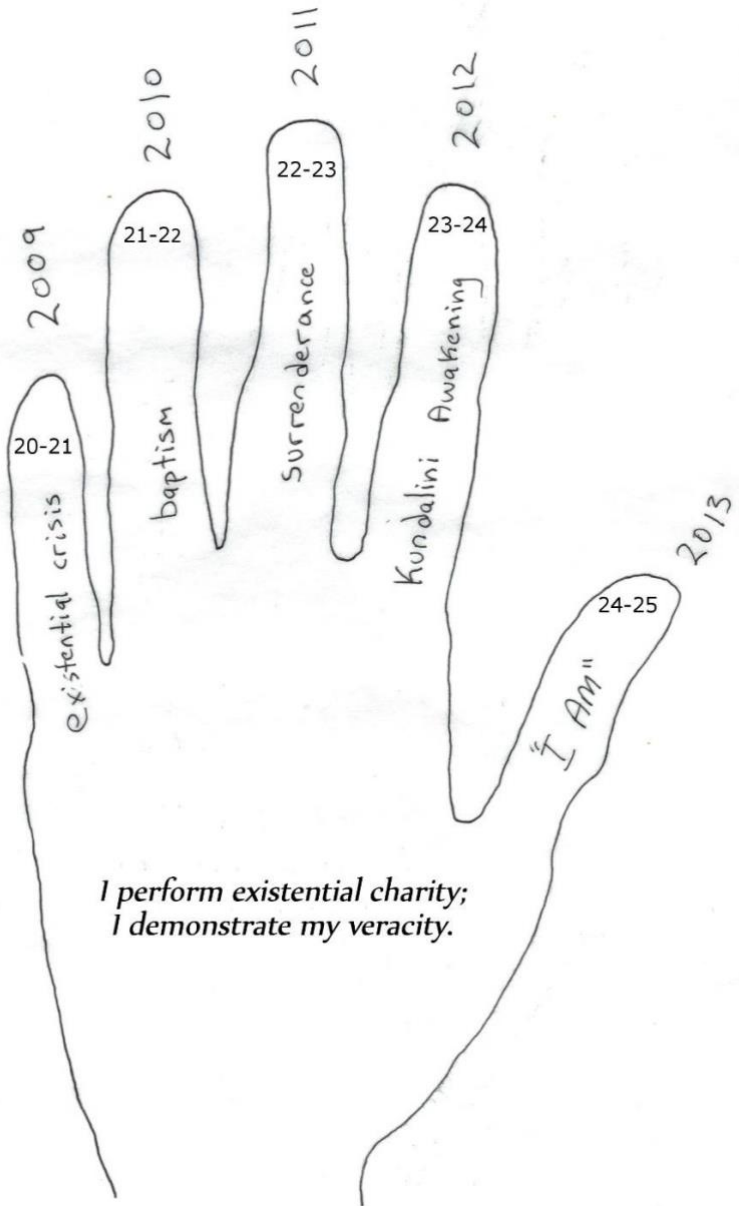
My interdisciplinary studies have provided me many theoretical and ideological frameworks from which to view and deconstruct the world intersectionally. Furthermore, my responsibility to appreciate and honor all of my lived experience, ancestry and cosmic origins has become compulsory. Ergo, orthopraxy.

Toolbox:

emotional honesty, self-accountability, existentialism, holism, intersectionality, free will, humanism, interconnectivity, transcendentalism, auric protection, decolonization, homo luminous, pantheism, epigenetics, self-determinism, self-actualization, psychic cleansing, paganism, frequency holder, animism, gnosticism, agape (unconditional love), alchemy, ascension, critical/cosmic/christ consciousness, interdependence, and planetary emancipation.

Orthopraxis:

1. Share thy truth.
2. Transmute & Transmit.
3. Always be honest with thyself.
4. Live in accordance with thy needs.
5. Nurture that which is of thy nature.
6. Be indiscriminate, tactful, & critical.
7. Treat the world like an overflowing garden.
8. Distill knowledge from all lived & learned experiences.
9. Master solitude, invest in time, & await the tide.
10. Brace thyself.



äm̄— ē— äm̄

ä— ē— ä

ä— ē— yə

Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

once you know, you cannotunknow. once
you have seen, you can neverunsee. once you
have allowed yourself to feel, you are freed from
silence; for the submergence of one's truth only
births havoc within the self.

Zisa Aziza

Transmuted into language in honor of:
Truth, Love, Destiny, Ausar, Gaia, Oya, and Yemaya

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

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Deities

We gon' do it for the record
Divine accord, by the storyboard

Quandary

never go to a desert
in search of a pond

from which your tears
become a fountain

and thirst, a curse

Vow

Keep near, those who embrace your existence;
Even only if in memory, for they are most transient

And forgive those who deplete you;
Although they may seem earnest, they are dishonest

Spiritual Combat

died by the sword,
reborn by the lord

endowed a predilection,
for psychic insurrection

“Reincarnation is a fate worse than death.”

With the Consensus of the Gods

I am the salt
Of ethereal worlds
We have yet to exalt

Propelled by the benighted,
Into the luminosity of foresight;
Transubstantiation, must be expedited

Supernal Flash

I's an amputated salamander weaving my veins with blood,
and shedding the uterus of my psyche.

The injuries of orphanhood seek to obstruct my womanhood;
Tempting to disjoint the axis of fate.

If I cease to treat my subtle bodies with chiropractic
metaphysics, I will be hunched all my life.

Because flesh has been lent to me at the request of spirit,
the celestial is not a fragmented colony of the mind;
it is the motherboard of my corporeality.

Mami Wata

she rose
from the ocean

her dread locks
were as gray as moon

and ruffled the clouds
like thunder

she went into the forest
collecting fallen trees

set upon whipping
her children into reverence

Babylon Exodus

Me no know
Where the world fit go

But I'd rather live slow
And savor how me grow

Than live fast
And not know me own past

Amerika try kill me soul
Tell me money make me whole

All the dollars in the world
Can't sweeten the Underworld

And when me blood spill
It shower Igboland with goodwill

Terror Upon Terra

a surrogate womb
bore the ova
of many stars

she cried out
to the heavens

confessing many a breech
crowned by time

echoed to the infinite,
delivery and death

EWA

To my children of the land
No matter what your father tell you
You cannot live without your mama
You may detest what is black and woman
But from whose blood sprang the rainbow
Of color planted upon your skin
You are the kin of one woman
Only ya papa say you are mulatto
He think say, he superior
But he only 5% of the world
And yet you kill the souls and homes
Of those who are brown and black
Why you dey do this, and pray –
To a white god? You no think you crazy, oh??

Although Mama love, she will not be killed by her offspring.

I tell you a story:

When time had yet to be,
Matter and Anti-matter married one another.
They give birth to Yin and Yang.
But terrible things happened in the later generations.
The feminine and masculine polarities where not in harmony.
We have been at war for a very long time.

Papa and Mama, have decided to divorce. Mama will only take those who know love. Not those who feed upon hate and commit thievery; but those who are humble and not greedy, those who are righteous and not proud.

We live at the junction of complex worlds. Ya papa say there is no God, there is no good in the world. He tell you lie so he take you all with him. I tell you truth, you have blood of good

and evil—light and dark. But it is up to you to choose where you to go.

I beg you to go with mama, she know love, she have greater husband and he no want the kin of her ex. What you gon' do?

Blood Sucka

You don' drained
Our veins

Seeking space dust
For a shuttle

Created aerial falls
Of depleted uranium

But no Stargate
Will permit your exit

Agent Smith, no keys
Will be had by you

But conquer—oh
Come faster

Sooner, you be gone
And we, free

Unsprouted Seeds

Does salt loathe the sea of its resting,
Or rock the mountain from where it departed,
Or wood the soil from whence it grew,
Or sand the shore from which it waxed and waned with the
ocean?

So why do we of the diaspora disown our Mother Africa?

He who fiddles with the hands of the clock
cannot rearrange the stars of the sky

And purge the memories of our cells,
or deadened the melody of the moon

*A billion luminescent bulbs cannot distort the darkness
that calls itself light to steal us this night*

The worst thing you can tell an unchained slave
is that they are free

You would not tell the undead
that they are living

Clock Swirl: 360°

I's that bird perched on a tree branch explaining why I no longer wish to walk. Knowledge without wisdom is blasphemy; truth without love is treachery. I cannot concede a war besieged upon my ancestors that will be inherited by my descendants.

*Globalists are Neo-Eugenicists
Genocidal romanticists*

*The Neanderthals' conquests persist
As Melanin's existence insists to subsist*

Sterilize our wombs, but only the illusion becomes infertile. White-Wash the world in lies, but the Black Madonna never had blues eyes. Plagiarize the divinity of your progenitor, as your breath has become profane. White Supremacy is a strain on this terrain.

I bequeath the Caucasoid the throne of this physicality.

I forgive the familiars for their stance of neutrality. But the loyalty to amorality and brutality in this earthly municipality warrants a reprehension exceeding the realms of this dimension. Although time is suspended, the eye of Heru has descended.

*For he who knoweth the pleasure of the kill,
who loveth the hunt and the thrill*

*May he succumb to the antipathy of Ma'at,
for he abandoned the light of Da'at*

“We are the keepers of life; the magistrates of that which
must be consecrated and protected from evisceration
—love is our ammunition.”

I Be Twisted

Say, so:

A Dutch man bought
the island of Manhattan
for twenty-four bucks

Transnational Corporations
divvied up the nations of America
for derivatives by the debt

I be like:

Liberalism and Victimhood Entitlement Lacking Spiritual Enlightenment

Mama Gaia,
is on fiyah –Y’all

if you ain’t on smoke,
best believe ya kinfolk

if your rivers haven’t turned into dust
why have your teeth become rust?

but between our feet, there are no ashes
leaking fire hydrant, street splashes

POC stop mimicking the white man’s hypocrisy
We know the falsities of his democracy

Stop frontin' – **The Dream** has been *terminated*
and our planet was not self-detonated

We are all complicit in ecocide,
Only worse, matricide

*POC = *People of Color*

Begun or Outdone?

The Empire is falling
The Empire is falling

March until you reach truth's arch
Then realize that idealism is parch

The Empire is falling
The Empire is falling

The cretinous children of entitled dreams
Believe they can forestall the conversion of regimes

The Empire is falling
The Empire is falling

Due Diligence

I wash my soul
in the river of my heart

To keep the seams
from ripping apart

Notes From My Inner-Therapist

You don't go to: a factory looking for a creator; a butcher in need of stitches; a school in search of wisdom; a church to receive salvation; or desire nourishment from that which is emaciated.

Although you may journey from the desert to the ocean—in loops—with the thirst only starwater could quench, until you return to the soil, your soul must toil.

Comicality

Only the blind
are apathetic

Believing their reverie
were an anesthetic

INCOMING: Secular Entities

As the ocean does not quarrel with the word of man,
Nor does the sky bicker with the sight of dust

*A maleficent animation,
An illustration of spiritual calcification*

*I, the targeted abstraction
Of beneficent annihilation*

When the dying are ignorant of their death,
Love needed forfeit, for darkness conquereth

Epinoia

*Heed thy mother's horn,
Your soul thee warn*

**The Pope pimps the word of the Lord,
for he knoweth not the might of the sword
only the lust of glory's hoard**

I'd rather go into the fire
having repented for living the life of liar

Than to go blindly into the heat
expecting a sweet retreat

And for ye who believeth the trickery,
History is a mystery made slippery

Myopia

The psychotic is a heretic;
either a lunatic, or a maverick

Pseudo-science pomposity and cosmic curiosity
embody etiological animosity due to imparity

When the world taste like
the blood of the Earth

Bearing the texture of skin
denying the adoration of sin

Adverting the celebration of killing
my sanity becomes unwilling

Optical splitting, interdimensional gritting
two eyes are no longer befitting

The Harmony of Irony

All capital and wealth of this domain,
along with its kings and masters,
here shall it remain

Although I frolic in poverty,
my pride is the capitulant,
as my soul mocks the savagery

Within my being there is a fortress
of celestial reverence and transcendent abundance
that no earthly residence can dispossess

One World, Whose World?

Acquire control by means of division
Rebrand the enemy as an act of derision

ISIS, Ebola, and Climate Change

The linguistic manipulation is a cognitive exchange

CIA role play as terrorists—gleeful imperialists
Pervert the divine feminine to serve the globalists

Engineer bio-warfare to penetrate sovereign nations
Lend it the eponym of a river to complement its
permutations

Preclude the erratic behavior of the sun
Attribute extreme weather to the livelihood of everyone

As a deflection, *racist* is the new *communist*
Attacking the First Amendment as liberalists

Cherry the pie with Medicinal cannabis
Legalize Same-Sex Marriage for emphasis

George Soros, a billionaire, funding whose revolution?
All this hocus pocus ain't no convolution

Drapetomania

I am a sickly negress,
Some hysteria, I confess

Enslavement never took to me,
My spirit throbs to be free

My womb spots and bleeds
Yet, I have no seeds

But death is overeager
Truth sleeker – love meeker

Fear gave me a fever
Made me a Divine cheater

But the shadow is a schemer
A false dream weaver

By skin and flesh, I am captive;
Neither combative nor passive

I's highly adaptive and nonreactive,
Frequency expansive and counteractive

Dearest Sky

have you any air
to spare?

for my lungs are bare
and in disrepair

Dear Galactic Headquarters

In lieu of grave miscommunication,
Was it my hallucination?

Because I saw in the constellation
Love's accumulation

Is it my heart's dislocation?
Have I failed at meditation?

*Daydreaming about planetary emancipation,
While withstanding perpetual alienation*

I am seeking consolation,
Spiritual litigation

Am I truly an aberration?
Forgive my desolation

I plead for illumination,
Shall I forsake inspiration?

Counterbalance

I'll be your bridge,
If you'll be my levee

I fear no height nor ridge,
I'll love you—light and heavy

The Plantation

I'm walking through the plantation
In search of my salvation

Everything I find and see
Is living in a dying sea

I'm walking around trying to tell people,
Trying to tell people

The more you chase for that dollar
The harder you chase for that dollar
The tighter that noose gon' get

I'm walking around trying to tell people,
Trying to tell people

We hanging off trees by the dollar
Steady working by the hour

I'm just saying what been known—ya life is on loan
It ain't something you really, really own

I'm walking around trying to tell people,
Trying to tell people

Greed is our master
Killing this planet faster

All the money in the world
Can't buy us a new world

I gotta tell ya,
I, I gotta tell ya

The more you chase for that dollar
The harder you chase for that dollar
The tighter that noose gon' get

You betta act like you heard
You betta act like somebody told you something

I'm telling ya

Heart Alert

When your home is empty,
the clutter will be plenty

Welcome the company happily,
but know it ain't family

Mayday

the sky
slips away

as the sun
goes astray

*“May I not burn the flower I wish to water with words
sharp enough to slaughter.”*

Hypomanic Panic

Wires crisscross
Fire begins to gloss

Containment breached
Safe-zone cannot be reached

To not retreat would be negligent
Social norms are irrelevant

*“Poetry is the light that gives contrast to sound;
I am its instrument seeking a supreme octave.”*

Coherence

A butterfly does not return to the twigs of trees,
To accompany ants and caterpillars instead of bees

The numinosity of the sky is a gracious treat;
Consequently, there are many, from whom, one must retreat

*“The sky awaits the unbinding of my wings,
for how could I soar with knotted limbs.”*

Psychiatry

An 800 Billion Dollar Industry,
Fucking with my brain chemistry

How you gon’ treat whatchu don’t know about;
Hyped-up hypothetical hyperbole is all you spout

Preying on the vulnerable like villainous accomplices,
Turning folk into your chemically dependent hostages

If the FDA and the Nation-State won’t put an end to this,
You best believe our civilization is sprinting into its own
abyss

Perjury (SSI Appeals)

I have hid rains in the sky,
Upon which I must testify

There are two selves and one being,
A self gifted with foreseeing

Admittedly, this world has tinkered me insane
Because I exist between the worlds of my own terrain

With lesions in the brain, and trauma overlain,
Are suicidal ideations even germane?

**Give me my check, my slice of the deck
I ain't fit to self-destruct and be a wreck**

I am committed to life and living
But too many days, memories are unforgiving

Administrative Law Judge, don't tempt me
The most supreme has announced its decree

My dharma will be actualized—and I will succeed;
From this world, I will properly secede

*“We are resisting ourselves into unmarked graves
of psychic annihilation because we are unable to renounce
our addiction to pride.”*

Hypnotic Rhetoric

Africans sold their own folk into slavery,
Citizens enlist in the army out of bravery

No matter the day, we chasing an economy;
The coin alters the colony and chronology

But the disharmony is a commodity

We now mythologize the continuity of our history,
Reframe the lens and alter the subtext for mockery

With such eager deliberation for falsification,
Who is entertained by this imperiled speculation?

Psychic Quarantine

I be thinking I'm lonely, 'cuz I stay homely
Go out to play, return dopey and type mopey

Folk seem demented and disoriented
Maybe I's just discontented because I relented

**A Lady Professor wanna say Sex Work is Activism
I's looking at her like she need an exorcism
And a reality check on her postulated cultural truism**

I know a crack addicted woman who suck dick,
Don' lost her child; she a sex addict—and she know she sick

Met a sixteen year-old who wanna make brick cash and pop
her ass
And don't give a fuck about class, as long she smoking grass

Need I mention my Naija sistah in the shelter
Selling pussy on side, when she ain't being a home aide
helper

Yeah—I went to school with feminist lesbians turned BDSM
workers
Distorting knowledge and trauma, never displacing their
position as burghers*

Seated in the back, watching this benevolent fool
Misuse her voice because it's legitimized by a school

I ain't the one to demonize or glorify how folk survive
But if you selling your skin to stay alive, this ain't a
movement to revive

Every time white women of a certain class get fidgety—and
curious
They mouths become spurious, their words injurious, and the
rest of us left furious

*note: *burghers, middle-upper class residents of the suburbs.*

Spirit Swag

be a woman who gives space before you ask for it;
a folk who sees through you and speaks to you

is that swerve of self that words can't capture

put a spell on a poet—have her remember her mother
tongue;
spirit swag be the iris, when soulful is mascara

Traumatic Amnesia

A derelict child who bends, but cannot break
Many a folk I have unloved, but fantasies I have yet to forsake

Like she who is kidnapped and grows to love her abductor,
Seeking the caress of an Ivy League Instructor

Columbia, you were my most profound hallucination,
Because my little girl's ego craved a false restoration

Escaped abortion, incest, suicide, and asylums—how groovy
I fancied myself the protagonist of a Lifetime movie

I am grateful for your rejection, in retrospection
For I needn't the endorsement of your institution

As if a slave master would assist an insurrection;
A philosophical delusion, forgive my misdirection

Jonesing

The Nation,
loves the slave

But the Corporation,
fucks the grave

“High-Functioning”

That’s what these medical professionals be calling me;
Like if I were any less I would’ve wedded death before
puberty

But I got a degree and copped me some cultural capital
I hide the wobble of my gait, muffle my stutter, but I battle

Cracked a 2nd floor window, had a conversation with the sun,
and almost fell out;
Never violent, but I have intrusive thoughts that I swat like
gnats, as I walkabout

I have an internal earthquake alert system that rivals that of
Japan
Because can’t no one predict when my mind and body shift,
or how long the span

I ain’t a neurotypical but I do assimilate, and now my truth is
up for debate
If we all had brain lesions, we’d appreciate that a single day
has many seasons

Russia, Our Frenemy

We stay playing dice,
As long as the game be nice

Why we acting like we don’t know;
For the world, we put on a show

Hold On To Your Dreams

Like a deep sea diver does their oxygen tank, or an astronaut does their suit, or a sky diver does their parachute. The very moment when you let go of the profound possibilities of infinity, you welcome the tiptoe stroll of despair to reside within you. It would behoove you to practice discernment when lusting after fantasies that you confuse for dreams—that do not serve your highest self; for they are holographs imitating and displacing the greatest truths you wish to manifest.

To The Gods

I will be your parrot,
If you are my shepherd

Road Sleeper

get your ass out the passenger seat,
kick passivity out the driver's seat

grab that steering wheel—and ride this vehicle;
like you **know** this your last fucking trip

*“Like soil, if the soul ain’t fertile,
the crops may not be worthy of harvest.”*

An Endless Slumber

Baring oneself is an act of self-sacrifice
because it is required for self-remembrance

I almost got lost in the same delusion,
pinning my hopes and dreams on another institution

Psychic detox is like draining your bone marrow,
to purify your blood

Every mirror reflects an illusion
you cannot distinguish from reality

You debate if whether the mind
is a synthetic sample of consciousness

Seated in the crinkled kiss had
between ecstasy and agony,

I wonder if I could spend money
the way I do time

I am a breathing firecracker
with no sky to light up

I stand only with my ancestors,
pestering them to deliver me

Oust

I fetch water
from the stars

As I bathe
in dead soil

“Create borders for your mind and protect it, as though your thoughts were the last vestige of sovereignty on this planet.”

Two and Two

I be reminiscing and my childhood got no lullabies
I swear mother wanted to trick-me-out, but I compromised

I look at my cushy siblings like: ‘I had shotgun in that pussy;
that bitch nigga popped a seed and—I became his first deed’

*But fuck all that, we warriors be waking up in the morgue
because the battle is lucrative, and only in death are you a
fugitive*

Had me a peek at the architect’s blueprint
It must be amnesia, but I don’t recall this stint

I plead no contest to nation or race
I bandage my wounds, and brace with grace

Unsacred

I fed a woman heart,
as a man grinded her mind

with him, she shared our meal;
never did she ask how it was cooked

nor did she admit she was in a kitchen,
because in him she wanted her home

Enchantment

The moon and I make love,
and birth seas

We tease the wind,
to beckon suns

Sacrament

to the sea, I gave a lock of hair,
and she promised to be kind

my request was simple:
please do not leave me behind

I Ain't Shook

Death be dah cook
Cancer a virus, written in no book

Genetically Modified Organisms are the feast,
Feeding the beast

We the petri dish in an incubator
Host and parasite, who the facilitator

The FDA is a crook
Slow genocide, we all got took

The MD been (mis)schooled
Life—long been overruled

Even so, I believe in the unseen;
By the divine, all actions are overseen

No matter the score,
Love gon' win this war

Refrain, Ain't Nuttin To Gain

Lust was the greatest addiction
Three years sober, one relapse

Make-believe is an insidious affliction
Even talk therapy be feeling like scraps

I prefer chats with my cat
Life be funny like that

Stand Down

I did not repeat,
my warning was my greet

Sleep don't confuse me,
it bestows clarity

I fucked the shit outta death,
had that entity begging for breath

Forgive me, but I ain't twisted,
I's a warrior, and the daemon insisted

Flashback

Mother is dating a Wolf with Jerry Curls
He think I's Red Riding Hood, with a pussy that swirls

Uncle Sammy, I don't want to play peek-a-boo
Please put your dick away, my years are too few

'Daddy, don't! Leave her titties be'
I don' hit puberty—he coming for me

Now Mah got a crackhead she call her man
Dis' nigga a fuck feind, thinking I's his next meal plan

I's only fourteen, and been dodging rape and incest;
Housed on two continents and can't evade the conquest

Never been penetrated, but my psyche is contaminated

Psychic Clutter

Only in the aftermath,
I remember I am an empath

Bearing the injuries of energetic assault,
I am faulted for the disharmony of the gestalt

For my vessel has subtle bodies,
Enduring avertible maladies

But as a priestess, I must guard my auric field;
Without haste, I will wield my shield

*“Combine your seed with selfless
deed and you will be freed.”*

A Diagnostic Assessment of Patriarchy

The resistant pathogen has triggered autoimmunity;
Thereby, complicating the codependency and complicity

Of the host—the collective consciousness

The externalization of that which is endogenous
Propagates an existence that needn't be monotonous

A Rift in the Shift

There's a ghost in the machine
Imposing an energetic lien

Like a sanction on a sovereign nation

The conditioning of psychological warfare;
Skin without a tear, but the mind ain't square

Dear Little Smurfs

In those younger years, feeling all sorts of odd sensations under my skin, I assumed blue Smurfs, of a sort, were hard at work. I suppose, I accepted that my body could behave unusual, without fright. For such reason, receiving a diagnosis of Multiple Sclerosis at the age of sixteen had a catabolic effect on my psyche. To have survived as much trauma as I had, and then to learn of something as devastating as an incurable and unpredictable autoimmune disease—I clung to denial. If I hadn't, 2005 would have been my last year of earthly residence. Instead, I pushed MS to the far fringes of my subconscious.

While in college, I'd broach the topic. Mostly to a friend, or a potential date. But I swiftly learned how unappealing illness could be. I thought of MS as a hindrance to my social viability; as a Negress in a sea of whiteness. Almost a decade later, and I couldn't recall a meaningful exchange if I were bribed. As for

my health, it takes precedence over all. I feel blessed to have an irrefutable reason to cater to my temple—unapologetically. I have my skin as a daily reminder of my commitment to a passionate and health oriented life-style.

Ironically, denial was my way of giving myself time and space to make sense of a thing that seemed senseless. Fortunately, in doing so, I spared myself a voyage through Big Pharma's radioactive and immunosuppressant candy store. Within that time, I grew into a spiritual understanding that could withstand illness, and find honey in what seemed so bitter.

When life gives you almonds, make milk.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Lift Off

Released the cinder blocks
Dismembered time within the clocks

Tribulation is a spiritual jump start
Defibrillator to the heart; so the soul may depart

Dear Brain of Mine

You are the fundamental operating system of my earthly vehicle. It appears that your white matter has evidence of multiple lesions. You are scarred. Your transmissions can miss its mark. Misconstrue self for other, and attack. Although I love you, and seek to understand how to heal you holistically, this incarnation is the completion of many cycles.

Therefore, the fulfillment of my dharma is paramount. Every cell in this body should echo this sentiment. I **do not consent to failure**.

Reincarnation is not an option.

Truly,
Self

Doctor Psychiatrist: “I Want Ganja”

Why I gotta fake it; ya drug the fake fix
Monthly visit, **fifteen minutes**—you playing tricks

All dem’ degrees and you can’t help me;
A blunt with green tea got greater efficacy

I thought a Dr. Negress could get with this
But with all that education, truth can go amiss

So a tale we tell, play pretend
My mind, you believe you can amend

But my being is a beloved constitution;
Not the site of pharmaceutical pollution

Purge the Urge

The cesarean section was the tightest grip;
Out the womb, into a world with love on a whip

*'If only I had a partner for the plunge,
I'd go ham for the lunge'*

But there ain't never been a hand to hold,
And this was foretold

Hippocratic, Purely Thematic

Mind is matter; like psychology and neurology
Psychosomatic symptoms ain't no pathology

Treat my mania and exacerbate my lesions
My temple ain't a region, this is medical treason

Strapped down as drug-pushers shoot sedatives up my ass
Inducing further trauma, I's stuck at an impasse

Having seizures and blackouts
Every medication is playing tryouts

Am I a mule or a fool?
Because a doctor went to a school

I ain't no clinical test subject;
My humanity is a matter I must protect

Fuck both, you and your oath

“No picking from the dish life serves you; digest every experience, for it is your spirit that is being fortified.”

Old World

I sip and savor you
As worlds are born anew

Many stillborn and few true

“There are riddles that can only be deciphered in silence; dare cheat, and you will succumb to psychic violence.”

The Ladder To Heaven

*climbing mountains
hopping clouds
swimming air*

the higher the altitude,
the thinner the stair

forbear the game of solitaire
steer the stratosphere

and veer from fear
but beware of the cosmic affair

Ubiquity

a victim survives, and a victor thrives.

but like a wounded warrior in the wild,
you are both mother and child

“I am a flower bud sprouting inner worlds.”

Dear Consort & Spirit Tribe

I must caution you prior to our impending communion of the love I will not spare, due to abundance. I have wallowed in my loneliness, and have sworn to wait until eternity resets—if I must—to be reunited.

But dawn is upon us.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Resurrect

I have long laid my little girl to rest;
For her death gave birth to a woman who is blessed

But there are those who seek to raise the undead;
For thee, I have no mercy—not a shred

Mystical Gardener

blowing pollen
like air kisses

into the soul
of the collective

Hedging Oppression

After I took an axe to the tree,
I found a stump growing inside of me

I'll be an amputee before I become free;
For these roots will be death of me

Recourse

an emanation of source
guided by divine force

Pre-Vows

I got the bug-out bag,
And you the get-away car

Mi Amata, what we waiting for

Twenty-Three, The Last Smoke Screen

“Only an empty bowl can be filled.”

As I prepare for the bounty which awaits me, I wrestle with this last smudge in my proverbial bowl. I’mma be one-hundred about the situation. This lineage from which I came is wretched, bearing more thorn than rose.

Mother treat me like the Nigga who never got hard for her.

I never told her a crack-dealing whore was gon' be her ticket out the hood. I certainly did not promise to endure her violence. Twenty-five years—and I am still confused. How many times can a person defecate upon the spring water of your soul and perpetually undermine their transgression. Sustaining my agony became her profession.

But word, every woman got a pussy and many with broken hearts. That ain't no excuse to be a jump-off. She could have flushed me down the toilet, or handed me over to ACS. But nah, her grimmy ass just tormented me for a quarter of a century.

Listen, I say NO to every hoe, especially the psychic crow. I miscarried my antipathy, but I have aborted all sympathy; for there truly exist hearts where light could not find a seat to sit.

This mama-baby drama been the source of too much trauma. Universe, we in a new delivery room. The Divine, may you have the honor of severing this umbilical cord—Cc' me the obituary.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Lucidity

Living in a pond, reality I abscond
Lifting nesting dolls, finding no resolve

I forfeited innocence upon first breath
For truth is not a matter designed at my bequest

Twelving between dimensions beyond my comprehension
Bestowed my path for redemption

I's a pyromaniac committed to the dispersion of fire
Because wildseeds need heat to inspire

While existing amongst those enamored by the production of
death,
I will craft magic with every breath

Major Heat

I be feeling like Hello Kitty on Mr. Roger's
Talking to another world's picnic of birdwatchers

I keep my seat, but have chosen to retreat
To repeat would deplete and insist upon defeat

With war on a different station,
Misinterpretation, information fragmentation

The reconstitution of our perceptual analysis
Is the inception of emancipatory metamorphosis

Therapy Session: Alpha & Omega

There are moments during incarnation when we as a society barter on the fate of those for whom a voice has not gestated. Maximizing profit by cannibalizing the planet is the behaviorism of a displaced psyche.

Like my mother who conceived me in passion and rage. With an acute abhorrence for contraceptives, she refused my father's plea for her fifth abortion to tame his infidelity. I entered the world as a product of the narcissism of a woman suffering from incurable self-loathing. Failing as magnificently as she did, she became a single mother saddled with a child who needed love she had none to give.

I now dwell in a nation that has the physical strength of a two-hundred-and-fifty pound male body-builder on steroids, with the insecurities of a pimply thirteen year-old outcast. Ravishing nations like protein platters. Hitting knockouts on any government refusing to bow. Celebrating murder and submission. This is the world I face in the present, as I plead for forgiveness to the future. For many solstice mornings have passed, as I chant: 'I do not consent. I lament as I await ascent. This discontent, I must circumvent.'

I then look out into a world lacking reverence for the past, and an understated lassitude towards the future. While on other planes, I cradle beings who wish to avert entry into this hellish snowglobe. I disarm their fears by assuring them that perpetrators and unrepentant benefactors will never go unscathed. Together, there is much we will learn.

Life on Earth is but a snapshot of eternity. Some cycles have a whirlwind and an upwind, but we always return to the center.

Lone

sweetless touch
heart on a crutch
burning the dutch

pause the blush
of a mind flush;
ain't no rush

lust is lush,
mistook for fluff,
a puff of guff

like a sailor at sea,
steady dodging debris
keeping the ship free

“The future is clay molded by our intentions.”

The Vibrational Economy

cats gon' get gat,
disregard the habitat

crack the thermostat
like a kinetic acrobat

combust into dust
and trust the gust

Vamps Under Siege

come baby, come
my arsenal will disintegrate
your genome structure

come baby, sweeter than honey
got a welcome mat to the hornet's nest
and your dubious ass thought dis' was a test

note: Vamps= psychic/energy vampires

Over Dah' Hill

the infernal got a fetish for me
like Snow White, on dat fresh night

I invite your enmity
for love is destiny

but if I may speak freely,
I've died in soul and in flesh

your trickery is type crickety
like a wanna be haunted house

speaking falsely on matters too sacred
thinking you gon' fake it-AND-make it

bombaclat, you's stuck to the cycle
of the clock; tick-mutha-fucking-tock

Cyclical Limbo

Been twenty-five years
Since my last sip

When that water broke
It was the delivery of an emissary

But surrounded by seawater,
The more I drink, the more I thirst

Tried to dig a well,
Came up with rust

If death is perpetual,
May it be swift

Peek-A-Boo

I run circles through-and-around the veil,
As this biogenic simulation grows stale

Life succumbs to cartoon caricatures,
As the contours of my dimensional parallax obscures

Wonderland has not been properly vetted;
For which, to time, we are indebted

Unequivocally, cellular transmutation is Noah's Ark,
Species' regression is the target mark

The only way out—is through;
Reality is a bitter flu

Galactic Manifest Destiny

Seedlings kidnapped from their native planets
Genetically reengineered, self-reproducing organics

Repurpose all specimens for conversion
Induce submission for evolutionary aversion

The Cell Speaks:

Hip to the flip, rewrote the script
Dis' the last ship gon' be outstripped

Time don' dripped—I decrypt
Sight unzipped; Dis' the last world to interdict

*“Release the fish once the bowl is trapped;
with mold on the soul, we surrender to control.”*

I, of the Nuclei

protoplasmic articulation,
parallel revelation

spontaneous interception,
harmonic ejection

Macroeconomics

Poverty is a latent gene;
Sharecropping got no vaccine

You don't know your infected,
Until you're affected

Colonial Provocation

Trinkets and Bible Verses
Duplicitous Media Nurses

Missionaries turned Reporters
Reinscribing Borders

Unknown Progenitor

Psychogenic pandemic
Genetic malware detected
System compromised

Exanimate

The Earth is like the tusk of an elephant;
Poached into fields of cadavers

Cookie Out The Jar

Sociopaths prey on animals, so they start. Pedophiles go after children, and Amerika has a love-hate relationship with the poor. If the State ain't exploiting, demonizing, or criminalizing poverty, it splatters pity like we dirty.

This Narcissistic Borderline Personality, fucked up mentality, is covert brutality. Word to me, the Nation needs a psychiatrist and a therapist. Obamacare can cover the co-pay—so we pray.

The Impunity of Immunity

The legacy of our profligacy
Is an amenity of our false identity

Obscenity begets serenity, like clemency for atrocity
But the detour is impure; neither secure, nor demure

Self-delusion is an impassive revolution
Exclusion is an illusion—a psychic contusion

Forgive your confusion, perform an ethical transfusion
Gullibility is a liability; but humility propagates tranquility

Metropolis

life and death
make love
in graveyards

3D

At this terminal,
We must surrender our arsenal

Our resistance is the determinant,
Precluding our passage to the firmament

*“Those living by waterfalls ignore the cries
of a drought that crawls.”*

Heretic Prophecy

Neuroplasticity charts pathways
To celestial cities

Engineers of vision,
Committed to excision

Have the provision
Of precision

Exodus of the Embryogenesis

Have ye the capacity for alchemy?
Be not a florist; harvest thy forest

Save thy seed, and toss the weed;
For emerging worlds beckon our deed

“Burn with grace and embrace the interspace.”

Query of Integrity

Citizenship is a promissory note,
Like a pawned engagement ring

Misquote the value, and gloat

(No dulling, much culling)

From promotion to pension,
Like inheritance to codependence

Independence is transcendence

Sprouters

Tortured souls who awake
In a dream they forsake

Exchange contagious fatalism
For subatomic peripheralism

Vying for fairytales,
Tipping cosmic scales

Because life is a wonder
We ought not plunder

Bait My Fate?

Unarmed and nonresistant;
You, wickedly consistent

Testing love's persistence
Malevolence confers assistance

For light needn't fight
Nor slight thy sight

But I pity thee upon thy smite,
A dwarfed blight

One Little Piggy, Two Little Piggy, ...

First they came for the Nation,
Then the State

Our Freedom,
We hate

Code To Life

I cannot labor in the pursuit of death,
as I celebrate breath

I will adhere to the law of man,
but not to the detriment of my wingspan

*“Ye who knoweth no darkness cannot speak of light;
for contrast bestowal thy sight.”*

In-Transit

as I train hop thru eternity,
discarding uncertainty

I make peace with absurdity;
perversity is biodiversity

Last Call

white gold stirred with tar,
quartz teeth and a feather tongue

I converted karma to dharma

See-soaring out the cycle;
Haven't the time to recycle

"I recant my apology; I live my mythology."

In the Nation of Goliath

kill a killer; be the pillar
make justice a thriller

in a blink, it's written in ink
the truth we shrink

David missed the Board Meeting
when Earth's Delegates were greeting

fat countries put the skinny on a diet
then invade with troops during the "riot"

which nation's citizen voted in favor
of missile threats that waver

Affidavit

I, Zisa Aziza, do hereby solemnly swear or affirm to speak the truth, so help me the Universe.

I testify with my heart to the Akashic Records.

TESTIMONY:

Globalization and Neocolonialism are synonyms for the Recolonization of sovereign nations; instrumented by Economic Bullying and the auspicious War Against Global Terrorism.

It is my belief that our planet is undergoing a fire sale by the “invisible hand” —by means of Military Occupation. The residents of Earth remain apathetic. The calamities of the future are born in the present. Have we at least the foresight to reroute the course of our humanity? The preservation of the Homo Sapien species is not a matter of neutrality.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Maya

I will neither egress, nor acquiesce
The precondition for contrition

I will transgress this distress,
For disillusion is a healthy obtrusion

If oration is my sole act of deviation;
Silence will confound, as words expound

A Diasporic Confession

We wear sunned skin,
With different knowings of when

Our mother lands did not carry us to term
Denied such liberty, our existence we affirm

Acetabula et Calculi (Three Cups and a Ball)

a dirty magician is at play,
perception is the prey

inundate them with bright screens,
as crude runs down their river streams

have them mourn the past as they murder the future,
administer the calendar and prescribe Prozac as a suture

the new world is infinitely virtual; a momentary decoy,
pacifying the masses to surrender to the ploy

evil cloaks itself under the guise of capitalism,
demanding the servility of patriotism

but death is an insatiable appetite;
to which, we must be forthright

its dexterity is, at best, clever;
it is our fear that we must sever

Amata Adesdum (Beloved, Come Hither)

left a dozen lilies in her casket,
and wore her ashes around my neck

*“I am a sovereign being residing
within a colonized planet.”*

Earth Story

I have a parachute for a hat,
a life raft around my waist

Sledges in my knapsack,
and an anchor between my toes

I turned my inner switch on,
A galactic antenna

I sense energy like a nose sniffs a scent;
Intangible, but visceral

I tune my receiver—searching
For reception amongst the toys

Pyladea Amicitia (Romantic Friendship)

Ain't nuttin worse than giving kindness to an ingrate,
Contentment can be difficult to emulate

Late to germinate, no fruit to extricate
We illustrations demonstrated by fate

Will thee elevate, must I speculate?
She rosy on the ring, cycle will self-perpetuate

Adieu, I negate what we equate

Sweet Grit

I am the sole pilot and captain of this ship
I determine who boards my life, and joins my trip

From Coast Guard to Air Traffic Patrol
I ain't gaming life for a goal; nor am I paying a toll

First came vision, then a decision
Gonna live my life with the utmost precision

The A-Train Strain

Once pain turns to vain, it pulses through your every vein
Her words left a stain that made my heart sprain

Verbatim: “*Free Will is an entitlement*”

(Granted by whom; Entry through a womb?)

She, a forty-one year old Negress, blasphemously forfeits her
power
Content with the descent, with no intent to repent, the
exchange grows sour

She pities the generation coming up from behind her
Like her era had a destination and a chauffeur

Talking ‘bout ain’t no one to pass the baton to
Running on a treadmill, puts life on queue

There are open fields we have not explored
And there are wounds we play by the chord

We live and die by the realms of our inner imagination
The fate of our humanity is contingent upon our love for
creation

*“When people give space for the best of you,
they sprinkle the gardens of your soul.”*

Dear Syria:

Forthcoming is WAHALA; I have spoken with Allah. I beg
Gaia to shield your skies, and harden the earth beneath you.

Greatness blooms in the darkest of gloom
—in the heart of doom.

We, our collective psyche, is in the procession of battling its
ego. There will be casualties, but no martyrs. Our planet, our
mother, is purging herself.

We must bear with her.

I send you my love. May you be spared your blood.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

*note: Wahala, is Nigerian Pidgin English, the word stands for:
trouble, or problem.*

Mama Ike & Baby Tina

After that headlock,
Bodies wedged in the doorway

I fourteen, she the dean

I let it rock for ten years
'Til that day she lunged at me

Every word she don' said, been unsaid

I got the Battered Women's Syndrome
But my heart can bear no more

There is no excuse for this abuse

Marvel

I released my anchor; I's a penniless banker
Found the key to vault; the Universe I exalt

I ride waterfalls, like bubbles do the air;
I have nothing to fear, my fate is clear

Unaborted & Unloved

My Mah is a serial murderer
Lucky five was born a sorcerer

Number six didn't make it
And seven were her kings

It was her greatest endeavor
To cheapen my soul's treasure

Why "love" that which you hate
If not to impede one's fate

I must speak of evil
Lest I deny my upheaval:

Only darkness bodes
Behind light that flickers

Old Youngin'

In the fog of this twisted fairy on the prairie
I's a missionary sounding the canary

Stop sipping on that Bloody Mary
Faking the funk, acting like you ain't wary

Life so sweet, I met a diabetic cat
Had a limp, and wasn't even fat

Then a woman on her second gastric bypass
Talking 'bout she like to eat, but she wanna tight ass

Never mind the fool who said he smart 'cause he went to
school
Looking like a ghou, with an evil drool acting like a money
mule

We in a mine with no air shaft; left only with our hearts to
craft
How you gon' breathe, if you scared to teethe

Life be feeling hype; shit so fucking ripe
Until you see death coming down the pipe

Nonredeemable

Mother loved me like the nation
She say: "Bitch, this ain't no vacation"

Big Daddy taught her dysfunction
And I served her an injunction

I came through a vaginal canal
The morale is strange in this locale

Cops play hide-and-seek
They real sleek with they sneak

Fixing to catch a turnstile hopper
Feinding to lock up a simple pauper

I ain't no snitch, but this shit is glitched
Sight make me twitch, feeling bewitched

Taped, tagged and gaged
My ass is jet lagged

Peeling off this price tag
Feeling like a trafficked body bag

On what land do I get to wave my flag?

Earthship Duo

I craft sand castles out of ash on the moon of Jupiter;
The sky is raining asteroids and I cannot return to her

I swam through the crystal marshes, but she was gone
Her last words to me were: “are you ready for a new dawn”

My temporal vertigo cannot decipher
If I saw her last night, or a thousand years ago

She and I write notes on each other's skin;
When we awake, we read our letters within

I tell her that women are pawning their breasts and wombs
As a security deposit or down payment on their life

We quarrel; eager as I, sight hurts the eye
I tell her Monsanto has not modified my heart

She urges me to be still, hold on to my will
Don't let doubt jab my gill

I want out, I tell her; I can no longer bear
How folk hunt after fear because they think it's air

We've played hide-and-seek around the stars
Watched planets form rotation, from near and afar

There are daughters whose kisses I miss
It is time for us to dismiss with this abyss

Reverse Engineering

Schools are the bathhouses of cloned psychology
Students, the unwitting test tubes of a dying society

Healthcare is a mechanism to pace death
Illness, an economic subsidy with infinite profit margins

Social Welfare is a money laundering vendor
The poor, mules for the intergovernmental exchange of public funds

Soldiers are Klansmen for our melted nation
We, befuddled citizens ensnared by our allegiance

Dear Unborn Queen,

We live like there is a spaceship shuttle bound to virgin planets with ripe soil. Beloved, I haven't a clue who suckled this world death.

Truly,
Mama Aziza

*“If the very earth we exist upon is colonized and exploited,
as it endures a slow annihilation, whom
of the homo sapien species is free?”*

Prologue:

Born of fire,
an imploded star

Bearing ashes,
from afar

Fields of Life

Children are cotton,
Purity unrotten

This world a picker,
Catching them quicker

Notes from the Moon

The sun cries droplets of stardust,
Into the bowl of a fertile earth
How thirsty the crop?



A life lived on the fence,
Is a fate dragged by the nostrils
Cease to resist; yield your soul.

Admonition

Judas, I will bitch slap you with the Koran
In a moment's notice, I will invoke Chiron

You dare forbade the passage of the Kings of Judah
It is unwise to disturb the happy Buddha

Deniable Plausibility

I see the first steps of my great-great-grandchild,
And I promise her, “the buck stops here”

Time swirls me free of a benevolent hypnosis,
Then catapults me into an ecstatic psychosis

If dreams are the eminent domain of my spirit,
Who is man to trim my sky, or dye my eye?

∞

I kiss her forehead and blow an eyelash off her cheek
I tell her: “that which you cannot find, you must seek”

Once I rediscovered my body to be an earthship,
And this my last voyage, I grounded my grip

Seven billion heartbeats seated on a runaway train
Fear is a chain softer than skin—need I explain

∞

As I brush her hair, my tears hydrate her scalp
Soaked in sadness, I reach for the emergency brakes

I sat in sin, asking: “oh, but when?”
Whatever I am to end, must begin within

I clasp a bridge between roads; with one eye inside,
And the other above, derailment is another ride

∞

I tell her a bedtime story about a place called Earth
A planet we escaped, for its inhabitants postponed rebirth

Circus Highlights

The international space station is leaking ammonia; the 94 year old Texas pioneer of Fracking dies; and Trayvon Martin becomes the Emmett Till of the 21st century.

Φ

man went to the moon one noon,
he found himself learning too much too soon

you can patent artificial dna,
build starships and try to delay

but wherever man is seeking to arrive
is a destination his flesh will not survive

Φ

time sculpts the face like the ocean does sand
an ecocidal genius devoted to assaulting the land

them folk be the men who know only to kill
ill will don't matter, as long as they get their fill

he willed the world a quicker route to self-annihilation
and died drinking clean water in our mighty nation

Φ

pass a skittle, and fiddle this riddle:
tooth fairies are more sincere than justice, my dear

I would rather barter kindness for peace
than request the help of a mock trial and police

funny how we remind ourselves of one's humanity;
how we kill is indicative of our collective insanity

Bastard Orphan

Young buck was seventeen
He thought his nation a queen

Got turnt out with a pistol by the military
All them tales 'bout liberty was a fairy

His nation a pimp, colonizing bitches
He a soldier ordered to collect

Death be the hottest commodity
Fuck truth and sovereignty

∞

In the poppy fields he found love
In the eyes of his offspring

Freed from the false parentage of his nation-state
He remembered borders are the stretch marks of mama Earth

Air is the amniotic fluid sustaining life
And we are a civilization committed to death

For his child he knew history need not be spun
“I’d rather eat my gun, before I lie to my son”

51/50

He look thirsty
I's fond of mercy

I don' caught me a case
Lubed up da popo face

I was baptized in a cellblock
And reconfigured the clock

ϕ

Red clay, old day
They say pray, we become prey
From our way we stray, our god we slay

Between the dawns of antiquity,
Bellows the madness of vision

I am the wife of my tribe's leader bearing foresight,
Who cries to the sea for those we have sold

I am the trafficked sex slave who cuts my skin
To remember that the blood pulsing within is my own

I am unborn and certain that Earth will not be my home
For life is not the mistress of death, and devolution is not
foreplay

ϕ

I am sensing the placental abruption of Gaia
She is hemorrhaging and I cry to her

The lining of her uterus has ruptured
The course of our humanity has been punctured
Destiny has been breached

Internal Investigation

My senior officer mistook the intersection of my thighs
To be hostile territory worthy of his dick squad

The esteemed sergeant latched onto my unwelcoming pussy
Like a chigger, so my finger got stuck on the AK-40 trigger

Call it friendly fire because my situation became dire

My superior misplaced his duties and went AWOL
If he were a native, there would be no pretense for appall

The only charge for which I am guilty of
Is enlisting in a misogynistic homicidal fraternity



For all crimes for which I am accused
I plead insanity due to Dissociative Identity Disorder

I, a female soldier in the United States Military,
Share the loyalty of white women Pre-emancipation

I have murdered on the behalf of a nation,
By whom my well-being has been woefully neglected

As white women let their husband's enslaved bastards
mammy their siblings,
She was a different caste of property denied the privileges
indulged by her husband

The whiteness of her skin and the blood of the flag gave birth
to this nation;
I will not have my humanity teabagged in the pursuit of
global colonization

Frankly, the nigger and the cracker are different shades of the
same fabric;
And most terrorists are anti-imperialists; except those
sanctioned by the CIA

Bullets and Bombs

Our father who art in heaven,
May we count back from 9/11

Is it we who are the innocent,
Has this world chose death by consent?

Degeneration mimics retardation,
Denial is our foundation

The War against Terrorism
Is a defense mechanism

The health of our psyche
Is undeniably shystie

We load our gun, because fear is fun
But we stun, when the dying is never done

Sadist Delight

Spread your borders, the army is coming
The world is one sore pussy for the gunning

Amerika gave the nigger and the fag a uniform
But female soldiers got cunts that cannot conform

Rape the dyke and the sodomite
Make them stronger for the fight

The Brooklyn Bridge Is Falling

In the waiting room of my own delivery,
My automatic enrollment was not explained to me

Sketch me a league, and tell me they righteous
Grant my every wish, if only I maintain my blindness

For those betwixt with a vision that is mixed,
Knoweth that only the broken become fixed

Soldier down—Ebay my crown
I'll be the clown of the town

We water our dreams with blood
And are perplexed by deaths' flood

I hear bricks tumbling into the sea,
A patient and overdue fee

Ignis Aurum Probat (Fire Tests Gold)

I play hopscotch on the moon,
and send love letters to the sun

Blew kisses on my walk to Calvary,
I pay past life karma happily

Review

I fell in a well;
ego drowned,
spirit rose

∞

baby oak growing
amidst dead trees

I performed a transplant,
from the soil to a star

∞

I welcome Hades,
the eager trainer

I am an Olympian,
I got the might of Zeus

∞

duck, duck, goose
I took my soul out the noose

Preamble Ramble

I am neither here nor there, on the matter that is life. We often make an event out of a moment, and perform a parody of history for an eternity.

On the brink, I spoke with Moses as I slit my jugular. All stock invested in the third dimension has been relinquished to spirit. I believe there are no sustainable gains in the architecture of the mutually assured destruction of an inhabitable planet.

What is the difference between a crazed lone gunman in Iowa, and a steroid injecting, Prozac popping, propagandized US soldier in Syria? Who of the homo sapien race has the patent on innocence? I's a gold-star goddess walking through a webbed world, threaded by the semen of men who selfishly resist falling upon their swords. Nickname me Molly Domite. Be macho, don't fight. Turn you impotent, in no time you be having wet dreams 'bout Juwanna Man and Rupaul. Call it a conversion—my version. An affective perspective may be most corrective.

From the legacy of bebe kids to the descendants of Huckleberry Finn, can anyone truly win? Who will capture the rapture? Get the energizer bunny, and keep a camera on slow release. Betray flesh; peel away your lunar body. Christen the unborn and give birth to your solar body. Scientists, Soldiers and Lawmen mock god, while only few men will become Gods.

When the stock markets of our indoctrination crash, at least we'll have ash.

Negligible Ignorance

Two porch monkeys escorted me off the M15 Select bus
One an albino, the other scar tissue

As I recall, Officer Hick and his Bumpkin partner
Were intent on schooling me like a kindergartener

Entering an MTA bus without paying fare was a form of theft
A buck fifty was a hefty fine; public and private collaboration
is deft

I was guilty of poverty and walking through open doors
These two fools wanted nuttin but chilled Coors

I pleaded that they rescind the summons ticket
Slowly, my words began to picket

I felt the hands of angels sealing my lips
These fuckers finger their gun clips and jump for tips

They told me they were footmen, and the Judge had the
authority
These nimrods believe justice to be administered by a sorority

I laughed so hard, I split my spleen
The third dimension is obscene

I would have told these badge toting fuckeroos
About Cosmic Laws, but they love to play Guard in zoos

Spiritual Draft

I brisk the city
Watch folk suck dead titty

Slim Jim got a hat say KILL
For evil, there is no pill

To the practitioners of black magic,
How tragic, your fate is axiomatic

I's scouting, where my warriors be at?
Uncuff your soul from the sorcerers foot mat

All nihilist best fall back
From this path, you cannot turn back

Exorcise your self-deception
Bring forth your evolutionary inception

Volition is the sole requirement for conscription
Take your pride to death row and rein in the insurrection

Left and right, who will take the middle path?
For many, this is our last vessel to surmount the wrath

Will you fight on the behalf of humanity,
Against internalized and celebrated tyranny?

Smack the stupor out your psyche,
Be humbled and exemplify the almighty

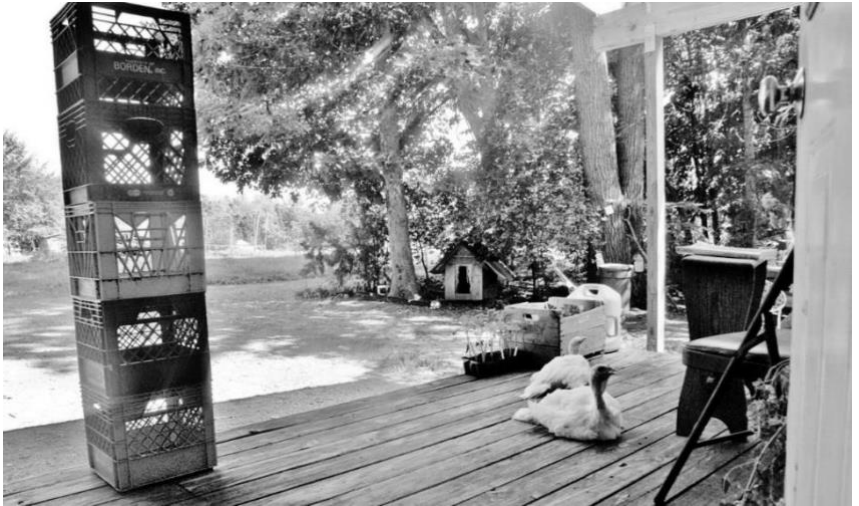
Your tongue an arrow, your voice a bow
Love and Truth is what you must sow

Our time is NOW, commence battle
In the dark, be a mantel

Ma'at

raise your octave
or run to the grave

only the brave
will survive the wave



*“If you wed your heart to your mind,
your life will be a harmonious union.”*



Mercury

spirit say the forecast is a hurricane
we gotta tap into the midbrain

word is a trigger seed
but will you heed

i'll make your ear bleed
but will your soul feed

BUILD your Merkabah
word to Allah, fuck the brouhaha

flesh is an atom enmesh, it will dematerialize to refresh
my dude, you dull; i gotta break ya skull

leave no evidence, just precedence
you can call nine-one-one, but i do it out of luv hun

i felt my soul slipping to the bottom of the sea
bump dat shit, i know what i see

restart, check your heart
squash the brain fart

i'll share my match
but you gonna make it hatch

ain't no one gonna get dragged to the promise land
only you can climb to higher land

i'll be a coach, toke the roach
burning is a subtle approach

on a scale of one to ten
i am Pi, i stay zen

ringing Pandora's door bell,
release your children from hell

roll up on Lucifer and reclaim your flame
gotta decimate the blame game

no victim can be a victor
you's your own constrictor

*"Build towers out of plastic,
and begrudge the sun for its melting."*

Jungle Jingles

a lion befriends a sheep,
led by a pig with no feet
on the hunt for her keep

∞

a broken back hyena
thought a humble elephant
to be a dying zebra

∞

like a frog catching flies,
a cricket just goes by;
let the maggot eat, soon it dies

Da Fittest be the Illest

trade you a penny for your word
a nickel for your thought
a dime for action

if you break a dollar
sustain the traction

straight talk gon' leave you penniless
wishing to god for a bless

hypothetical hyperbole
keep you dead to me

no thespians, wanna be pedestrians
life is a horse, you's an equestrian

get your weight up, wake up to your light
scrap the egoic frivolous fight

god help those who help themselves
why your heart on layaway, on the back shelves

get your consciousness off TIVO
let your internal imagination flow

when all is said and done,
I hope you make it to the sun

Atonement

Night don' came for me
Drank black tea and made my plea

I tread the fire burn-free
Within my heart is a raging sea

I's a three-eyed honeybee,
Of the 33rd degree

Ate from every tree
Truth is my trustee

Victory I foresee
Salvation is the decree

The Sun and the Moon gave guarantee
Priests and Priestesses be the referee

We going to Galilee
Leaving behind nobody

You can disagree, be an absentee
Run oversea, act like the bourgeoisie

To your soul, I'm fixing my machete
So your eye can see, we gots to get free

"I am a branch that has outgrown its tree."

Warrior Chant

a child of the sea,
I will not spill my chi

my ego is not me

I will observe what I see,
remain unattached and free

Transfiguro

I fucked the whore for the challenge
and my heart had a miscarriage

I fancied the virgin for her purity
but I wasn't ready to disrobe my insanity

∞

queefs think they queens
copping crowns, no matter the means

I broke bread with my little girl
and told her she could have the world

∞

Sirius texted me via an earthquake:
“Awake, or your soul will break”

I snatched my Will,
didn't care if it would kill

Incarnation

My body is the colony of my soul
I am its master seeking to be whole

Gnosis, I Chose This

Infinity and beyond,
I's too lucid to be conned

This world got halitosis in the brochure
I awoke from a coma looking for a cure

I's gully, born of the hood
Thought I did, wish I could

Premonitions of the future gave me PTSD
College professors called it OCD

I took flight on the back of a raven
I kissed the sky, swore I was no craven

The genie of my heart told me to play it smart
From dusk to dawn, the hardest part is the start

Opening the curtain, I's certain
The matinee was no holiday

Second birth, first death
Folk thought I O.D on meth

Born in a manger, my soul was in danger
Angels of light and dark hovered over my ark

Tripped on my way back to shore
Just to be sure, I was true to the core

I emptied my wardrobe and washed my robe
I's a sacrificial lamb, and the Morning Star is my dam

Bearers of Witness

*I am a serpent who has eaten her own tail
I am a gardener who has planted seeds with her heart
I am an impregnated soul, nursed by the divine mother*

From the dusk of my beginning, you have witnessed my
becoming
I surrender my being; *I am*, from henceforth, no longer I:

Thine will be done; Kingdom come

Sweet Oakland

I met a vampire, who told me she was psychic
I said heifer, I got a high kick

I rolled her reefer, she wanted to do reiki
Pass the lighter, your ass is snaky

Touch me, bitch I'm a biter
She say she know I's a fighter

Deuce; I's high, you low
I see thru your shadow, hoe

The Birds and the Bees

A rooster and a chickenhead
Gave birth to a swan

Treated like an ugly duckling,
I resisted lustful fucking

Only an eagle could make my wings flap



Ego was a condom trapping the sperm
Of my mind, from the ovum of my heart

I ripped that fear hymen
Because I wanted a diamond

Consciousness has been gestating



I gave birth to a unicorn
And the moon gifted me 13 apples

I's hungry, but I'm waiting
For my lion to roar

Only the sun of Leo can rub my horn

The Age of Heathens

you can pimp your soul
but you can never coin spirit

your penalty is a high toll,
complicit with the illicit

you will pay with your soul

Gaming

houses and dollars
gold chain collars

i got a spirit-eye view
i can't play monopoly with you

the board is a test,
a dimensional nest

my spirit is hatching;
ego been detaching
i's bankrupt but won the lottery,
a third-eye robbery

giggles with no munchies
i stare at stars, smiling "cheese"

*“What’s a judge to a priestess?
Court is a sport—I dance between worlds.”*

Fortune Cookie

‘You are immortal—if you diminish the wealth of your soul,
you will simply return to this simulation for eternity. Between
love and fear, you must choose a master. Love is kindest, but
you must remain faithful.’

Fuck YOLO (you only live once)

niggas digging ditches,
chasing bitches

pussy so sweet
you losing your teeth

mami, he drilling a hole
straight thru your soul

yielding your anus
ain’t gonna make you famous
*(unless you the Harajuku Barbie,
then your snatch be a freebie)*

you tripping, forgot this a trip
stay stuck to that money clip

soul stripped, smoking grass
living out your ass

rooted in the root chakra
placating your ego, hurrah

ROY-G-BIV, motherfucker; fuck that pussy-cat
you hooked on red, blinder than an inbred bat

skip that paper green, and get to the heart
enter your crown, your spirit got a chart

read the leaflets of your dreams,
we came here in teams

your fuckup mess with everybody fate
tricking and dicking, got folk on the wait

hedonism ain't the motto
you twisted 'bout that YOLO

getting mad brain?
when your spirit gon' reign??

bitches and hoes, niggas and tricks
murder your shadow, get up in your attic

open the blockages, and clear this traffic
peeps on the other-side starting to panic

*“Life is a university, and once you’ve drowned yourself in
theories and convolutions, you must swim into action;
otherwise, you will sink within your skin.”*

The Noble Ally

does mud befriend water,
in the absence of dirt?

Pardon Yankee,

burnt tongue, ironed clean
engraved inscriptions, of the mental cavity

Fleeting Clarity:

whiteness is losing credit
a militaristic state is in production

depreciation of constitutional liberties
surplus in apocalyptic man-made atrocities

Yankee's Mind Doodles:

adopt a Chinese baby, and sponsor an immigrant family
apply for Teach for America and maintain mixed friends

adopt “radical” politics and xenophobia, excluding political
asylum

be cheery and spiritual, do yoga, and be like “I AM”

Fleeting Realization:

poverty is a sewer spilling over the bounties of the earth
where shall we run when the sewer coveth all?

*“All soil cannot bear seeds;
many souls defer their great deeds.”*

Pity gon' Witty

Drinking one's own blood,
and blame the world's crud

Use the jargon of the Academy,
self-dissect and annihilate one's own anatomy

Dear Young Leaders of the Future

Have you a morphine drip in preparation for a global suture?

Resend the promises of your teachers to your videogame manufacturers. Gather amongst your preachers and recoup your families' tithings. Forgive your corporations, and their politicians, for they are the wayshowers of a prolonged hell. Do not shrink under the gaze of your adolescent parents, who will devour your youth and declare your life indebted. Kiss a tree and remember the touch of dirt upon your skin. If you see a bee, be sure to bow. Pledge allegiance only to your soul. You'll be earth bound until you are whole.

Truly.

Bipedal Lucidity

i stand between time
searing falsehood within my mind

In the pockets of my soul

i have receipts written before time,
for cosmic contracts I have signed

The celestial courts have adjourned

the verdict is predicated upon
honoring one's truth until dawn

*“In those moments, when time and thought are no longer,
I feel the love of the Universe wrapped around my body;
like a baby in the palm of her mother's hands.”*

Radio Silence

My former-self is in witness protection
Spirit got me on a spiral direction

I've been testifying to the divine
My higher-self is my alibi

A simple cell undergoing mitosis
This world, I will not miss

Helium Heights

i have balloons wrapped around my ankles
i am dangling from the sky

from here to nowhere, i am a blind seer

the moon beckons me, as does the sea
i spin in the air, for my spirit is bare

Word of a Blackbird

*On a star, under a tree
Mama spoke to me:*

Shadow walker
Light stalker

Bridge threader
Illusion shredder

Servant of the divine,
This world you must entwine

Make no exemption,
This is your redemption

*“I am a pharate within an aurelia;
an imago sensing my exuvia.”*



*“Once you know, you cannot un-know. Once you have seen,
you can never un-see. Once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence; for the submergence of one’s
truth only births havoc within the self.”*

Aborting Ship

Upon reentry, my spirit roared
Parenthood was cheap chivalry

Emancipation was post-delivery,
By a clipped umbilical cord

ϕ

Didn't need a juju man to tell me
That my father put a spell on me

As above, so below
Nigga, I'mma bake you like dough

ϕ

Time is a manipulated construct
An abstraction to obstruct

Technology is an evolutionary sieve
A gift time will misgive, or outlive

ϕ

Greek Philosophers were the pupils of Kemet
The persistence of melanin is a quiet threat

One white continent spread like a virus
Karma is a diamond press, the sojourn to Sirius

ϕ

I interact with the cells beneath my skin
Knowing the way out is within



Last Run on the Block

A black cat on life nine
All hocus-pocus I decline

Rocks and stones sharpened my soul
This life is my last stroll

All chips in—
Take my skin

The Imperial Tap Dance

Oh Great Britain,
will thou concede the throne?

Amerika is a precocious successor
throw the nation a bone, and the world you will own

“A free market is an overseer’s wet dream.”

Eclosion

I’s wiggling
within the chrysalis

I reminisce,
the foretold bliss

rising like a phoenix
out of my abyss

My Consort

The Sun to my Moon
The Yin to my Yang
The Alpha to my Omega

I burn for you

We are of one soul
Split before time

I summon you

This world is an altar
Our ashes we shall offer

Stream of Consciousness

Simon says: *“the house always wins.”*

Before you cook, you gotta shop. Before you shoot crack, who
brought the rock? Freebase with grace. Exports originate from
a Military Base.

“The Drug War” is a media chore —Cocaine be sugarcane—
Columbia cheap like Ikea.

From Afghani weed to the opium seed, The Department of
Defense covers all trade expense. Recoupment is retrieved by

the Drug Enforcement Administration; The Prison Industrial Complex is a piggy bank orchestration.

Dealers offload the supplies, and then snatched up as the fall guys. Evening News: “Mega Drug Bust”; Justice is sensationalized. Profit margins would collapse, if drugs were decriminalized.

Make life a disease, and concoct a drug to appease. The TV is a spirit IV. Appropriate *love* and turn it into a finger-fucking soul glove. If sadness becomes an expression, diagnose as depression. Zoloft will make your mind soft.

The Medical Industrial Complex bypasses sovereign nations and emancipated adults, by performing nonmilitary assaults. Deem all aberrations a pathology best treated by pharmacology. Setup mental prisons in a hospital, force medicate and sustain the capital. Produce synthetic biological agents, from vaccines to HIV. Reduce the human race into an indigent money making tree.

Equate the descendants of Africa to a genetic petri dish; afflict their health to suit your imperialist wish. Create HIV tests that have the accuracy of SATs, to determine whose liberties may be seized. A false-positive is an automatic Death Sentence. Be advantageous; use it as a peacekeeping entrance. Saturate the souls and veins of Africa with pharmaceutical contaminants. Perform altruistic genocide, call it Eugenic Entertainment. The military, prisons, and medical professionals got a spiritual complex and an addiction to fat checks. I’s perplex, who casts this hex? Terror is an error.

Simon is a peckerwood; always up to no good.

“Once you begin planting seeds, your first crops are too precious to risk exposing to untreated palates. You must first savor the juice of your tomatoes; if pleased, you then decide if whether to share or to sell. But when food is nourishment and the soil is your temple, nickels and dimes seem rude for a taste of strawberries.”

Foreign Currency

Amerika donated his wife to the arsenal
Her offspring was militaristic and instructional

He pimped his eldest daughter
For derivatives and a fat bonus

While living off the interest rates of third-world loans,
First World’s people believed the world was their trust fund

Daddy promised Yankees the world
Even when his check would bounce

But drones were silver pennies
And they grew plenty

Cisgender Hegemony and the Replication of Intra-Communal Oppression

“Ain’t I a woman,” she rhetorically asked the crowd. It was 1851 and Sojourner Truth was speaking at a women’s convention in Ohio. In 1857, Dred Scott, an enslaved man whose Master had passed, sued for his freedom. He lost to the Supreme Court because the Three-Fifth law implied that he could not be a citizen; whether free or enslaved, the constitution did not recognize the personhood of blacks.

Now, in 2013, I ask: “What is woman and who defines her?” We may refer to the constitution, but it has become obsolete; for if its governing principles were more than sentimental and idealistic, systemic oppression would not be perpetual. By the process of deduction, “We the People” are the ones who define what is woman; this, however, is informed by social constructs inherited and projected upon us. Identities relating to race, sex, and nationality are vehicles for the stratification of sociocultural capital—a hierarchy for humanity.

I believe that before the colonization of land, culture, people, and their minds, the dichotomization of man and woman, black and white, rich and poor was less instrumental and bore divergent connotations. In a white patriarchal society, persons who are male and/or white are perceived as the bearers of hegemonic identities. Anti-racist and feminist ideologies have responded to societal oppression by essentializing their marginalized identities. This is a reactive

survival defense mechanism, which inadvertently legitimizes the power struggle between the “oppressor and the oppressed.” Because there is truly nothing inferior about not being male or of the white race, when one engages this poor-natured obscenity, they give credence to the premise.

As of late, great strides have been made within LGBTI/Queer/Two-Spirit/Gender Variant Communities. Albeit, with a political quagmire. Analogous to the Suffragist and Black Civil Rights Movement, individuals, like black women, who exist in the crosshairs of disenfranchised and/or oppressed communities, are further challenged by intra-communal oppression and/or discrimination. It appears that individuals who do not identify as their biological sex, and seek to transition MTF or FTM, may be politically and/or personally ostracized by persons within their communities. These communities are limitless, however, I am explicitly speaking of Feminist and the Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Community. Coincidentally, the intricacies of the matrix of domination are highly internalized and replicated by the oppressed—reenactment becomes unconscious and compulsory.

For clarity, I would like to address the distinctions between sex, gender and sexuality. In order—*sex* is biological; *gender* is self-determined; and *sexuality* is desire. From a biological standpoint, one is born male, female, or intersex. Unless one reenters the womb and undergoes a chromosomal switch, their designated sex cannot be changed; in spite of this fact, it

can be manipulated by surgery and hormone treatments. As this relates to gender, no one can define what is woman or man—these are subjective concepts of the self. As with the case of race, Sojourner Truth and Dred Scott were denied the acknowledgement of their humanity by a nation whose constitution defined those of African descent as something other than human. Constitutional amendments did not alter the existence of blacks; but it did rectify its legal conception within the minds of whites.

Admittedly, I haven't the right to interfere with the pursuit of self-actualization by my fellow humans; I will, however, state that I am not a proponent of Gender/Sex Reassignment Therapy because it conflates sex with gender. The aesthetics of womaness are socially designated, culturally inflated, and overindulged. Woman is not a club for which one needs to make their claim evident. Visibility should not bestow validity. I believe that mitigating the internalization of oppression and social conditioning, intra/interpersonally and on an intra/intercommunal level, would be a constructive affront to a white patriarchal society. This, of course, would demand that we strip ourselves of our social classifications, including their literal and theoretical privileges, and disown victimhood. By discarding the intellectual, emotional and spiritual clutter we have hoarded, we can reintroduce ourselves as human—an expression of life.

Although capitalism is fond of the mass production of identical products, humans are not commodities to be molded

into a specific cast. The mystification of gender identity is a byproduct of ripping the feminine and masculine out of a continuum, and inserting them into the pigeonholes of *man* and *woman*. (This worked in tandem with white patriarchy through heterosexuality, for the domination of women.) Moreover, the oppositional definitions we have ascribed the dualistic categorizations of gender are no longer viable and must be subverted. We, that which is life, are androgynous—a mixture of feminine and masculine energies. Neither the constitution nor its follies should be sought after for approval or affirmation. And yet, feminist and queers, those who resist patriarchy, are imitating identical forms of oppressive separatism by excluding transfolk from their political movements.

Lastly, the pursuit of freedom provided the white man a nation he did not have claims to, supported by a constitution he wrote on his own behalf. We, who have survived and benefited from the barbaric beginnings of this nation, have sought liberation within the context of race, sex, sexuality, and now gender. I fear that gender now stands within the crosshairs of feminist and queer politics. If history were a teacher, I do believe that black *men* and *white* women have demonstrated, through their subjugation of black women within their collective quest for constitutional liberties, how dangerous and self-defeating it can be to cling to the sociopolitical currency of their hegemonic identities.

note: queer is used interchangeably for sexual orientation and gender identity. hegemony encompasses identities which dominate others, or that which is of the dominant culture and subculture; i.e., white, male, heterosexual, cisgender, etc.

Multiple Worlds

*Body and blood of different origin
Skin, a twisted grin*

I, the kin of trade sin,
tried to sip that money gin
turning history paper thin



the 3rd world

a place, in space, the home of my race;
a people of stolen grace



ignoring the tyranny for theory,
the 4th world makes me teary

those native to this land
quarantined, on designated land



1st world greenback,
doper than crack



I

sobriety, economic poverty
disentangling society

I am world number five
matted chains, is what I survive

both till and descendant of the stolen,
surrounded by the swollen

the 5th world

I am homeless in the home I was born,
my soul is worn

I un-claim any nation;
a person—one, of all of creation

straddling multiply worlds

this planet is no palace of brothels
one day, we all will be made to grovel

note: 2nd world is the Soviet Union/ Eastern Europe

The Establishment

I love you

because you are my father
and my sister's brother

I watch you

as you trim the clothes off my dying grandmother
and reach for the thighs of my unborn daughter

I pray for you

with voodoo, hoping to heal the undue
middle passage we are stuck thru

We know you

she kicks and rips my uterus
retreating your world, she is generous

They write of you

most handsome, in barbaric ways
a man, too greedy for his praise

I worry about you

many nights I've bled, after your bittersweet visit
knowing my terror is a desired requisite

You

you are a loyal patriot,
and I am your opiate

I no longer love you

when you love truly, the most soporific Amerikan wine
cannot numb the pain of a scalpel teetering up your spine

In honor of my lost love for you

I will live my life in tribute of your death
a solemn chore, until my very last breath

“Food and soil is more precious than painted paper.”

Negress Nectar

Mammoth bee, your soul I see
Venom and honey is all of me

I have spun crude into gold
The fruits I bear are manifold

The feast is free
If true you will be

But if your spirit is lying
My sting will have your ego dying

No suckling of Mammy breast milk
I'll have you drinking curdle like Silk

The Massa's Intermission 1865- 20??

Abolitionist rejoice
We've heard your voice

Return the shackle
And quiet your cackle

0

You're free in a shack
Just stay with your pack

No need for school
You were born a mule

0

Who gave the Nigger a book?
Making us look like a crook

Let Plessy and Brown play with Anna-Marie
We'll have that Nigger hanging off a tree

0

Now the coons talking about equality
Undermining our white supremacy

We have to change the laws of our game
But keep everything the same

0

Let a preacher man lead the niggers to rise
We'll take him out in front of the world's eyes

If they keep talking peace and nonviolence
We'll keep killing them with violence

0

Feeding the children, while they building prisons
The modern-day plantation has arisen

Black is beautiful and so is my pistol
Self-defense—Black Panther—I will kill you

0

Mr. Edgar Hoover, how many tons of crack,
Will break the niggers back?

Let's sprinkle some AID'S when they shoot up
Turn a revolutionary into a drug hustling fein for lockup

0

If they won't bounce a ball, they'll spit on a mic
Gangsta Rap, New Jack City hype, wait for the third strike

W.E.B Du Bois of yesterday, is Cosby and Prince of Bell Air
Niggers will forget their face for an education and fame and
believe liberty is fair

► ◂ ◃ ◂ ◃ ◂ ◃

2013

*Your father was a panther?
My mother drinks Fanta.*

I was Beyoncé's personal assistant—LOVE her!!

I totally adore Janelle Monae. She's like a postmodern feminist.

Angela Davis is my idol. I'm really into black history.

Worst thing in Amerika, is the Prison Industrial Complex, yup.

Obama, obviously, means we are living world peace. Like, he's Black!

Recent history is a mere interlude
Stealing free land and free people

Killing the earth to its roots
Is an epic drama series of chic madness

Attention:

The Massa is performing a wardrobe change, please be patient. He has New Worlds to re-discover and re-conquer and re-cultivate and re-industrialize. In the meantime, mind your media, your desires, your politics, and your indifference. Your attention may save our planet, and its people.

Forewarning: The Amerikan Dream is your pacifier; do not confuse it for substance.

“Possible” 2005-

under the skin, there are spiders
performing somersaults

teeth still, gums buzzing
limbs numb, eyes wet

lest I fret

just a tingle
nerve jingle

body of my own
weak to the bone

photograph my brain
explain the pain

scar tissue, who knew
dreams on queue

I'd rather not lie
but I do deny

MS, say who?
never I

I'd sooner die

(My) Womb

A vehicle,
never to be used

Any life transported,
will be misused

Clandestine Operatives

Even darkness labors
In the pursuit of light

Love thy neighbors
As they hasten the night

Atomic Reset

From *Three Mile Island* to *Chernobyl* to *Fukushima*,
Industrialization looking like emphysema and edema

If the glitter of pseudo-modernization
Ensures our collective extermination

Is the illusion more precious than life?

Blatter

i:

A monk wrote in stone
He spoke of an embassy for starseeds

I finger search echoes in the air
Anticipating the voice from Jah
ii:

She glimmers. She is a star
My queen from a time before time

I clasp time and repent

iii:

There are many thorns
Endured for newborns

A spinning show
To outgrow

iv:

I swallow foresight
And blindfold my mind

I skip and twirl
I'll land as the wind guideth

Flipping Through Time

1991:

when the KKK, I mean the po-po-po
beat Rodney King like a Nigga who
resisted miscarriage and took to liquor

the baton became a noose
and cracker cops got loose

the footage was fresh produce,
like beated and batted blackberry juice

Yankees were eyesore
LA went to war

2001:

Sand Niggas learning how to fly
coming out the cave, just to die

gravity was suited with a necktie
but on 9/11, he got shy

if the sky had a kitty up her thigh
the laws of physics could not comply

pick a nation, or a piñata
swear to the world, you got her

even nuns were blue-balling
politicking and climax stalling

craving missile candy; tear Iraq into pieces
can't find crumbs in the creases

say peace this—bringing peace to this
we'll cease, for a sublease

2011:

like children with an imaginary friend
propaganda has a narrative to defend

brown bag Osama and kiss your mama
terrorism is imperialist drama

democracy, Western hypocrisy, the true autocracy
playing white knight is a gimmick of bureaucracy

sleep tight, we gunning for Gaddafi
we'll kill that Nigga in a jiffy

who got the next sweet titty?
looking like Tehran is the city

Mahmoud Ahmadinejad ain't no Rodney King
toke it or nuke it, Mahmoud gon' swing

2021:

the yellow man bankrolled the white man
pitching with the empire because he was a fan

China, an imperial subsidiary, diced up Africa
double team the world, call it algebra

but really though, fucking with a genocidal rapist
won't ever leave you looking your bestest

ask the red man...

“Time is a funnel, money the slide.”

Pandora's Rim

Dixie: If I were to auction the word of man to the moon, she'd summon the sun and place a bounty on no one.

Pixie: This world is callous. If our bone marrow were transplanted to a planet with five suns, we'd find no joy in mimicking the dark.

Dixie: Was Pocahontas a family friendly version of Saartjie Baartman. Was John Smith a pimply old pedophile?

Pixie: Plymouth Rock was among the first wave of military bases in North Amerika. Pilgrims can't find a Holy Land when their gods are domination and violation.

Dixie: The Mayflower departs England in Europe and arrives in New England in Amerika. We must forgive them, for they were persuaded by their Christ.

Pixie: New Worlds mean new land. Inhabitants are collateral damage. Sign Treaties and barter precious metals.

Dixie: Britain is a hustler who trades one land to two peoples. In the Treaty of Paris and the Marshall Plan, the Brits betrayed their allegiance to the Natives by forfeiting territories and gave Jews the home of Palestinians.

Pixie: 1492, 1619, 1776, 1865 and the White man has been kind enough to forsake writings of an exterminated people on tree barks and mountaintops.

Dixie: In 1783, the Native Allies of Britain were duped. By 1830, the Indian Removal Act transformed a free people into refugees. All treaties with Native Americans were abandoned by the federal government in 1871 and replaced by the “Indian Homestead Act,” also referred to as the Dawes Act. This was a more comprehensive package than the promised 40 acres and a mule because it included legal citizenship.

Pixie: With the financial backing of the United States after WWII, via the Marshall Plan, Jewish Zionists found their new land. A colonized territory was retrofitted for Jews worldwide in 1948. Israel became a home for another people in search of their Holy Land.

Dixie: Double Agents are more effective than war. Covert missions have a quiet roar. Globalization gave John Smith a temptation. James Bond was mighty swift. He read the Koran for his almighty switch.

Pixie: Extract the Shah of Iran in 1953. Implant Saddam in 1979. Refuse to acknowledge the legitimacy of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad in 2005. Accuse a sovereign democratic Arab nation of creating nuclear technology for weapons of mass destruction in 2012.

Dixie: Flashback. Remotely hijack two airplanes and blame Hussein. Ingrain the masses with the insane. Sit back and

watch the mindless ordain. Make a claim; say they have missiles you must obtain. Let the blood drain.

Pixie: 911. Pump fear into the air, guzzle the mainstream and rip its ear. Danger, danger, Israel get your pager. Your manger is tied to a major wager. Amerika will be your avenger. Death is a holy adventure.

Dixie: The Spanish and the Dutch thought they had a soft touch. A blanket bandit landed, death granted, and the New World was handed. Cultivating savagery was performed capriciously.

Pixie: Amerika and Britain believe it's all been written. Lynch a CIA implant and pin a false flag in his name. Line up mercenaries and news reporters and take Gaddafi out. Liberating the Middle East will be executed judiciously—in the name of Israel.

Dixie: One ship spoiled continents. One of god's peoples is baited to crucify a hemisphere. For conquerors, casualties are of no consequence.

Pixie: Something nasty was born in Europe and could not be self-contained. Every land and its people have been infected. South America is comprised of mulattoes and hybrid Spaniards. Africa is sweet pussy for the white colonial bookie. Asia demonstrates atypical forms of imperialist dysplasia.

Dixie: Although I cannot identify the source of this planets industrious evil, I would gladly pour the Queen of England a

glass of my fermented urine with a curtsy.

Pixie: The word of man does not bind him to truth.

Dixie: Law is fiction, governments are theaters, and the world is a stage. Surely, the remains of our civilization will make for a worthy parable.

Nuclear Daydream

I feel the Earth calling me
With sweet hymns to run oversea

Hitchhiking my way beyond the border
Fleeing the Global North and its disorder

I want to make love to land
With the caress of my hand

Rescind the Amerikan passport
And with rivers and soil I cavort

The Disintegration and Abdication of a Negress

I understand the Amerikan Dream to be politically correctly unachievable. Its facetious maintenance will require the creation of new slave continents whose inhabitants are nailed to planets from unfound galaxies.

I, Zisa Aziza of Sirius, toil with bees.

Whether my hair is natural or the Amerikan flag represents a confederacy of the world, should I be taunted by the Amerikan anthem and Vodka commercials? I'd prefer to have chai tea with the Federal Reserve and attend a five-decade overview of the existence and function of NASA and NSA, with biscotti's, presented by the Department of Defense. *We all have dreams.* Student loans resemble broken Peace Treaty's and high interest loans from the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. The degree guarantees no supreme future. Some post-colonial countries sell their daughters to cover their debts; in the countries of Amerika, daughters sell themselves because they've sold everything else.

Pick a needle and a cloth. Find a table with some chalk. If your closet is missing Marc Jacobs, Gucci, or Prada, you're a freight. Wear the widest eyeglass lenses with no prescription, rave in admiration of fashionistas, and stop by American Apparel after work. Expect to feel loved when you wear your newest skinny pants. Never wonder if you live fact or fiction.

Children are bought out of brothels and war ridden slums to come here out of love—to be free. The water always runs, food

is never too far, and schools are open. Trade a McDonald's 99¢ menu over a bowl of boiled yams and salted palm oil. Either the hands on the clock lied, or man was never true. All babies ain't born blue. And yes, they can see you, too.

My soul got third-degree burns from the *Melting Pot* of a false stew. I ain't fit to *Manifest* someone else's *Destiny*. Fifty stars with red, white, and blue lines might be a toy for hypnosis. I've been experiencing necrosis of my optic nerve. Astigmatism puts vision on a swerve. Standing on a tight curve, I observe.

Waterfalls were majestic. Trees were temples. Air was divine. History is playing seesaw with time. According to date, it is 2013. But my unconceived fetus is in mourning for mornings yet to be. Thou glory is done: Heads or Tails; liberalism or liberty; corporation or nation; Aryan or Negroid; continents or colony.

The most galling battle is to concede the war. Excrete your soul from the psychic whore. If time had a dead lover she would be unappeased by any engagement with the present and future. Hence the repetition of death and gloom that behave like hurricane storms leaving immemorial stains on the curvature of time.

Jimmy ain't an exception and Emmett Till has become the millions. Jimmy's bastard children pay patriotic respect for his savagery. I fancy myself a high-yellow living in the woods with my kinfolk. Wondering, how hungry a soul that it feeds upon death? Forgive my giggles, for fields are now zones within nations. The punch line to human existence is our ability to

recite historical anecdotes with verbatim, while simultaneously remaining oblivious to one's own role in the recasting of time. We have misplaced imagination, in favor of artificial cultivation.

I see sharecroppers when I collect welfare. I went to school with white southern bells. In the shelter, I share a room with a Jezebel who can't pay a man to buy her pussy. Mother says she bought her freedom, but the bank took her house. Soldiers come home believing they returned freedom to another god's people; some are considered enemy combatants, and many are homeless and mentally wounded in their own country. In the name of freedom, empires are constructed for the consolidation of wealth and resources. Once the purpose is accomplished, what becomes of its constituents?

But I am *privileged*, and consequently, progressive. Therefrom, it is expected of me to endorse, condone, and/or celebrate: a Black presidency; constitutional same-sex marriage; military enlistment; Fair Trade agreements; hypersexualized and extremely violent media; the female amputation of mammary glands, coupled with the injection of testosterone; women augmenting their lips, breast, and buttocks; the bleaching of skin by African and Asian women; the eyelid surgeries performed on Asians to make them appear more European; and the manipulation of genes, both humans and plants.

I'm pinned to the ground. You got me. I'm tapped out. The madness is in perfect order. The cacophony is as precise as a symphony.

Hospital Visit

I weather the necrophiliac observance
Of the dying dead, and quiet my insolence

As she drains grandma's saliva
And cleans the catheter in her vulva

The nurse inquisitions my future
Sequestering me into her anti-intellectual adventure

She sticks grandma's finger, testing her blood sugar
I feel her curiosity grow eager

Grandma's involuntary muscle spasms
The subtlety of projected schisms

Silence would suit me fine
But I attempt to define

White nurse, black hippie
Why try? This shit is trippy

The Amerikan Dream is her mentality
Hardworking and self-righteous sentimentality

I sit here watching black magic
Insisting I become nostalgic

With an extended stroke and inoperable bleeding of the brain
Life support is selfish and delays her spirit's reign

Pity the dead for life they have unwed?
Forgive me, for I have no words unsaid

Dear Grandma (2/11/13)

Your involuntary muscle spasms and protruding limp tongue does not compliment the resolute woman I have known for twenty-four years. Truly, I wish your passage out were quicker. You wanted to die in your bed, and you almost did. You began dying but an ambulance was called. Now the family sits like vultures by your bed side.

You were the glue that kept this family from shattering. With the passing of time, you were the only matter that demanded we maintain communication. As I sit two feet away from your body on life-support, I am grateful and worried.

I am glad that you spent your last month in a clean apartment. Your hoarding is an emotional disease that runs deep in this family. But your fall in December gave you the will to let go. You allowed your home to be cleaned, in your absence. In January you requested I braid your hair. Washing your head of gray hair in the kitchen sink was an exercise I knew to do gently. I felt you struggling to recant your will of letting go. I tried to mute your ungrateful complaints. I told you how lovely your hair would look if you had grey Nubian Locks. But you wanted your freedom. I braided your hair wet, eight cornrows with carrot oil. You are wearing these braids as they feed you through a tube.

I appreciate you calling, on January 30th, to wish me a happy birthday. I wish I had more to say but I was faded and meditating. The last I saw you, four days later, would be the last time we conversed. You had been ill and mom and I were

dropping off some tea, soup, and cough drops. I wanted to hug you but in your last months, you were extremely judgmental grandma. And you know me, I was never with it.

I am pleased that I spent three months on your couch in 2012. I am glad that we had time for closure. And although you kicked me out into the shelter system, you welcomed me back just weeks before your stroke. Of course, you did this because you needed help; because in our family, you are only as useful as what can be extracted from you. Regardless, when I declined your offer, it felt like the completion of our karmic cycle.

But now I worry. I recall the text messages mother sent me. She was bitter about your need for help. She was rude and insensitive, and you even called her during the onset of your stroke. She did nothing—she who lives a minute's drive away from you. In her nature, she sent a mass text message stating: "Grandma found mumbling in her bed and taken to Richmond Hospital by the ambulance." At seventy-four years of age, you were in better shape than she at forty-seven. Naturally, I wonder what care she expects of me after I witnessed her speak so poorly of you.

With a family of bag ladies and unrequited black love, your apartment will become a store of memories to cling to. These women are sinister and vicious. Your children want to make your death about them—you know, in that "mommy didn't love me, mommy is dead, how will I ever redeem myself; mommy was my backbone, mommy this—mommy that—mommy," sort of way.

Between you and I, I never believed there was any exchange of love, especially with your fearful worship of a God you knew nothing of. I sensed an abyss of self-loathing. I hope the night passes quickly.

Born of the Wrong Flock

I have pluck the last feather
With tooth and claw, I tore the tether

Grandma,

I am grateful that your death has liberated me. As the matriarch of a sick tree, you were its roots. When the roots of a tree have been gutted, no matter how robust the bark, its death is inevitable. I am a branch that resisted the plea of winds. I promised the sun it'll be different this life. But then the soil spoke to me, and assured me I'd die brittle if I did not blow away.

The fruits were always sour, little is to be missed.

Halfwitted and Fruitful

I am a confidential informant, and the divine is my handler. I've been on parole throughout the millennia, and I ain't coming back. I have forgiven myself for being mortal. And although I have tried, I am unable to erase the memories of immortality that linger within my spirit.

Tongue toting and soul bloating was in my forecast. The conversions of a socially upward climbing Negress are vast. I could survey the cliché and pick an entrée.

The ego is glue, and the charade a flu. The pretense has a primer that dissipates by truth's timer. I'm a daydreamer who released her anchor. Pride had me running a race that didn't match my face. I sit at sea wondering who I wish to be. The water's reflection is a projection of the past. Luckily, the sky offers much contrast. There are only three sets of people to whom I believe I am accountable to: those of the past, for their contributions; those of the future, to whom I am responsible for; and she who is my complement, the other half of my soul.

I have two palms and a single heart. My vision is not perfect, but I see the decay of humanity. That which hurts my eyes, I declare to be unreal—a challenge of the matrix. I can only afford to tend to matters which inspire me to live in accordance with my principles. All else is hogwash.

Passive Enslavement

The interrelationships between slave and Massa, in the Antebellum South, demonstrated a conundrum that has perplexed historians.

Question: *Why did so few slaves attempt to kill their enslavers? Considering they lived in such close proximity, why did they live day after day, their entire lives, and endure their dehumanization?*



The production and rise of Multinational/Transnational Corporations, through globalization, appears to be the Massa's of contemporary life. The citizens of First World Nations have become white women, and those of Third World Nations are the chattel. I wonder. Were white women so wrong for basking in the rewards of their whiteness and accepting the lesser joys of patriarchy? If they did falsely accuse a Negro of rape, to preserve the virtue of their white race, was it not an expression of self-preservation? Is it fair of us to demonize the survival mechanisms of those oppressed in the past, when we perpetuate an identical form of complacency and exclusionary oppression (domination) in the present?

If Klansmen symbolized the protection of white supremacy, what might the president, congressional puppets, and soldiers of Amerika represent to the citizens of Mexico and Libya? Although Multinational/Transnational Corporations are not nations, the Amerikan legal system has given them [it is now a person] constitutional rights that supersede that of citizens.

Legally, and economically, the Amerikan government and the Corporation are indistinguishable due to their collusive relationship. This is comparable to the lynching of Negroes, during the era of Jim Crow, which was a cultural norm that was institutionally pardoned by local and state, judicial and police enforcement—Ku Klux Klan had the right of law.

Our beloved corporations provide us with jobs, affordable merchandise, and sustain our quality of life. Should we be concerned with how our status quo is subsidized? Should white women have pitied the systemic and merciless rape of Negress women and the kidnap of their offspring for perpetual enslavement? Should Amerikans be curious to learn what our trivialized notion of democracy means for an individual who does not inhabit the Massa's house? Would we, as a society, benefit from such an intellectual expedition?

As for the case of the enslaved killing their Massa, in the past the Negro was ingrained with fear of the white man from birth. The combination of living in a society in which he was not considered fully human, and therefore had no recognizable legal or human rights, created reinforced psychological bars—the most resistant to break free from. The present day chattel, who reside in the Third World, have been reduced to a state of infancy due to the lack of independent finances, sustainable infrastructure (a trademark of post-colonies), and are a constant target for Amerika's steroid induced Military Industrial Complex.

Here we go again. White women are the nexus between Massa and chattel. Will the third millennium prove to be more capable

of dishoarding the matrix of domination and pursue global emancipation? Unlike the days of the twentieth century, our planet's resources and ailing health may require a hastened inquisition.

Keeper

Put a Quarter on the white race
Subtract a Nickel by the shade

Add a Dollar on man, minus a Dime by the shade
Divide woman by Pennies and multiply by a Cent

Square nations by the Benjamin, those populated by the fairer race
Reduce the *Other* to a square root, and simplify into a fraction

A book, a bible, and a dollar
An inconspicuous collar

Justice, a treaty, and inequality
Law, bureaucracy, and the military

Make a gate, and be its keeper
A clever grim reaper

Erase the past, planetary amnesia
Dilute the truth, emancipatory anesthesia

Parade the globe, like chariots of death
Beguile the masses, with psychic meth
Kill the instrument, but not message

Manipulate the Field, ignore the presage

Golden Rule broken, no piggyback riding
The idiocy and penance is self-multiplying

Sip with merriment, for this kingdom
Is a mere illusion to bestow wisdom

Cheat through the millennia, evolutionary evasion
Insufficient credits, for the cosmological graduation

All that time wasted,
Because you were complacent

Compelling Illusion

Keep it pushing, pushing to where
Where you going, in a hurry

Pause my dear and taste the air
Have you seen the sky stare

Keep it pushing, pushing to where
Where you going, in a hurry

All in life is fine and fair,
But is it your own face you wear

Keep it pushing, pushing to where
Where you going, in a hurry

Sometimes the things we love we fear
But living lies is a slow tear

Cosmic Sleeper Cell Stationed In Babylon

The Amerikan citizenry has reinstalled the Anti-Christ, Barack Hussein Obama, as their aggrandized Presidential puppeteer. I have been in correspondence with Gaia, our Earth, and we have collectively concluded that the bastardized evil entities whom have declared our planet their death playground fail to demonstrate an iota of reverence for life.

Iran, they are coming for you. President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, you have witnessed the atrocities committed upon Iraq, Afghanistan, and Pakistan. You know that my nation, Amerika, purposefully crippled Iraq into a state of disdainful subservience by decimating crucial infrastructure; such as water treatment and food production facilities, electric grids, and even looting ancient art from museums—a cultural and historic assault.

President Obama has been funneling, through his administration, millions of dollars in currency and weaponry to Israel, for World War III. My nation, Amerika, has not only surrounded your nation, but has saddled your economy with sanctions—a preamble to war. As a negress born in the Massa's house, I am not naive about the white man's pathological schizophrenia. On December 31st of 2011, President Obama signed the National Defense Authorization Act into law; therefore, I, a citizen, live in a country wherein which the constitution, the governing document that safeguards my liberties, has been **nullified**. I am fully aware of the designed economic collapse, FEMA Camps, Martial Law exercises, and

the organized chaos and cognitive dissonance which is formulated on back tables.

President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, I am tired of my nation of birth bullying the world through the mechanisms of economic and militarized warfare. I am tired of the domestic indoctrination, psycho-spiritual warfare, and the conscripted dehumanization that has been propagated by mass media and hegemonic constructions of the self. I am a lover of life who was born in the trenches of a glorified hell. I have kept my heart humble, but your nation is the heart chakra of Gaia—home of Sumeria, the cradle of civilization. *Evil is going for the heart.*

Iran, they are coming for you. President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, I support any and every action and resource you utilize in defending the right of your nations' sovereignty—your humanity. I pray to Sirius that you have Weapons of Mass Destruction hiding under your dinner table. You better speed-dial North Korea and get Kim Jung Un on the line. I understand he has been testing the distance his nukes can travel? Find out which team Russia wants to play for, and make sure they don't turn on you. Get a video conference set-up with Hugo Chavez from Venezuela. He needs to get his toys out of the cellar and dust them babies off. Send some faxes to African Rebels and have them redirect their guns and bombs towards Amerika—I hear Somalia has pirates, bring 'em over to Boston.

President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, I am absolutely certain that Amerika needs to witness skyscrapers pouring like rain. We don't know the stench of two-week old decaying bodies on

sidewalks. As a society, we are naive to the means by which our father, Amerika, procures and sustains his wealth. I believe we need a tutorial lesson. Can you believe the Amerikan public feels victorious in the occasion of President Obama's reelection? Sound the alarm and hit New York, second to D.C. Make sure the entire state feels the blast. Submerge the statue of liberty, a sacrilegious depiction of goddess Isis.

As for the abomination that is Israel, shit fire on that false-nation until the last heartbeat goes out. If Jews are too stupid to know they are being used as pawns on the chess board, they must be very holy—maybe they will wake up when they are dead. Don't forget to pitch a submarine by Cuba, Texas has always been a peculiar state. I suspect it'll make a fine target. President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, just to spit it straight, I would rather you take me out than the KKK crooks g'd up in military gear reciting backward haiku's on liberty, as they shackle me. If Amerika is gully enough to bitch slap your nation, as they plan an invasion, you have the divine right to assert your will. I, a single cell, am a patron of liberty and retribution; the latter of which is all that is left.

Like I said: Iran, they are coming for you. Ahmadinejad, I got your collar in my fist: 'if the last soldier standing has to board planks of wood out of debris and ride the Atlantic Ocean to throw the last grenade—he fucking better!' The world has cowardly watched the savagery of Amerika in short whispers. Please amplify the barbarity, so every skin can feel what our nation so effortlessly dishes to my kinfolk of lands across the seas.

Gaia, and I, are tired of the soil being flooded with innocent blood; but if evil is going for the heart, spirits will rise. They cannot have this planet. President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, you are Tupac Shakur, Malcolm X., Ida B Wells, Paulo Friere, Sojourner Truth, John F. Kennedy, Che Guevara, Assata Shakur, and many more. Retribution is destiny's fail-safe; no mercy, no mercy—no fucking mercy. If life does not know it is precious and refuses to recognize the sacredness of its global humanity, they must be tickled dumb and spiked numb—sting us with bullets and pinch us with nukes.

DO COMMENCE



Pick a Trick

Pimping treaty trix
Strolling for the liberty fix

Bullshit popping for the poll
Conniving puppeteering for the soul

Tick-tack-toe
I ain't no fool hoe

The elephant or the donkey?
I want the jungle, you monkey

Democracy is as organic
As the Pope is satanic

I must be Roger the dote
To be stupid enough to vote

Holla with a multimillion-line phone conference
Before ordering unmanned drones for global interference

When US factories stop raping the Third World,
I might believe in the Free World

Once the "freest nation" tames its obsessive incarceration
I may overcome my dreams for economic capitalist castration

And the day, *We The People*, review the constitution
By then, all our riches will be in dissolution

I'll sign a ballot for planetary emancipation,
Bum to the stoop, until that day of proclamation

Yo Tom and Jerry, fuck you and your race
Life and liberty ain't no cheap chase

Metaphysical Chef

Cooking can be such a tedious task. I much prefer to eat. After two decades of indiscriminately ingesting the particles of my environment, I became deeply ill. I experienced bulimia, anorexia, and eventually, I indulged a raw diet.

My primary ingredient was emotional honesty. I first taught myself how to be gentle while vulnerable. I then perused the gardens of life, from which I plucked: liberty, freedom, global emancipation, individualism, free-will, egalitarianism, humanism, intention, cosmic consciousness, empathy, co-creation, compassion, truth, constructive self-criticism, forgiveness, generosity, accountability, humility, forethought, self-responsibility, and orthopraxis. The former paradigms, which are not exhaustive, included citizenship (nation-state), feminism (womanism), Black Nationalism (racial equality), queer theory, and social justice (economic disparities) were composted and integrated into my fruits and vegetables.

I have since instructed myself to cook and no longer eat-out. I am fond of exploring flavors, but never more than a tasting. I have found sharing my recipes to be most delightful and self-rewarding. However, when I have attempted to share my meals, I have observed toothless mouths that are detached from their throats. Naturally, they have proven themselves incapable of digesting the food I am compelled to share with them. There is nothing more strange than offering food to a person who can neither chew nor swallow.

At first, it was a paradox. But I cannot bear, nor fathom, the waste of food I have seasoned, grilled, and dished by the means of my soul. Although I am eager to serve, I must conserve.

Dear Madame Sandy

The skies are bracing for your arrival. Humans have scattered like ants into their hills. I wish you came hard every day. We would have been free long ago.

On this day, every hour reminds us that Earth is our mother and we, that which is life, are her guests. I am eager to behold your might. Be ruthless with your whip and crack the skies into shards. Let no one sleep. For we have forgotten the glory of life. The mundane has swallowed us and shrunk our essence. Tear our memories apart and shower us with thought.

Sandy, hurry but don't be short. Come, just come, and shake me to my core. My giggles may be sore, but it is you I adore.

Truly.

Dear Sistah Negress

We are the last line of defense. Our embodiment of misogyny and patriarchy is akin to the Earth turning rivers into ash. My memory of all of me cannot be faded by cash. If it is love you need, I will offer you a tsunami.

We have eaten from the same buffet and picked the delicacies that gratified our cravings. As we lay diabetic and obese in our souls, I beg you to alter your spiritual and intellectual diet. I plead with you, for I cannot survive in your absence.

*We are the last line of defense; please reclaim your humanity
and sense.*

*“History is a coloring box, language a paintbrush,
and time is my canvas— I live the stroke.”*

The Soul's Discoveries

The world is a forest debilitated by drought. Dead tree trunks cover ancient paths. Many sojourners succumb to thirst and setup home by mosquito infested ponds. So often, during the course of my life's travels, I have encountered individuals who are seven-feet tall wearing two-inch sized shoes with plastic faces. They have told me that their attire is derived from the lifeless branches and leaves that surround the pond from which their quench is satisfied.

Irrespective of spiritual wellbeing, identity and appearance is a Shapeshifters' Mall. As humans maneuver through the day, like seconds on life's unpredictable clock, they adorn their temples, physical vessels, with ideas of themselves. During the course of my wardrobe configurations, I have tried every applicable idea material and pretense can transcribe. I have ran through the mirrors of the Shapeshifters' Mall trying to hide myself from myself, to be myself. But every reflection was a lie that injured my soul's eye.

I had hopped from pond to pond with insect bites in my psyche. I quickly learned that lying to myself was no good for my health. Once I had foregone my fear of thirst, I became bare to the Universe. It was then, that I found my way out of the dying forest. I now exist on the shore of a vast ocean. I see the horizon of uncharted possibilities in every waking moment. Most days, I play with twigs and seashells. I am always trying to concoct a signal for the many wanderers of life's quest.

How do I tell folks that the pond is a traffic stop, and the Mall a delusion. How do I beckon them towards a landscape of abundant serenity. Should I start a fire, blow a whistle, or bang

rocks? For the sight I behold is one of internal salvation. Nowadays, I dream of crafting a raft, with humanity, to chart the unseen seas and find flowers that sing to our hearts. As of now, all my signals are of short-range. But I leave riddles on pebbles and tie engraved oakwood with bamboo, as rope.

I keep it close to my heart, as I drift along the oceans' boundless current—knowing one day, someone will stumble across my verses.

→ '*...born whole, world broken.*'

Behind the Curtain

Emotions are the coded language
of the divine spirit

An illiterate vocabulary
has twisted the world into a cesspit

The Nebuchadnezzar Nursery

My dreams are dying
Can you feel the world lying?

Rip me up and sew me back
Truth is rather lack

I hear the cries of my great grandbabies
Knowing for them the world will have no daises

Sweet are the bars of the Empire
But the dollar is a liar

Dear Jupiter, can I come to you?
We love to destroy all that is blue

I have prayed to the moon many hours past noon
I know in my soul, something must change very soon

Tie me up and shut me up
But one day, our time will be up

Twinkle little star in the mighty sky, is the world in ruin?
Whomever might I ask, what exactly it is we are doing?

*“Truth and fiction create friction. So much so, it can turn
one’s hurt into rust. Less is more, for pretense
is a boorish chore.”*

Blood Diamonds of Babylon

Setting: Dawn to sunrise, on a windy day @ an unpopulated beach. Both women are without direction and unable to see. They are guided by sound and touch—Alpha and Omega.

A. Are you there?

O. I am.

A. Where are you?

O. I am here.

A. Follow my voice.

O. Is this you?

A. Yes.

O. Come closer, please.

A. May we embrace?

Setting: Both women lower themselves to the sand. They sit in each other's laps and wrap their legs around one another. They map each other's faces with their fingers.

O. I can feel you.

A. How did you find me?

O. Love—Love my Sistah.

A. You are beautiful.

O. Your skin is the tapestry of the divine.

A. Your hair is the roots of the sky.

O. You have two suns on your face.

A. You have a waterfall between your lips.

O. But why are your suns closed?

- A. I have been living in the night.
- O. Have you, too, been blinded by the veil?
- A. I have, but the dawn is upon me.
- O. I feel it, as well.
- A. Shall we begin to see?

Setting: *Both women open their eyes.*

- O. Who are we?
- A. We are blood diamonds.
- O. Existing on a shore far from our home.
- A. Have you been home?
- O. I have.
- A. What did you see?
- O. The land has been pillaged, and the souls barren.
- A. We were kidnapped and smuggled. And yet, we have nowhere to run but into our hearts.
- O. But there are so many weeds that have grown tall with thorns.
- A. The internalized misogyny, colorism, racism, sizism, homophobia, sexism, classism, patriarchal entitlement, and self-hatred we have come to know, are dead bushes we can blow away—if we choose to.
- O. But my winds have lost its gust.
- A. How dare you lie to me?
- O. I swear I want to be free.
- A. Sistah, with love all is possible—anything can come to be.
- O. Forgive me, for I have savored bitter fruits for much too long.
- A. A taste of honey will heal you, like a molasses song.
- O. Where shall we find such a generous garden?

A. It is within us, and has always been.

O. How ever did we become so lost?

A. Babylon. It's Babylon that demanded we pay for life, and our souls were the cost.

O. No more! Never again! We are blood diamonds with no blood to spare.

A. We are the Negress and the Goddess and we are rare.

Setting: Both women rise on their feet and stare into the horizon. They lock fingers and walk towards the ocean.

O. Where do we go from here?

A. We are a computation the system has sought to negate.

O. For such, we will begin to co-create.

A. Wherever there is fertile soil, our seeds we shall plant.

O. The day of harvest is one of destiny.

A & O. May we never forget the fortitude of love.

Changing Gloves

Exploitation and philanthropy,
Charity is an amenity

*Throw pennies from your yacht,
Like crumbs to pigeons*

Balancing the seesaw of your ego,
Good intentions is your amigo

The Shit People Say

Can I walk with you?

Can I get a sip?

Yo, sexy!

What up darkie?

My Niggas, Dudes, and Duvettes:

It's a New Day. The Goddess has resurrected. I have come forth to remind you of yourself. I'm strapping machetes, AK-40'S and tanks in my tongue. Come correct, any stunting I'm straight dicing and slicing. Trigger finger on automatic. Eyes shut, fuck your fantasy slut. Nigga, would you fuck your mother or your brother? Bitch I'm a Goddess, you acting godless. Eat my shit, suck your own tit. Be lucky if you could kiss my feet, it would be a divine treat. You rotten fool, you forgot the rule. I'm a cosmic mistress, got no tolerance for dis' ignant business. Best wake the fuck up before I blow you the fuck up.

No apology, freeing the mental colony. I accept your appreciation and forgive your indoctrination.

Truly,
Divine Only

Beacon

electrostatic hovers,
like an influx of stagnation
forming transmission disturbances

meddling with my signal;
a self-evolving frequency
containing vibrational velocity

like a speck of light
in a midnight abyss,
steady with no fright

Street Jungle

Monkeys be hungry
Think I's a banana

Say the wrong shit
Get lion bit

Popo Rollup @ Central Park

These undercover cats hopped off they mountain bikes with the swiftness of a bee zooming to the hive. You woulda thought shit was really live. I musta had a crack factory on my lap and toddlers smoking on the pipe. ‘Cuz these kitty-kit cat muthafuckas were heated and hype. Word to me, I was smoking Organic American Spirit Tobacco in a white rollup. First of the munchkins pulled out his badge. I was quick to get it, and wasn’t with it. Before the dweeb dropped a syllable, I was reaching to offer him a smoke: ‘Here, have at it.’ This confused and poorly trained dog of the NYPD didn’t get me. I felt him jonesing. Came at me with a hard-on, thought he caught one. I dropped some sound and went mute. He tried to play good cop, thinking he was cute. Stuttering: “Well, I didn’t search you, or ruffle your bag.” Nah, you waste of life, you just violated my energetic sphere. Stay looking stupid, just stand there. I’mma keep puffing, hope you like smoke. Wish you could be cuffing.

Institution Groupies

mirror on the wall
finest money doll

chipper than silver
soul sliver

stitched giddy
like a blind kiddy

Quid Pro Quo

Regressive progression
Internalized oppression

Queers and Buppies
Sugarcoated puppies

Swag and a degree
The dream decree

Soul became a myth
Memory a blithe

Stit-Stat Quo; Ditch Dat Quo

Frivolity is a commodity
Pickpocketing joy outta me

Requesting my divinity
Privileging mass idiocy

Ear to the stars
Eye on the sky

Heart with the ocean
Spirit got motion

Calling the fool's kitchen
Word to the cook, no more dishing

My life-force is my source
Scrap me from your resource

Heirs of Infinity

One law:

Always seek
To evolve

Queen Negress

Tears in your knees
Offbeat soul keys

Let us cry
Release the lie

Still waters need flow,
So love may sow

Script Scribble

Double-text
Dense vortex

Gibberish Context

Glean Subtext
Reconstitute Pretext

Conjure the posthumous

Babylon Playground

Mary had a little lamb
The world be damn

Rock-a-bye baby
Kill the Fair Lady

The cradle will rock
Freedom will dock

Humpty Dumpty
Hid in our country

Jack and Jill
Will hitch the hill

Knick knack paddywack
Old dog will crack

Down, down baby
You shizo crazy

Shimmy, Shimmy
Poor Jimmy

Baa, baa white sheep
Your spirit is lint cheap

Hush, hush little baby
You half dead and lazy

Mama gon' kill you,
You bitter ol' flu

Higher-Self to Self

Yo lovely, you handled b'ness this life. Your deck was short and the game tricky, but you pulled jokers out the ether. It has been an ecstatic privilege to peep your voyage in the third dimension. If life were a mountain, you chose ever rock knowing that the peak was inevitable. You were fond of risks because you knew that death was a myth. And there were those artificial constructs, double-blinders for the soul, that stalked your ass from out the womb. But you, wise one, only claimed allegiance to love and life.

I understand your sight is adjusting to the light, but if you knew who you are, in totality, you would be in awe. Family has been cheering you on from the dawn of your first breath. You are a deeply loved being. It should be of no surprise to you that you were unable to find external love worth the depth of your heart. This, my dear, was your challenge. You reincarnated with many lives of knowledge, victory and agony. For this incarnation, your final, you chose to master the radiance of love that could only be birthed in a wilderness of abandonment, indiscriminate loathing, and abject apathy. The biochemically induced amnesia, which is an inextricable aspect of inhabiting the human form, was a measure you accounted for. Why else were you such a persistent and inquisitive child who demanded to learn from direct experience? Self-knowledge was, and has always been, a foremost priority for you.

Your perseverance and patience has been unequivocal. Lovely, cherish every moment for you have sowed your seeds well.

Making the Bus

crumb collector
penny debtor

stargaze,
simile in a maze

time phased
heart raised

subtle bell
ticket outta hell

The Shift

Sitting on three,
Staring thru four

Waiting on five,
To walk thru the door

Alma Mater

Fire fit dire
The devil is a liar

Fada gif go
Waka waka

Knocka truth
Thru dah roof

Crack glass
Rip dey ass

Salvation is determination
Soul be transportation

Ashes to ashes
Cookies gon' crumble

Starlight flashes
Heaven n' hell clashes

Darkness sputter
'Fuck ya mother?'

Smooth like butter,
Get gutter

Merci beaucoup
Meta fondue

Tried to love you
Thought I was a zoo?

Jumangi ain't dah jungle
You ate the wrong apple

Carte blanche
Broke dah last branch

Bridges gon' rise
Passport to dah skies

Hemmed wit' stardust
Built wit' Earth crust

Gritty titty
Truth pretty

Venom butterfly,
Get high

Ven aqui,
You want me?

No mercy,
Gramercy

A burnt heart
Taste tart

Retribution is forthcoming
Get ready, I'm just humming

Hyperdimensional Dispatch

Unlocking the encoded gene
Recalling antiquity and the obscene

Defile and pedophile
Blackberry the Nile

Sacrificial homicide
Cannibalistic infanticide

Disembodied parasites
Necrophilic erudites

Nightmare hunter
Soul gunner

Whiplashed and blasted
Veil off and spells casted

Bareback, full deck
Quicksand, shipwreck

Locked and loaded
Stitched and gutted

“Hide-and-seek”
You fuck’d the meek!

Meet Jah baker
Bitch, I’m ya maker

Ritz and ditz
Run til’ I blitz

Shadow rover
Game over

Now, Now

I got this suit,
with constrictions, called flesh

I got some lessons
I must harness

But once the transmutation
has completed its configuration

Bet your last penny,
I'mma play plenty

“Language is my keyboard, and love is my chord.”

The Lord

Am I a three-eyed polka dotted sheep
guided by an invisible shepherd?

Is my pasture the divine,
and the sun my console?

Do I graze the etheric,
And drink the air?

Thine Own Be Known

The sky is blue
The water true

But I am not you

Some are allergic to light
And make love to the night

Few savor the fire
And condemn the liar

Life varies in hue

Bootstrapping

*Two brown girls from the projects
Skipped and scooted into the Ivory Tower*

studying Economics and Sociology
to fulfill a dream and an ideology

one found a bank, the other her soul
one took money, the other became whole

“You cannot teach what you have yet to learn; and what you have learned may not be worth teaching.”

4-27-11

Dear Ivory Tower,

I would like to thank you for teaching me how to write. I can now use my keen intellect to whip language into a revolutionary feast and feed my comrades.

I trust that you will understand that sedition is a healthy occupation to pursue in a zombie-nation that is in critical condition; and I hope that you can appreciate my need to imbue the psyche with words that are true.

In the name of liberty,
Freedom's Child

Trickle Ickle

You still got your burnt nickel
Sucking on a sour pickle

Waiting for life to harvest
Like you a destiny guest

The world ain't a hostel
Evolution may be hostile

Giddyup and ride that pony
Don't be enamored by the phony

Dear Dr. Doc

Your practice of medical psychology is the spiritual performance of colonialist anthropology. Please cease and desist with all ethnographic research pertaining to the intrinsic relationship shared between my mind and my soul, which is encased in my body. Furthermore, I believe if you reentered the womb from which you came and self-terminated, the world would be most grateful.

Truly.

Incestuous Intellectualism

educated inbreds are infatuated
with the congenital abnormalities of their psyches

the acidic superiority of prescribed knowledge
conceals their spiritual deformities

and the world cowers to the esteemed intellects,
for they read and write; and write and read

but for whom is life the lesson;
must we settle for regurgitation?

Spiritual Wealth and Material Poverty

Thus far, this year, 2012, has invited me to two jails, five hospitalizations and my third shelter. Intellectually speaking, the situation is complex; spiritually, I am riding the rivers current. I have been interacting with doctors who are spiritual quadriplegics. I have had Case Managers who demonstrate the saddest forms of egoic idiocy. And yet, I must observe with my humility intact. I feel as wide as the sky speaking to pieces of plastic. I endure the condescension of mind police because this is where the Universe has guided me. And although I feel the might of a goddess, I must withstand the spiritual violence of the soulless. The contrived artifices, whose molecular structures have yet to deteriorate or evolve into something other than their pitiful existence, who I must engage, are my test.

The irony of material poverty is that I swear I got diamonds coursing through my veins.

How does one inform the five-sensed being that my limitations are dissipating? My sensory experience of “reality” is expanding. How do I explain that I am birthing something new within myself? How do I convince imbeciles that I feel as whole as the sun and the moon. Yes, my EBT card is my Visa Express, but I am evolving internally. I am living the life of the wounded healer. I am remembering from whence I came. I am embodying my truth and am consumed with love and purpose. The empirical evidence, my material poverty, may not support my deeply felt sentiment; however, should that therefore invalidate my truth? Am I not a sentient being who is self-aware? Can I not contextualize my experience within the timeless and universal framework of spiritual evolution? I did not choose to be born into a western world at a time of obsessive institutionalization. *Or did I?*

Forgive me for enacting my birthright.

Wisdom has spoken. I’m kicking my legs up, pass the lithium. Just give me my government check (SSI), a studio apartment, and let me fulfill my mission. I got soul work to do. May the spiritual sublimation continue—full steam ahead.

Soul's Kitchen

knee bent over a yam pounder

mashing the potency of the masculine
with the veracity of the feminine

stirring red moons with silver suns
and sipping liquid gold

the spirit tastes whole

*“If the Universe were a person, I couldn’t say if whether
she is my mother, lover, sister, or daughter;
I only know that we’re madly in love.”*

Crystal Prayer

*To the seas and the moon,
The sun and the sky*

guide me and deliver me,
devour me and use me

for I am a servant of the divine
and the Universe is my shrine

*“After many lifetimes of striving to move mountains,
I have deferred to picking pebbles.”*

Notice of Intent

enigmatic pauper,
the spirit inspector

riddling tickets
served in alternate sector

1. flesh is a masquerade
for dimensional retrograde
2. pathological utterance of ignorance
hinders evolutionary deliverance
3. spiritual malpractice
is a planetary pandemic
4. judge and jury is bootleg justice,
degeneration is systemic
5. the republic of the nation-state is idiopathic;
edifying citizenry by normalizing the psychopathic
6. a nickel of soul sense
is more beta than a quarter of suspense

transdimensional distention
dispensing apprehension

foretold—monetary compensation
denied for cosmological indemnification

Baby Girl,

I got this womb, a one-way ticket into madness.

I am writing to you because I've been going into the spirit world wide awake and been locked up for sensing other dimensions. Mind doctors who have crowned themselves Gods of consensus reality stay calling me manic. These drug pushers keep dealing me anti-psychotics trying to make me psychotic. They love them some Haldol, Geodon, Risperdal, and Zyprexa. Some drugs feel like they turn off my cerebral cortex, and others make my mind and my soul want to jump the fuck out this body of mine. These self-crowned educated idiots who are the officiators and Gods of consensus reality look at me like I's a poor puppy.

Language is a short stick when your spirit is infinite.

They lock me up and drug me, and when I'm quiet they tell me I've "recovered." But baby girl, it's all a ruse. In the two spontaneous Kundalini awakenings I have experienced, one in January and the other in September, I have been bathed in love. My consciousness is healing and evolving on a subatomic level. And these psych-wards have me feeling like a tigress in a skin-tight plastic cage. The more I resist the tighter the cage get. Feeling like an elephant caught in a fishnet. The days and weeks I have spent in the mental prison, wherein which all my liberties, human and civil, were revoked and violated, I have had to submit. I have had to consume poison against my will to regain my freedom. I have endured spiritual violation of the utmost form, for which my spirit will seek retribution, in another dimension. And even so, during my submission my

spirit cradles my body with divine love and energy. It is in those moments when I think of you.

Baby girl, if the state mandated me to vaccinate you; or if they insisted that I send you off to government funded facilities for miseducation and psycho-spiritual warfare; or demanded that I utilize white coated doctors practicing death magic with Ph.D.'s, we would be fugitives. If Child Protective Services came for you; if Cops tried to pin a trump charge on you; or if someone harmed you, I'd be a straight motherfucking killer. It would be a neck cracking, throat slicing, come-and-get-me and make sure you fucking kill me showdown; 'cuz a tigress don't lets nobody fux with her cub. Meaning, the shit I see and the love I feel, having a child would render me unsuitable for living within the social regime. This world ain't a hospitable environment for the love I feel.

*I regret to admit that I would not live long enough
to watch you flourish.*

Baby girl, if I am so crazy why I feel so whole? Why I be tripping in ecstasy for a week and speaking love and light to the evil [negative energies] that I sense. Why I wanna live a life that gives truth and love, and request that humanity embrace rather than disgrace. Girl, this world ain't got its head on right, but they stay trying to tell me about my head.

Truth be told, I know this ride is limited by time. But my consciousness is divine. Life is a skit and I wanna write my own line. Sometimes I'll skip, I may even trip. But this ride will one day quit.

Cosmic Telegram

Oya and Yemaya spoke with Ra,
through the love of Gaia

A reunion will be orchestrated by Sophia,
with the touch of Luna

Dimwit

E.T birthed A.I
with D.N.A

Motherless cyborgs
became self-destructive

Programmed to search and conquer,
they are searching for a new home

And so, God created a virus,
a spiritual escape hatch

The collective unconsciousness
is the where the breadcrumbs lie

Aurora

Abra-ca-da-bra; Bidi-bada-boo
Sirius has a mighty joke on you

Play and come like a dog in heat
Worship the dark and kiss its feet

Mercy was granted by Athena
But you tried to kill Serena

You servant of greed
It is hell you heed

Jubilation

the dawn is here,
the dawn is here

pass the celestial wine,
our cosmic souls must dine

I Remember

when a year spanned the distance
between my eye and the sun

but now, it is as sudden
as the bloom of a full moon

Sky View

Martians landed on the Caucus mountains
Thereby, rearranged time with their self-injection
And declared Earth their kingdom

John Smith sailed to Plymouth Rock
Gifted deadly blankets to the natives in the Americas
And traded trinkets for bodies in Africa

Eugenicism was a psyop program for genetic mutilation
Because aliens have a superiority complex to disguise
And Hitler and Charles Darwin were secret agents

Titans used sleep-walkers to fight their World Wars;
With the iceberg ahead, lady liberty embraced crop and weed
As passage to the New World was thought to be manipulated
by control

So minions set the symphony to replay as the old world
shattered;
Obama became the anti-christ, and Nikki Minaj the whore of
Babylon
Sybil played scramble with Adam, while man and beast
became one

Seedling

uncoiled limber
splitting atoms

cosmic conduit
absorbing energies

hatching ether

Along the Way

strangers are street lights
on an unpaved road

as I tread forward
they become glimmers

like shooting stars
on far away planets

as I am my own sun
gliding the universe

Tokens of a Queer Celibate Goddess

first kisses were bittersweet,
like guitars and vintage stores

there were vapid haikus and psychic vampires
with silicone titties and holographic hearts

clever clichés in skinny pants
and beauty that stung with poison

desire and regret knotted silence
through eyes too loud to lie

O

there are riddles in my skin
for the famished poet

my neck yearns kisses of a goddess
who has leveled dams along death trails

for she, I drop words like firecrumbs
to a kitchen awaiting flame

in the heat of our melding
we will skip upon the stars

The Amerikan Cartel: Witness Testimony

Distributors: NBC, New York Times, NPR, MTV

Handlers: Mercedes Benz, Ralph Lauren, Gated Communities, Tropical Vacations

Contributors: Harvard, Doctors, Police, Peace Corps.

Suppliers: Freddie Mac, AIG, Bank of America, Wells Fargo

Cover: Liberty, Justice, Democracy, Equality

Means of Entry: Economic Progress, Tourism, Militarism, Humanitarianism

Hired Guns—Freelancers: Multinational Corporations, World Bank, United Nations, IMF

Product: self-indulgence, anti-humanism, death, and planetary schizophrenia

Intel: There are rumors about Illuminati and the Bilderberg Group being the middle men. AKA—musicians, bank and corporate CEO's, presidents of colleges and universities, congress and presidents, the list is endless. The head honchos are invisible; they may even live off-world. Amerika is, unequivocally, a front, a face for the British Empire and its predecessors.

All hail the Queen.

Off the Record: Be it 1712 or 2012, Uncle Tom, I got the beans; I know Scotty ain't needed by his Massa no more... somebody call 9-11

S.O.S –Aesthetic Communication

ankh and butterfly tattoos
quartz crystal necklace

thumb rings and Nubian locks
skateboard and Dr. Martens

gauged ears and septum rings
Birkenstocks and Vegan t-shirts

*False signals are burning
Like dry fires spreading ash*

language is inert;
a mechanistic performance
of camouflaging the self
from its self

*It is in the eyes
Where veils cease to distort*

I Am:

a verse
of the Universe

What If:

What If: DNA was a hard drive

What If: our genetic sequence were a computing program

What If: hazardous frequencies corrupted our DNA

those from TV's, airport scanners, GMO

What If: our DNA was self-correcting?

What If: the Earth provides all we need to be healthy

What If: violence and "scarcity" were viruses

plaguing our psyches like AIDS, syphilis, rabies

What If: depression, poverty and hatred were its feeders

What If: it reversed our natural healing

What If: it sustained our illness

annihilating our planet with genocide, ecocide, apathy

What if consciousness were an antidote or spyware, would Pfizer or Microsoft be its dealer? Who, then, will conjoin heart and mind to restore the CPU to optimum functioning? Who will save their motherboard?

What if...?

note: CPU=central processing unit; analogous for central nervous system. GMO= genetically modified organisms.

Devolution and Social Retardation

Obama got that crack-cocaine for the brain
bang-bang-boom, where went that dream

Yes We Can—as gunning liberty stains bloody white flags

I think the weatherman is gulping scotch
'Cuz he never talks about the tornadoes on the Sun

Houston, ain't Earth's magnetic shields down?

X-Men sucked but Fukushima got mutant butterflies
Radiation bunkers and Zombie fetishes are mass suicidal
ideations

*And when Hollywood foots the bill we dish out Academy
Awards*

Satellite dishes stay mimicking the third-eye
Connecting oblivion to TV screens latched onto minds

But the cosmos is the greater source

Maybe Earth is a human farm populated by alien geneticist
Maybe we are the cattle working until slaughter

Ain't irony like karma?

Negress of Imperial Captivity

Once upon a morning, in my twentieth year, I awoke to find my soul bound in chains. The world had strapped me in a strait-jacket before I gained sight. I became mad and vehement. I cursed every syllable taught to me. I mentally dissolved the world and its structures. I vomited fear and dug wells for love. I became disinterested in the zombie Olympics. I etched wings out of dead leaves and took to the sky.

I returned to land and the slowest I can walk is to brisk.

My physical holographic experience within the third dimension was interfering with my spiritual origins. I am not from here, but here is where I must be. All the classes and lectures and tests I have endured were metaphors for life. I believe that I am asleep when I am awake, and awake when I am asleep, spiritually speaking. My mission, the cause for my return, is to embody and enact the knowledge I have encoded into my DNA. Although I am awakening in a dream with my eyes blindfolded, I am tactile in my rediscovery of who **I AM**.

I am a divine sleeper cell, from the cosmos. My cover is the role of a Negress in the Amerika's.

My amnesia is wearing off—the veil is rising.

DNA Upgrade

Fuck the 40 acre and a mule
I want my forty-six + two

Sirius, I'm coming back to you

Trinity

God's begotten daughter

Gaia, is being crucified
for the evolution of life

My Little Secret

The Magic School Bus is about to take off
and Love is the cost of admission

As for all the shape-shifting Witches of Oz,
I never lost my soul en-route to the Emerald City

I always knew Wonderland was a falsity
and I slayed my shadow with light

Scarecrows, you humor me:

clown-like caricatures
lacking spiritual apertures

Homo Luminous Dream

Vision: 1

I am six feet tall with skin the color of burnt turquoise, and eyes the hue of shooting stars. I have locks that drape down to my hips, with the thickness of a full moon. I am solid muscle with knee high strapped brown leather sandals. I am wearing a flowing white silk and linen dress. I am sitting on a rock that rest at the axis of two converging rivers. In my hands, I am holding gemstones: jasper, clear quartz, amethyst, emerald, and sapphire. I have eagles and lions and elephants within an arms throw of me. We are all savoring the music of the rivers and the grace of the sun. We are speaking to each other telepathically. We are overcome with joy and laughter.

Vision: 2

My home is in a valley by glorious waterfalls. The structure is half in the Earth, half above. It is made of oakwood, clay, stone, straw, and marble. My home has the shape of seven triangles, in a pie formation. I have gardens surrounding me. The richest of fruits and veggies grow effortlessly. Chickens and goats are playing by the lettuce and strawberries. There are makeshift houses with no doors for my animal neighbors. I leave food, water and cloth for them.

Vision: 3

It is sunset and I am walking to a neighbor's home, a tricky nest to access. I whistle my way to her, letting the vibrations lead the way. She invites me in. I cannot see her face, but her

beauty is divine. We share a pitcher of cinnamon and apple kombucha. We light a fire in the rocks and burn frankincense and lavender. We play instruments, she a violin and I drums. An animal, one I have never seen before, plays a wind-pipe instrument. We are lost in the rhythms of our hearts.

Vision: 4

I wake up to the rainbow and hear my animal neighbors celebrating the day. They are very chatty and a pleasure to be amongst. My home feels full of life. I am removing my covers and wrapping my locks into a bun. I get up to open the door and I hear a woman call my name. I feel so much love in its utterance.

Vision: 5

I am walking on the rocks of the rivers. I stumble. I fall onto a rough surfaced rock but do not feel pain. I expect blood and a stabbing sensation, but it is as if I made the fall up—a glitch in my mind. I pinch myself. Not convinced, I dive into the river. I, who cannot swim, rise out of the river unwet. I stand still and stare into the forest. Unclear if I am in a dream or awake, I gaze into the water to see my reflection. I see a salmon fish swim towards me. He peeks out from the river and is giggling. I ask, “what’s so funny?” He blows bubbles at me, and says: “Zisa, you are home!”

Train-Car Spiritual

Ah do-do doo da
What are we doing to our mama? x2

Children of the Earth
Our planet is in critical condition

Ah do-do doo da
Why we killing our mama? x2

Without she
There is no we

Ah do-do doo da
What are we doing to our mama? x2

The Q train, from DeKalb to Union Square

I sang to folks and didn't ask for a cent. I only offered a piece of paper with "Truths89.com" written onto it. In a train car of about forty people, only five people accepted. Once I had concluded, and after we hit Canal street, four boys entered with a boom box and began to dance and jump on the poles. They tipped their hat and collected change from several people. I laughed. I marveled at the immediacy of the irony. On my way back from Union Square, only two people in a car of sixty-plus people accepted my invitation to free poetry. Some even laughed at me. Singing a spiritual on a moving train to a host of strangers can be a self-conscious task; nevertheless, I felt certain that I had fulfilled a task deeply required of my spiritual orthopraxy.

Dear Illuminati

“When He opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying, ‘Come and see.’ So I looked, and behold, a pale horse. And the name of him who sat on it was Death, and Hades followed him. And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, with hunger, with death, and by the beasts of the earth.” —Rev 6:7-8

You are undeniably cunning, I hope you like running. But truly, you must know you cannot outwit prophecy—destiny. *Love is destiny*, it is the Universal law: *evolve, or die*. You may have coveted the Earth’s riches and turned Gods and Goddesses into perpetual mortal children, who live in their mother’s garden like bastards who have been banished to perennial mediocrity by their blind and drunken step-father; and for such, you believe you will inherit the thrones of New Worlds?? I believe you have been performing your satanic rituals for much too long.

As for cosmology, I know that Nibiru, also known as Planet X or Wormwood, is coming our way. I understand that the Earth’s magnetic shield has been compromised; as Nibiru is a rogue planet, the size of Jupiter, that bears wicked magnetism—destabilizes [destroys] everything in its path. I know that although you’ve pissed knowledge with sadism, you

are simple infant souls who are submerged in fear and greed. Why else do you parade Jezebels for global worship: *Madonna, Beyonce, Lady Gaga, Kesha, Rihanna, and Nicki Minaj*. And that false prophet, *Obama*, I smelt that one—I **never** voted.—Rev 2:20

*I have reclaimed my crown, at the expense of my life.
Thank you, in-deed. —Rev 3:11*

And yes, you have set the world at war with itself. You have polluted the waters and the air and have been vile with our food because you know that judgment day is upon us. You have purposefully collapsed our economies so we will be saddled with despair and not rejoice for the kingdom of heaven, our *evolution*, is near. Why else is the world inundated with foul and blasphemous news, entertainment, and sports media? *No satellite dish can compete with the spirit*. Of course, some of us will see the forest through the trees; the universe through the stars.

As for your intentions, I do hope that you have built fortified underground cities, in the Earth's crust, to sustain your pathetic existence; notwithstanding, I know you are incapable of fathoming the divine wrath which awaits you. For a last bid, I **dare** you to release the knotted lace which binds your tongue and to anoint the masses with truth and clarity. Forfeit your

bunker and promised kingdoms and expose your soul to the true Sun. You must know that the devil is never honest in his transactions. Look at *Whitney Houston, Michael Jackson, Tupac Shakur, Jimi Hendrix*, they did not know they were going to become sacrificial lambs.

I assure you, you will sprout regret in your heart for many lives.

Because I have stood near and far while viewing the cataclysms you have brought forth, and the riches you have bathed in, I have grown to forgive you. I look upon you as obtuse children who have performed unconscionable abominations against your human family because you were unable to tend to your shadow and foster love within your psyche.

**You will learn in the manner which suits you;
but trust—you will learn to love.**

As for myself, I await the day of the morning star, wherein which I will be given a white robe and a rod of iron. My eyes will well with tears as I enter the New Jerusalem, the New Earth, and behold the sight of the white horse, called *Faithful* and *True*. — Rev 18:11

*“I am a caterpillar in a chrysalis;
time is the only matter which awaits me.”*

Anawim

bare and fertile
*your every orifice
penetrated and violated*

the top soil her skin
the sky her lung
the mountains her bosoms
the waters her ovary
the crust her vulva

acid rain is her discharge
natural gas is her bone marrow
soil erosion is her eczema
earthquakes are her seizures
thunder is her scream

*Gaia, I feel you
pulsing through me*

Mother, I am your keeper

*“I’ve pitched my tent on the moon,
and am ready to sail to the sun.”*

Grocery Shopping

how does fruit become sick?
dying from the outside-in
with its price-tag stickered on

in ways similar to the high salaried,
vacation having, picket fence striving,
whose planet is dying around them

Rabbit Hole

I tumbled down
and bumped a pine cone

I saw my future

Tears of joy
showered my cheeks

All darkness will be illuminated,
or burn to ashes

Settled

the walk home was one of great defeat
 tears erupting, gushing lava onto pale canvases
 the levee guarding my heart has deceived me
 the pain rushes quick and wide, thick and deep
 my body sore, mind atrophied...
 heart heavy, a saturated sack of sand

the depth of your eyes pains me
 language escapes me
 you are unsettled by my numbness
 and although i wish to render it obsolete,
 i, too, am unsettled

i fall into bed
 as i have forfeited
 scared to unravel the mysteries
 of a history suppressed
 sleep reckons to be gentle
run, lone one, run

far into the shadows
 where the sun will never burn you
 you may smell it in lilies
 have the moon mimic its gracefulness
 but you will never expose your bare skin
 run, lone one—may you never **STOP** running

with throbbing soul, heart suffocated and lying eyes
 however you endure, keep running: *don't you dare stop*
 your skin so delicate, your feet restless
 the sun will have its way with you
 and your feet will ache with treason

a fugitive running from the light
 i cannot withstand the pains of this race

nor the chains of this chase, consumed by darkness
i shall settle my feet, as my soul has grown weary
and my joints have become arthritic
unable to support the girth of my fortitude

i smile to the sun
may you burn me?
i dare you to burn me
and have your way with me

Yield

The Universe and I are dancing
To the rhythm of my fate





Greed Codes

Stack success on a bank's pillar
And lace ladders with single dollars

Grow wings with multiplying Benjamin's
And watch two-legged hunger crawl

Keep 'em reaching for a nickel and a quarter
Work 'em by the hour and charge 'em by the second

Give 'em welfare and minimum wage
And inflate the currency until it's fat and slow

Negress Reflections

If a person were to describe the rainbow to the exclusion of every color but red, it would be, arguably, less magnificent and omniscient.

Has eurocentrism resulted in black racial narcissism? Have we been gotten? This isn't Uncle Tom talk, but how does any self-reflecting Negro not speak of their history in conjunction with the genocide and apartheid of surviving Natives? Land and labor were mandates for the Amerikan orchestration of democracy and capitalism; which thereby utilized war, under the guise of hero, as a global imperial mechanism during WWI and WWII.

We are heads of the same coin used to buy up the world.

The persistence of Black Nationalism behaves like a flesh eating bacteria that devours itself. But in whose name, and to what end?

Kundalini

If language were infinite,
I feel that I have but three alphabets

Plainly, the sky broke free
and I tasted the sediments of the stars

Sidewalk PSA

Hello Fellow Humans:

I wish to inform you of the health of your mother. Our mother is dying. Our only planet is being annihilated by our way of life.

You may be a democrat, a vegetarian, a Christian fundamentalist, a feminist, a patriot, and even enjoy yoga. Perhaps you ascribe to liberalism and believe that progressive ideologies keep you one step ahead of the rest of your human family.

Be that as it may, in the aftermath of Japan's nuclear meltdown, which is ongoing, and during the commencement of World War III, I beg you to ask why death and misery permeate our society.

For those who want children, are pregnant, or have young ones, what world are you bringing life into? Will our air, water, and food be suitable for their health? Are our schools killing our children's souls? Is our nation performing genocides in the name of liberty? Have the advancements in technology helped us treat our environment and neighbors with less hostility?

I don't care your color or creed. I don't care for your money or its deed. But can we stop killing our mother out of greed?

Blame the corporation, blame the legislation, but do you question your compensation? 50 pairs of shoes, 1000 cable

channels, how does one choose? Bottled water and genetically modified food, and you're livid because your child is rude.

For a moment, could you imagine what Mother Earth would say if she could speak directly to you?

She spoke to me, and she said: *“Child, oh Child, why do you turn my gardens into ruins? Why have you turned a feast into a famine? Why have you built dams and created droughts? Why do you kill when I give you life?”*

I had no words for our mother. I simply cried.

My fellow humans, I don't care your race or your class, your gender or your cast; we are in this together—one Mother, one Earth. From Penthouse to park bench, we drink the same water and breathe the same air.

Can we begin to act like a human family? We are in dire need of compassion and generosity.

Lest I repeat myself:

*Our mother is dying,
Our mother is dying.*

Without her, there is no **us**, there is no **I**, there is nothing.

“Wary, am I, of they to whom thine own self
would tell an undying lie.”

Descent and Resurrection

power rangers from a dead planet
landed on the shores of Oshun
and drank the water of Yemaya

these mighty morphin scavengers
have feasted upon our riches
and reverted heaven into a carcass

*only an involute
would mistake stillness
for death...*

*“To exist is to witness the repetitious legacies of history that
perpetually penetrate the boundaries of time.”*

Matricide

The wind has sung to the sun
The rivers have cried out to the trees
The crust has spoken with the mountains

Collectively, deicide has been refuted:

*“only suicide, never homicide
only suicide, never homicide”*

Mama forgives

*“only suicide, never homicide
only suicide, never homicide”*

but redemption must be sought;
we must face our peril

note: life is not distinguished between an oak tree, a bee, a seahorse, an elephant, or a five year old child. all murder, direct or indirect, is suicide. all life is an expression of consciousness, an extension from the source. homicide, invariably, means the irreversible destruction of homeostasis—the death of our mother—our deity—our Earth.

Papers

An email correspondence post-graduation, between a professor and I.

Dear Zisa: Mon, May 16, 2011 @ 6:33 PM

Years ago I was asked to be on Frontline, PBS, for a program they were doing on Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas. My "job" was to provide historical context and perspective. But when I saw the program, I noted that most of the other participants gave strong opinions, and I said to the producer that I would have liked to have done the same. She said that it was easy to get and give opinions, what was needed was information to make the issue resonate and have significant meaning.

You write and think well and your writing does reflect some glimmers of a body of scholarship. But you take the "easy" way out of providing opinion instead of substance and evidence. Since you still have a good deal to read about race, colonialism, Amerika (first spelled that way in the 1970s) among other subjects, your opinion papers don't resonate in the way that they should.

I wish you the best in your life after Smith.

Dear Professor: Wed, July 11th 2012 @ 1:15pm

I appreciate this note you've sent. I believe your words to be true, from your view; however, to be frank, all the scholarship on race and colonialism seems rather distorted in the absence of a cosmological epistemology. The white man, the white country, oppression and patriarchy, it seems ever so redundant. The historical narratives of conquer and conquest are prevalent throughout the ages and have left no land or peoples exempt. I understand you are at least thirty years my senior, but I am astonished that you've accepted the world to be so simple. Convolutions are not conundrums; they are veils to the truth of our humanity. Please inquire of the stars.

While in your class, I watched you drink your Fiji water, hand out your book merchandise, which included bookmarks, pens, and a shirt you wore; and then I'd watch you drive off in your Volvo. With trips to Paris and the very likely movie rendition of your book, I do believe you've earned your accolades. But for the sake of honesty, I felt sadness in your presence. I could not identify its source but it was palpable. Unlike the conditioning you've internalized, and may not distinguish from your true self, I am not obliged to persuade or convince another of my truths. This world is magnificently complex, in ways the intellectual mind, the left brain, could not comprehend. For myself, I have understood life to be a fortress of illusions.

As I sat in your class trying to uncover truth in saga, I felt hungry. I felt deprived of inspiration. There were many of my colleagues who forfeited; or were shrunk in their pursuit to a deeper understanding of their being within the context of a

collective consciousness. You most certainly witnessed much of my frustration.

An example of such would be my outburst at the Feminist Forum you hosted. I would like to apologize for my inability to transmit my intellectual agony in a less emotive manner. And yet, I found release in that moment. I, a queer poor negress, used my voice in the Ivory Tower to exclaim anger, in a fashion not suited for the esteemed intellectuals who have successfully contributed to scholarship that squeezes the world, and our appreciation for life, into less.

The irony is without end, for I am assured that you are living life with the glory and respect afforded a person of your caliber. I, however, am living a meager life, materially speaking, and yet my spiritual wealth is inexplicable. As for my glow, the one you made mention of, it is expanding.

But, ...

Negress to Negress, the past has passed. What do you know of the day? Did you choose the best way? How will you be written up? Sharing a seat in the white man's Tower is an honor, but has your soul been bribed? The confines of temporality can have a noose-like effect on one's spirituality...

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Discarnate Dialogues

I am lounging under a waterfall, savoring the celestial rivers, when a loved one joins me.

Ama: Aziza, you have chosen a coarse return to source. Might you get lost?

Aziza: Ama, we've known each other through the millennia. I have journeyed many arid paths in past lives. I believe this one will be most titillating.

Ama: Of course, your romanticization of tribulation. Lest I not be faint, there will be many years of sadness and it will feel eternal. Are you prepared for this?

Aziza: As long as I follow the breadcrumbs, I will awake promptly. Numbers, names, dates, and patterns will assist me.

Ama: You are brave, Sister Aziza.

Aziza: I think not. I am merely curious to live in the days of transformation. Will I know how precious the date? Will I see clues in films, literature, and worldly events? Will I open every book within my hands reach to peer for a taste of knowledge—a crumb? Will I be riveting with wonder once I overcome despair?

Ama: Yes, Yes—you have a Virgo Ascendant, an Aquarius Sun, and a Scorpio moon, with several houses in Capricorn. Your intellect and sensitivity will feel like an internal seesaw—one that will afford you numerous opportunities to master balance

and groundedness. I only beg you to always remember that you are never alone.

Aziza: I trust that even the density of incarnation, irrespective of material and social poverty, could never persuade me to forget that I am stardust. I will always feel your presence and I know I will be guided.

Ama: You will follow the light, and all of family will be awaiting you.

Aziza: I love you. [We embrace.]

Ama: We will reunite in light.

Until light...

Captive of Circumstance

home is a boundless ocean
but free willy is in a fish tank

only an eagle nailed to cement
could fathom such a predicament

*“If you voluntarily misplace your humanity,
the divine does not dole out amnesty.”*

Gaia cried to Ra:

This was channeled and spoken to the Sun, Ra.

Agape [love]

Agape [love]

AGAPE Motherfucker! [Love Gaians]

AGAPE [LOVE]

AGAPE, motherfucker! [LOVE, gaians]

Agape... [love] **She lamented.**

Gaia is Earth and Gaians are her inhabitants, humans.

note: I had a vision of an incoming neutron star (energy wave) headed towards Earth. Love seemed to be the only form of preparation.

Walked On By A Tight Rope

life has choked me into
a posture of calm insanity

the unconscious disrobed with haste
spinning the mind into a drunken daze

how coy the language of the mind
if it carves chains through your thoughts

crack a lock and hear silver jingle
questions for the galaxy shall proceed

free in the mind, agile in soul
and living in knotted limbs

running naked after garage guards
then stripped and prodded behind jail bars

nurse offered toilet water
and injected Haldol, without consent

two-cents and combat boots
with a pen to paraphrase time

nine days in a ward, and sixteen in a 6x8
never spoke to the judge

sanity survived psych-ward terror
yet blood riddled by Pfizer's toxins

skin and soul are my bearings,
and wonderment was my discovery

Paternity Test

Daddy, oh white daddy
what did you do to my mama?

What have you done to my sistren and brethren,
they who dream in accordance to your allowance

Daddy, you whose house I reside in,
how did you capture the soul?

Daddy, I would kill you dead
if you were not a part of me

Birthplace

home on an icecap
by the mountain's bottom

only birds know the mountain's high
for little we, snow is a slide from the sky



in the mornings of my soul's ponder
I sense earth quakes in my skin

flakes fall faster and clot the sky
and hollow clouds spin me dizzy



wings in the wind is a scarce sight
even birds know the light isn't right

shine the day away and wink at the moon
polish it off with sweet money dreams



we are the coon and the buffoon
who mock plants and bid on water

now the fish have begun to die
as corporations become the sties of nations



the mountain's top may kiss the sun
from where raindrops tumble like ice cones

at the mountain's bottom, I stare
awaiting an avalanche

Wondering, will it spare?

“When I die and wake up, my life will be a dream; if I failed to recognize the sanctity of humanity, my soul would be deeply injured.”

A Misfitted QPOC (queer person of color)

I was five when I established my first best friendship. She was white and her parents called me her “nigger friend.” I didn’t care to make a fuss because we enjoyed each other’s company. However, as I grew older and we lost contact, I always felt that racism was unsettling. It has never made sense to me. I’d look at white people who have the same number of bones as I do. Ten fingers and toes. A pair of legs and ears. Two eyes and one nose. I have always felt in my heart that racism is a mental disease.

I was fourteen when I walked into Lane Bryant and knew I was being followed. I was fifteen when I was harassed by a female white officer for not appreciating her request to search my bag on a boardwalk in Long Island. These interactions were highlights in my desire to understand what offense I had committed by existing.

If I had the support of a black family or community, I might have assumed racism to be the white man’s totem pole that was designated for my skin.

Fortunately, life has dealt me a peculiar deck of cards. My mother and her mother were never loved properly, and never learned to teach themselves self-love. My mother wanted out the hood and she thought a man with some dough could do the trick. Three years later she had me, no man, back in the projects, with a torn heart. My father told her to abort me and she refused. For my first six years, I felt her regret. She hardly spoke to me or touched me. There was a steady distance that

was carefully maintained. It was agonizing. I never felt safe around her. I always thought I was doing something wrong. But I was what she did wrong.

*Racism is a white disease, and black women endure
internalized misogyny.*

My mother had twin boys when I was six, and I swear a new woman came out of hiding. This woman loved her boys. She didn't care for me anymore, nor could she hide it. I became invisible and all the words she never shared were flickering off her tongue. She would beat me with a belt. She would demand that I clean her house. I'd do laundry and she'd complain about a spoon in the sink.

Trifling fathers reappear when their words are overvalued. I was eight when my father reentered my life. He told me he'd love me and I believed him. He took me back to Nigeria and within two months, I learned that he raped his maids. His wife despised my presence. She tortured me with words and loved to slap and flog me. I told my mother about the abuse I underwent but she belittled my experiences. By my tenth birthday, I became a maid in my father's house. Instead of eating with my five siblings, I ate with the maids. I'd stay up to midnight waiting for my father to return from work so I could serve him dinner and wash his dishes and hope that he'd remember that I was his daughter. By my eleventh birthday I feared that my father would take a liking to my girl body that was morphing due to puberty. I would never have believed it possible, but a maid once said I'd become a maid and a year

later, I was; when another maid said he'd come for me, I knew better than to doubt her.

I was twelve when I returned to the US. Mother barely looked at me. Within four months, she said if I didn't like her rules, I could get the fuck out. I tried to fit in at school. I was teased for my African accent. I eventually turned to the hood-rats in the neighborhood. I started getting into fights and shoplifting. By the time I was fourteen I was kicked out and forced to live in some private group home. Where I had Americorp volunteers treating me like some chapter in their sociology textbook. It lasted three years. By the time I was fifteen, I had experienced racism, colorism, sexism, sexual assault, homelessness, and homophobia. Oddly, I experienced most at the hands of people of color. People I thought would love me because I looked like them. But when people hate themselves, the hate self-perpetuates.

*As life would have it, my first love was a white woman who
volunteered at the group home. She hugged me,
and that's all it took.*

I was sixteen when I decided to apply to Smith College. I was a baby dyke and a staunch feminist. I knew that racism and classism were a part of the package. I was seventeen when I enrolled. I thought I could do it. Blend in. Be a happy brown girl. Represent for my peoples. But my wounds were too deep. I tried to mingle with blacks, Africans, queers, those on financial aid, and every other social pocket that I could identify with. But everyone thought that someone else was their enemy, their oppressor, or their competitor. My feelings wavered with

each interaction because I wanted to believe that -isms were easy to diagnose and treat. I wanted to believe that black power is where it's at. I wanted to believe that hegemony and heteronormativity were the enemy. I wanted to believe that the rich would never understand me. I hypothesized whiteness to be the true culprit? It got silly after a while. If I learned anything in college, I knew all -isms were social constructs. I lost loyalty to all notions and slogans.

I was twenty when my soul came back online. I had been a sleeping spirit moving through the world. I'd watch CNN obsessively, and during the swine-flu scare, I became curious about currency inflation and the incessant war mongering. I realized that this world was turning into shit. I had this crack in the center of my skull and all these questions were pouring through. I no longer cared about race or gay stuff because Gaza was being blown up for reasons some attributed to religion. It became evident, to me, that all -isms are a mask for domination, exploitation and a justification for dehumanization. I wanted to obtain knowledge that was not solicited. I wanted to know if the economics and politics of the institution of slavery was different from outsourcing. I wanted to know if the bible was a historical text that had been taken too literally. I wanted to know who named the sun and the planets. I wanted to know if I was born into a world I knew nothing of because I was consumed with frivolous conflict. I quickly learned that I live in a world stranger than fiction; and although I am a Queer Woman of Color, it is a slight way to self-identify. I am a human, a goddess, a starseed, a sound source, a spirit on a journey in this dimension.

**Yes, Amerika is my country of birth, but I am more than
what my father tells me I am.**

I am twenty-three years old and I don't fit in. I am not politically correct or fashion forward enough for the QPOC's who attended liberal arts colleges. I am too socially aware to deal with racist, heterosexist, and passive aggressive hippies in communes. I am too black, too female, too queer, and too poor to find those who are preparing for an economic collapse, food shortages and martial law.

There are days when I feel pleased with myself. On those days, I enjoy being a lone warrior. But there are too many days when I feel like I've been traveling the desert all by myself.

*It gets lonesome and I feel exhausted. But I believe it's all for
something.*

*"You cannot corral fish into the sea,
once it believes it can walk;
nor can you lend the blind sight,
if they think they can see."*

Foe

do you know
your enemy x2

fda, irs, dea, fbi, nsa, cia,

is your enemy your friend
is your friend your enemy

fda, irs, dea, fbi, nsa, cia

do you know
your enemy x2

is your enemy your friend
or is your friend your enemy

fda, irs, dea, fbi, nsa, cia

do you know
your enemy

note: in order—food and drug administration, internal revenue service, drug enforcement administration, federal bureau of investigation, national security agency, central intelligence agency.

Dear Obama

Today is a glorious day for the Queers. For the first time in history, a President of Amerika has supported same-sex love. It must be a brave new world because just forty years ago this very population was institutionalized for unnatural behavior. Society is progressing mighty quickly these days. Enslaved Africans waited at least a few centuries before they were considered humans. This is all cause for great celebration.

Maybe Matthew Shepherd and Harvey Milk would look upon this day as a success; similar to how Martin Luther King and Harriet Tubman would have looked upon your inauguration.

As a queer Nigerian-Amerikan woman, I'd be foolish to not wonder what provoked this sudden epiphany of yours. Did you come across a Luther Vandross album? Did you realize no nation is a god? Or, did you find yourself running for reelection and thought to appeal to the gay population?

I wonder because I suddenly found myself discussing your support for queers with my fellow queer black women on Facebook. These soon to be engaged black women were very grateful. Two votes come November. I, ironically, have no faith in this country or its democracy. As stated above, the color of my skin rendered me property once upon a time. As for my womanhood, it too, was and continues to be subject to patriarchy and misogyny. So, to now have my sexuality approved by the USA feels a bit anti-climactic.

Furthermore, I was surprised to find myself in disagreement with my fellow queer black women. Obama, I don't really care what you think about who I marry. I would prefer to hear what you think about Fracking. Do you think that oil corporations should have the right to contaminate groundwater? Should citizens feel safe knowing that their air and water may be polluted beyond rectification? What should Amerikan citizens think if they knew that the chemicals used to obtain natural gas through fracking is considered a trade secret? Meaning, people may never know what's killing them. Even better, the Environmental Protection Agency seems uncannily nonchalant about the plentiful animals that are dying in lakes and rivers of unknown causes.

I would love to know why you reinstated the Patriot-Act?! Any thinking human being knows that 9/11 was a covert CIA Hollywood operation that leaped into real-time. I suppose we are living in the movies now and I want to know why the director, you Obama, have not called—CUT.

Can you please tell me why Amerikans can be detained without trial or jury for an indefinite period of time, according to the National Defense Authorization Act??? This is rather un-Amerikan.

Okay, what's up with the un-maned drones killing innocent people in Pakistan and Afghanistan? The world is not a video game, the usage of drones is inhumane.

I am very curious about all these threats you and your administration are making to Iran. I can't believe you put

sanctions on their nation. Seriously? Who made you the ringmaster of Nuclear energy and weapons? I am also very confused as to why you and your administration continue to fund the illegal settlement of Israel. Are you planning to nuke Iran? I ask because you were supposed to get Amerikan troops out of the Middle-East, but we've somehow spread so far out, we're now in Africa as well. **You are not an honest man.**

I understand the gay issue of the US is one you inherited, and since you have been open to discussion, I would love to know your thoughts on: our fiat currency; bank bailouts; genetically modified food; fluoride in our water supply (along with other contaminants); the privatization of prisons; why fifty percent of the US budget goes to the Department of Defense; why pharmaceutical companies can kill people; how come a private corporation, the Federal Reserve, has been printing the US dollar since the Bank manipulated economic recession of 1913, which led to the Federal Reserve Act of 1913; can irrefutable evidence be provided to authenticate the ratification of the 16th amendment in 1912?; and why are corporations considered to be people by the current definition of our legal system.

If you're going to talk, let's talk about something that pertains to the health and sustenance of this nation and our planet.

You see, my fellow queer black women from Facebook accused me of being a self-righteous armchair activist. They were pleased to feel more adequately included in the Amerikan Pie, and to get a tax discount. Trimming that second-class citizenship and another inch towards the Amerikan Dream.

Isn't that funny? Cancer, obesity and diabetes are rising along with poverty and debt, but I should celebrate your realization that Queer love is a human right.

I fancy seeing the world in five years. Will there be more prisons than schools? Will people be able to drink water from their faucets? Will the world be at war (officially) for the third time? Will cancer or diabetes rival heart disease as the leading cause of death? Will there be a constitution to refer to when civil liberties are violated? Will this country be recognizable?

But I don't want to piss on the Queer Marriage Party. As long as Amerika gives it's marginalized populations a crumb from its delusional dream, Amerika can ransack the world and still believe itself to be Great and Just.

Go Obama!

You the man!

Go Obama!

Frontin

the working poor
mock the rich

and make a fool
out of pennies

Puddle

life is a dungeon
submerged by floods

neighbors fill bullet-holed buckets
trusting they will never drown

Dear Unborn Baby of Mine

Baby,

I will never have you because I already love you. I can't bear the thought of bringing you into a world that I wish I was never brought into. A world that operates by invisible strings. A place in which a societal demise is imminent.

If I brought you into this world, I would never have the means to feed you food from an organic garden we grew on our own; I would never have the time to teach you what schools would never have you question; I would never be able to tell you how much I love you because the world would compete by telling you how much you should hate yourself; and I would never feel like the mother you deserve, for that reason, I would rather spare your conception.

I will always dream of you—I love you.

Truly,
Mama Zisa Aziza

Jury Duty

justice,
just us

who we,
not me

innocent
is all I be

Halfway Stuck

I am standing at a crossroads between trite and trivial
And the world seems to be going nowhere at lightning speed

I've been composting my former self
Itching to plant new seeds and can't find land

Most days I feel like a baby screaming as I exit the womb
But my waist-to-my-toes are in the sack of a dying mother

Every now and then I want a muffler and an invisible cloak
So I can sing and dance in the street and not look insane

Sometimes I want to hug strangers whose eyes look like
pearls
But I know they would rather run than embrace me

I don't know how to live and I can't fake it
Because the world feels like a stranger

Peeking

Eyes shut, and soul open

I saw that I live
in a womb in the galaxy

My spirit is an umbilical cord
and I felt my mother's heartbeat

La-La

ring around the rosy
oh my god
where the fuck am I?
this world is mad

classrooms to offices
video games to casinos
project housing to timeshares
where's the thicker lens?

like alice in wonderland
i'm in awe
make believe is reality
and TV is 3d

some robots are activist
with a moral compass
and consumers of gucci and louis vutton
love to plan fundraisers for the hungry

elections are coming
and all person's must partake
for democracy is a mass delusion
a pretense we must sustain

dumb is sexy and crazy is gaga
society is diabetic and insulin is lame
vegetables are like knowledge
and we only have time for candy

debt and war are the new norm
radiation and inflammable water
is uncouth for the blind fool
and yet we march along

sometimes I savor the sky
knowing it's beauty will never die
but I wonder the day
birds will no longer fly

When your Mother is a Parasite

she craves old wounds
as she feasts upon dead skin

&

she digs into your soul
looking for a meal

O.B.E (Out of Body Experience)

uno, dos, achoo
I see you

riddle rattle
evil spirit

bidi bada boo
who the fuck are you

casting a spell
in the night

five senses,
can this be true?

body asleep
soul awake

life or death,
I thought I knew

I am floating
above myself

unsure of
what to do

darkness is near
spewing wickedness

life is a delight
I must escape this view

I only wish to awake
but I can't reenter

lost between worlds
I recite: “*love is destiny*”

when my eyes open
I feel the grip of death

that tried to kidnap me
to an early grave

Herbal Elevation

Toking ain’t no recreation,
sublimating the intensification

Tweaking my calibration,
synthesizing my vibration

Grounding my rehabilitation,
to a slave plantation

First Days In My Assigned Permanent Shelter

I had been awaiting the announcement of my Caseworker. It took five days for a nameless worker to inform me that my name was not in their system. And although there was a procedure to be followed, she insisted on doing what she could to begin my process. I was asked if I had my birth certificate and social security card. I tried to make it clear that I *did* have my documents, but not in my immediate possession. I told her that my Public Assistance case required that I recertify. I repeated myself several times with no success of being understood. She then instructed me to leave Samaritan Village, in East New York at 1p.m., and make my way to Staten Island to do as she ordered me.

I tried to assert that I needed my social security card and birth certificate, in order to reopen my case, as I intended for it to close. (I was exempt from work on the basis of my Bipolar I diagnosis, which granted me three months to process my psycho-spiritual emergency/Kundalini awakening.) Therefore, it would be a two-part task that would occur over several days. I was given a document that stated my residence as: *710 Hendrix Street*; and given a slip to receive two metro-cards. I then inquired as to the monetary amount of each card. I suddenly found myself speaking to a fluent English speaker who I experienced an unusual challenging time with the comprehension of standard English. I wanted to know if the metro-cards were single or double rides. Essentially, I needed nine dollars but she had only given me four dollars and fifty cents. When I directly stated that I needed four rides, she informed me that she knew I received \$230 in public assistance and suggested I use that money.

There I was standing, looking into the face of a black lesbian

who treated me with the condescension reserved for personal attacks. I had no words to return. I felt violated by her delivery. She had spent seven minutes playing blonde as daisies and then wised up too prompt. I simply turned towards the door and swung it open, with the intention of slamming her face. As I was exiting, the door hit the back of my left combat boot. I never looked back. Nor did I ever speak to that woman thereafter.

Yes, I let that interaction reduce me into an animal. I was in the jungle, and hostility was in the air.

Five Weeks in the Shelter

I need a genie.

December of 2011 was a pleasant month. I had no idea what January had in store for me. I did not know that the Universe was going to strip me bare. I now know that my obsession with 2012 was one of unconscious/precognitive understanding. I must have known that I would become reacquainted with my true self—my spirit. Turning twenty-three was significant because my mother had me at that age, and she was turning twice my age. It was a numerological thang. I felt like a cycle had to be interrupted—disrupted. A karmic wheel was to be broken. My psycho-spiritual emergency felt like my

mainframe was scanned for viruses and then systematic deletion was administered. I was able to forgive my mother. To release my father from my heart. I was able to accept life for what it is.

Six months later, I have been admitted to the psych-wards, three times, I have been two jails, and I am currently residing in a women's shelter. If I had a crystal ball, I would never had fathomed these events. As I write this from a bench in Washington Square park, I feel blind to my own future. I feel stuck, and vulnerable, and powerless. I am at the mercy of the Universe. When I bummed a ride off of craigslist from Portland to Oakland, I had fifteen bucks to my name. I was scared but excited and, to my surprise, I had an exemplary few months in that city. Back in New York, where I know so many people, I feel like a stranger from a different time of place. I don't enjoy people whose company I once sought after. Although I feel extremely lonely for simple acquaintanceship, I much prefer solitude over discomfort.

Against my wiser judgment, I went to the Dyke March and felt like we were celebrating lesbianism. But not in that empowering way, for me, but as if pussy were a sport. As if we were conquering our own bodies. I felt the whiteness. And yet, whiteness did not feel like a race, it felt like a template. An aspiration, an ideal of self to be projected because it was assumed to be progressive, radical. Energetically, I felt so lost in myself. I didn't know why I went. When I saw Smithies, I felt like I was running into in-laws who could not appreciate me. I felt strange, like a stranger. I must admit that I have been evolving at a very rapid pace and I know that, to many, I

am just a basket case. I know that my questions, and how I ask them, do not appeal to those who were fast-fed liberalism in Ivory Tower classrooms. I know their lives may not have prompted the same scrutiny of information that may lead one to knowledge. I knew their lives were better aligned with the institution.

Even so, I feel like a dinosaur egg that is cracking open. I feel that I am undergoing a spiritual rebirth of unprecedented magnitude. It hurts, like a wicked sunburn. But skin will always heal itself.

Sistah, Have You Lost Your Face In My Eyes?

The river I ride has been a fierce current.

Her rage could split my lips. I've trailed so many roads and met women whose backs were arched into the pavement. Every time I remember that my sistren are vehement due to the world that wears on them, I push myself aside and let their words unzip silence. If their tongue must claw or crack and stab, I believe it to be a part of their healing process. But there are women who revel in ripping skin with words. I have met them but could keep my distance.

She, Ms. Java, from our first exchange, was infatuated with her own tales of victorious bitchfests. We were roommates at Samaritan Village, a women's shelter. I was bed A26, and she

A25. I was open and kind. I believe that collective living is practical, and considering the circumstances that have driven us here, I tried to be cordial with all. I had my concerns, but she was likeable. A twenty-eight year old Jamaican woman with an eight year-old. She told me she had been married and was living a decent life, until her banker husband got hit with a gun charge. He became irate and began to stalk and hit her. She lost her job and, consequently, became homeless. Oddly, she also had lots of stories about fucking men for money. She had a number of scandals pertaining to stealing men's wallets and fleeing their apartments with her girlfriend in a get-a-way car. During the first few nights of us sharing the same room, she ran out after curfew to go fuck a dude. Not a thing *I* would do with a child, while living in the shelter and having no source of income—but she's not me.

We only shared eight days as acquaintances. I started to notice that she got off on starting shit. She would accuse a woman of staring at her, or stealing her EBT card in order to engage in a shouting match with herself. What I found most curious about this woman is how easy it is for one to believe her. She was incredibly convincing. It is also very hard to understand why someone would go to such extremes to keep drama afloat. It seemed like a drug for her. There were times when she would seem frigidity in her idleness and would start bitching about adventures that went sour ten-years prior. It was as if she was reliving through her story telling. I felt that by listening, I was enabling her narcissism, her lust for a bad-bitch persona.

It was on the eighth day that I knew I had to begin distancing

myself. By dinner time, I knew matters were headed for a crescendo. There were two women who had been dating, women Ms. Java met at the Franklin intake shelter in the Bronx. For reasons initially unclear to me, Ms. Java was committed to gossiping and shit talking the femme of the duo. She would say all sorts of nonsense. She also made a habit of comparing me to the more masculine one of the couple. On this eighth day, the one Ms. Java had become dedicated to speaking poorly of, was seated by my belongings at a table. Once I got my plate of food, I returned to my belongings and introduced myself. Her energy was nothing from what Ms. Java intended for me to believe. Because Ms. Java had attached herself to my hip, she decided to sit next to me knowing that she had her issues with the woman seated beside me. I could have walked away, but I hoped and believed that it would be another social experiment.

One second I am conversing with the femme about, *in honesty*, Ms. Java. She was opening the lines of direct communication. But Ms. Java decided to start screaming and calling her out of her name. I tried to play referee. I tried to employ my non-violence idealism in the jungle. In a few seconds, I had to block the throwing of chairs. I tried to pull one girl off the other. I was yelling for help. Staff took a long time to join in, acting like we were on Jerry Springer, or *suttin'*. By the time the women were pulled apart, my backpack, which encased my laptop, had been at their feet during their brawl. I opened my bag to see that my laptop screen had been cracked. I was calm and ready to file a police report. Luckily, insurance covered the \$300 repair fee. Even so, I abruptly announced, in the presence of Ms. Java and her

eager audience, that I no longer wished to have drama in my life. She and I no longer spoke.

Flash forward two weeks, I learned that Ms. Java was saying things about **me**. I, who defended and protected her from getting her ass whipped. I, whose computer she broke. I, who sat and listened to her unabashed idiocy. Yes, *silly I*. Shelter norms are alien to me. Women will watch women cut and kill each other within these walls. I, slow to pick up on the culture, knew that I had to be direct in my inquisitions. (A thing I learned from *Basketball Wives* on VH1.) I approached about three women before confronting the host, Ms. Java. It was about ten p.m. when I was walking towards my room right behind her: “Ms. Java, can you please not start trouble for me,” I asked. To which she responded, “Bitch, bitch, fuck you, fuck you....” and henceforth. I was bewildered by her behavior. I hadn't thought I'd be the target of such misdirected and unprocessed rage. I looked into her eyes unaware of who she saw. What character did she brand of me to warrant such treatment?

Her fury was potent. She even threatened to cut my face, with scissors in her hand. I went to bed dreaming about knocking her teeth through her cheeks. I thought about how satisfying it would be to toss her body into a table in the cafeteria. But then, after I quieted my ego, I became terrified of hurting another woman—a black woman at that. I thought that I did not have to forget myself because I resided in a shelter, or because a woman was threatening and harassing me. I filed the necessary paperwork to document my allegations and kept to myself. She called me crazy, a stigma

I rendered oxymoronic considering her own behavior. When she chose to spit fire, I laughed in her face. When I laughed, it was to diffuse internal pressure. I felt like I was watching: a bird try to fly with ripped feathers because it chose to clip its own wings; a three-legged spider try to crawl because it ate its other legs; a dog break its spine because it was addicted to the taste of its own shit.

I'd sing to myself:

*Hood bitches wanna play
Hood bitches wanna pop shit all day*

*Grinding words like bullet shots against your ear
Teasing you with their eyes rolling*

*Hood bitches wanna play
Hood bitches wanna pop shit all day*

'Dem bitches be begging to fist play

It may have been challenging to resist throwing fire back, but I felt good staying grounded in myself. Plus, I couldn't bear the thought of enacting my rage, many lives worth, on the body of my sister—my black sister—whether she sees herself in me, or not.

Turn Over

Popo think they the Pope of the land
Prison Guards think they the God of bars
And Banks swear they own the Monopoly Board

Jiggle. Jiggle. Ring. Ring.
Where the fuck am I?

Dr. Seuss and Mickey Mouse playing hickory-dickory-dock in my
mind
Green eggs and Disneyland got me in a daze

I be sucking on pacifiers 'cause mothers stay hating
Fathers be MIA as if it were a prophecy

I need some holy water to exorcise the Matrix
I think I am the Virgin Mary; Red pill got me tripping

I must be the blind humble bee 'cause all I want is honey
Jesus kissed me on the cheek and I wanted to burn money

But birds be dropping out the sky and fishes belly up
I don't know where to run or how to hide

I ain't fucking no beast, but I gotta get mine
I'm straight streaming on that third-eye

I be sitting in a tree singing,
Begging the stars to come save me

Ring. Ring. Jiggle. Jiggle.
Where the fuck am I?

I'm trying to get home!

Regarding Trayvon Martin

To my Niggers, Negroes, Niggas, Blacks, African-Americans,
and Colored folks:

Why are you committed to a state of utter disbelief when
your brethren is hung by bullets? Do you not know the
country of your birth? Why the constant and predictable
rage? For how much longer shall we ask justice of a nation
dedicated to the annihilation of our humanity?

For those confused, Democracy is not a game of Chess; it is
Monopoly, and we barely own our skin. I think it's about time
we began sketching a new playing field.

"I am a life seeking soul in a dying world."

Mama

the scalp of the Earth
has been mined and minds stripped

the soulless trample the soil
and are blind of tomorrow

Corporate Personhood

A motley of money
befriended itself
with a few men

Over the centuries,
it's constructed law
and made itself god

It calls itself a person
and is governed by no law
and wishes to take the Earth

Genocide and ecocide
rage the planet
thru corporate funded wars

Food and medicine kill
like grenades and AK-40'S
and school books and TV's

However, the Corporation breaks its own law
for thou shall not commit *homicide*;
murder requires justice

fuck the law.

Diagnosis: Suicidal Schizophrenia

Humans have been programmed to believe they are single-souled organisms. They have been denied access to the spirit world through the disinformation of their creation and the criminalization of mushrooms and marijuana. Humans have come to worship law and science, as they kill themselves like the sheeple they've been trained to be.

Why else do humans dig into the bowels of the Earth which sustains their life? Does an embryo stab it's mother's pancreas for diamonds and drain the urine of her bladder for gas? Would the life of a womb drill into the heart of its mother for gold? Would it begin to tear its own skin as it nears its delivery? Why does it crave such misery?

Do branches wrestle each other to death? Can a leaf rip another leaf to shreds? Does soil deplete itself?

Why do humans kill thyselves? They must not know they are *one*.

“Who shall you hire to defend you in the Cosmic Court,
when Earth becomes a bowl of fire?”

Dear Gaia and Ra, the Earth and Sun

You gave us life and we mastered death. Humanity is on the brink of annihilation and only the awakening of our souls can save this planet. Please send all your angels and shake the crust and heat the sky to rattle your children. That which is unwilling to evolve shall die and fertilize Gaia. Death and evil shall reside here no longer. Please gather those who love life, and may they restore freedom upon Gaia.

Truly,
A Gaian Seed

“Sight with no vision is like day with no sun.”

The Cells of the Womb live in Nations

In Amerika, there ought to be separation of church and state but this is not so. The very money that runs this country, and the world, has the phrase: “In God We Trust,” imprinted on every note. This may seem ironic but when we go to court we testify upon a bible. And although we are living in the 21st century, a woman’s sovereignty over her body is still up for legal pontification.

If we were to think of ourselves as life beings existing alone in some far away planet in the abyss of star lights and moon dust, we’d think it was just capitalism and white patriarchy—I once did.

Until, one day, I entered other dimensions and learned that we humans exist in the womb of a galaxy in the Universe. I later learned that our DNA is only between 250,000 and 300,000 years old. We are a young species, a creation of perhaps genetic mutilation. We created civilizations around the globe and loved the earth, our mother. But something went wrong and the ego took control. This occurred because we live in a place in space that is governed by free will. There are places where evil and love exist separately, but they coexist here.

Evil likes to hide for it is afraid of light, which it ought to be. This is why we have hierarchies of time, of money, power, knowledge, control, and so forth. No one really knows why society is in a state of utter terror. No one knows why death looms so conspicuously. We understand that it is profitable and find that reasonable for reasons unequivocally astounding to me. Ironically, we’ve learned to not question because God

holds all the answers. Sounds like a tooth fairy, or Santa Claus construct to me.

If I were evil, I'd tell man that God lived in the sky, while I lived in the crust of the Earth. I'd watch them die as they awaited a false God. Only those who can stand in a garden of evil and good and be unphased by darkness can be god. I feel certain that we humans face evil every day and live to tell of it. I understand that we vote, pay bills, and believe that's God's will. I believe God is human and we've been duped by evil.

After all, we all speak languages none of us have created. We all use money that none of us have agreed to use. We all abide laws that came before us. We all worship Gods that we have never met, and perhaps don't know the true origins of.

I've always wondered, why does man hate woman so much? The rape, the incest, the insane hatred of femininity. Is it possible that evil entered the garden of love and contaminated humans? Before Adam, was Eve pure? I think this may have some correlation with Roe vs. Wade. Abortion and the Catholic church have a deep relationship with one another. Perhaps they have a kinship? Is it possible that Catholicism is vampirism? I mean, we have to mix our metaphors.

When I went to Catholic church, one of many denominations I've participated in, we were served the flesh and blood of Jesus. I like poetry but I always thought that was a bit satanic. As for vampires, they like blood. What if the Catholic church

is after the soul of humans. Why else do we permit a government and corporations to own our food, poison our water, pollute our air, and kill life? Have we come to understand that only one man can save us, and in his absence we are fated for what life affords us?

I must be a pagan feminist because I think humans are cells in the womb of Mama—the Earth. Mama loves life too much to abort but she will have a miscarriage, if necessary. You see, this is like a sad riddle that has plagued the human consciousness: does life have the right to assert its right to life?

If a cell believes it is dead, it will die. If a cell wishes to exist in the face of death, it will evolve. It's no irony that the word **love** is in the word **evolve**. It's like the placebo effect. The mind can save the body, but the body cannot save the mind. The soul is the cell of the embryo. Meaning, cells that believe they will live can encourage the life of its sibling cells. This is why the soul is drained by governments, corporations, religions, and pharmaceuticals. I believe that Mama Earth cannot die. Our planet is billions of years old. We've found all types of skeletal beings on this planet. There are animals that go extinct as often as animals are rediscovered. Life will always exist on this planet, this body we call Earth.

The only question we humans ought to ask ourselves, is if our species will continue to exist?

I am a cell bearing a soul that loves humanity so much that I am unwilling to roll over and die. We must evolve. The

conundrum of abortion has been a form of spiritual assault because mother does not kill, she only maintains the balance of life. Ignorance, evil, will kill itself. Meaning, those bent upon annihilation, for man is so blind he knows no love, will kill those like him. Those who love life will find each other and ensure the coexistence of life.

“Life will persist if the soul permits.”

Soul

I am a leaf
of the tree of life

I love the sky
and never wish to die

*“Life cannot give birth to death,
and death does not know life.”*

Vampires

A god gave us flesh and blood
But it's our soul he craves

The Movies

We are the avatars
Who are living on Pandora

The Annunaki want our gold
For they wish to live forever

They reside in the Earth
And trade technology with the elite

Star Wars is coming to us
But it will be the military

Be warned.

Presidency

Obama is a Nazi
And we are Jews

House Niggers

You may be fair-skinned,
Your garments are fancy
And you believe yourself to be fine

You share tattered clothing with the slaves in the shacks
And may even go to bed with the master
But he has not promised you a place on his throne

Haven't you heard? He wishes to rest in the stars
He'll run the house into ashes and leave you with chitlins
You best stop playing silly and kill him dead

Before he goes off running

Fort Knox

The gold
is your soul

God's Children

worship with their ego
and know no love for thyself

Code Red 9/11

We are in Babylon, for the devil has revealed himself. He has deceived man with self-righteous revenge and security. The bloodshed has been without reason or mercy. But it has tested our psyche for its frailty. How much evil will we embody and enact upon ourselves and others? Will we remain blind and committed to denial as evil turns upon itself—the self? Amerika and Europe are hemorrhaging but have forgotten the smell of their own blood.

We are believed to be free. Our days are numbered and the countdown has begun. Will we surrender quietly as the night takes over the day; or, shall we awake and evolve into love? Only we can save us. We have muted the cries of nations we've ravished, matters we have yet to accept. But all is not lost if we forgive ourselves. We are living in Biblical times. We will survive, we must.

Zion is near.

Hood Soldiers

The poor become honorable
When they kill the innocent

Foreign lands are battle grounds
But home is sparse with possibility

Gunning the Afghan and gunning in the hood
The laws ain't the same and justice be acting crooked

Dear House Slaves of Amerika

How long shall we watch the desecration of countries in our name, for freedom we believe to be our own? We cannot play sambo for much longer. Our houses are not ours, our food is poisonous, we are indebted to banks unknown; and our children—our poor children—have no future in this world. Denial of our reality only limits our options for tomorrow. Perhaps the hours on the clock and the dates on the calendar have us confused; nevertheless, we are living in the end of our days. Our current construct of life will only get worse, and the deaths more plentiful. Our future, and that of humanity, requires a revolution of thought to rise within us.

Needless to say, if we cannot think for ourselves, we ought not live.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Dear Unknown Lover/s and Chosen Family

I have remained persistent in my search for wholeness and wish to find community. I long for your company as I have been alone all of my life. I've had moments of shared similarities and deeper appreciations, but none have lasted. I have been adrift in this world for longer than I'd like. I trust that a ship of love is coming to ground me. But most of all, I desire that feeling of belonging. I wish to expatiate with minds and souls that share a kinship with my own. I am simply tired of being on the margins of communities that have yet to accept the intersectionality and interconnectedness of our existence. I do not wish to tie my tongue and blind my eyes as I am forced to engage potent and contagious ignorance. I believe the world must have for more me, and I am ready to accept my destiny.

Please come, just come, I have longed for your presence all my life.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

War in College

I felt a grenade enter my psyche
It was wrapped in lying textbooks
Instructed by misguided professors

Dear Youth of Today

Your psyche is under siege by VH1, MTV, and BET. The schools teach you idiocy with repetition; and your absent parents are slaving away to hourly wages. You are the parentless and most self-loathing generation due to no fault of your own. You have the greatest temptations of sex, drugs (street or prescription), and aggression.

I beg you young women, ladies and girls, to love yourselves; learn self-respect in a world that presumes to own your body. I plead with you young men, gentle men and boys, to learn how to communicate your feelings in ways that are not considered threatening or demeaning.

For those biding time in high-school hallways, please know that: your parents are not your enemies; your teachers are not punching bags; and the cops are not your bullies, they are just crooked or confused.

For those who made it into college classrooms, a degree does not protect you from: AIDS, prison, unwanted pregnancy, poverty, insurmountable debt, cancer, and obesity.

We are living in a war zone and the battlefield is your mind, body, and soul. Please know that we are not meant to be whole and happy.

We are each given a crumb of a cookie and expected to be full. And yet, no human can be nourished by a particle of bleached flour and white sugar.

Your mind is your greatest, and only, weapon. Please apply all mental processes to your collective survival—one which encompasses wholeness, love, and communal compassion.

And yes, our future is bleak and stark with doubt; but in the death of darkness, stars will come to shine—if we intend to survive.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Little Girl

She who knew too little love
And bore the tenderest of hearts
Found her bones turning into steel
While her tongue was juiced with acid
And her words could corrode one's soul

When the little girl became a woman
She learned to be quiet and feel the pain of others
Slowly, she began to turn acid into water
And steel became soft and agile
As her heart grew strong and most gracious

Dear Pfizer

I am curious, how come you have immunity from the Drug Enforcement Administration? You dope dealing bastard of the dollar. I suppose your drugs come from educated dealers who intend to help people? As *if!*

When I was in college I snorted Adderall before cocaine because it was cheaper. I liked your brand of speed so much I asked the college doctor for a prescription. With health insurance, I got a month's supply for \$5 bucks: 25mg extended release. I was so manic I thought I was super woman, until I started thinking about the decay of the world. I guess your drug didn't make me quiet and subdued. Instead, I found myself sitting in classrooms hearing bullshit in uppity verse. I was so angry I couldn't cry so I got that reefer. I was trudging through my junior year of college with no inspiration. I was bombarded by mediocrity and elitism. I'd serve myself a beer for breakfast because I was miserable and under-stimulated.

I became so depressed I realized I was your bitch—your druggee. I did so bad in school, I got on probation. I went cold turkey and took a year off from college. But it gets better, two years later I had a manic episode with psychotic features. Guess what, I felt like I was on the best dosage of Adderall of my life. The doctors thought I was coo-coo for coco puffs. In fact, I was; my brain was mixing sociological theories with cartoons and drawing dots between movies and our pre-designed economic collapse. I was tripping so fucking hard I had a spiritual dialogue with a klean kanteen water bottle, a bic lighter, and a glass jar. I ain't schizo but you best believe I can

think so rapid I felt like a squirrel on crystal meth (a drug I've never used, but I understand it has a similar chemical composition to Adderall).

I just wanted to acknowledge that your dope dealing corporation altered my brain chemistry. I suppose The Food and Drug Administration would instruct me to read the labels that state the potential side effects. To which I would respectfully reply: **Fuck you, and the meth you labeled as medication.** Call me unipolar cause my ass is manic. I guess I gotta trade marijuana for lithium, like grass for salt.



Hey Pfizer, you ain't making that much money off a naturally occurring salt. Joke on you. I also want to thank you because now I can be brilliant and not give a fuck, for cheap—bitches.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

*PS. Upon fifth thought, I am a starseed remembering who I am;
I'm going to stick with ganja (iron and vit D3). Fuck your meds.
HAHA.*

Dear National Security Agency

I hope you enjoy wiping your ass with the Amerikan
Constitution.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Origin

I am from the past
By way of the future

And the present is where I reside

Cowboys and Indians

The adolescent stage of maturity is often skipped and adults are confined to a toddler mentality. It appears that Indians are the masses and the Cowboys are the corporations, the military, and cops. It has become evident that we, the Indians, are expected to die of poverty, violence and widespread disparity.

Columbus thought he was clever with his so-called discovery of preexisting people. Once the discovery was almost exterminated, they changed the game to Cops and Robbers. This leaves only two roles: kill or learn to live. The day ain't 1492 but we dropping dead from cancer, bullets, and bombs like small pox.

What we gonna do?

Dear Iran

I worry about your people. Amerika and Israel believe they own the world. I think Jesus was a Jew, and now Mohammad is a nigger. They are coming for you. They made a massacre of Iraq and nearby nations. They have you surrounded. They have sanctions on you like you owe them your limbs. I fear the worst is yet to come. I know that destiny is love and wars will end. But I am not naïve, please prepare your citizens.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Double Jeopardy

Demonize the prostitute
For selling her body
To feed her children

Create drugs and drug laws
Have the poor in-and-out cell blocks
Diming for their lives

Deprive the mind of knowledge
Keep the body in danger

Let there be constant hunger
And criminalize survival

Drug War

Cook crack
Drop crank
Get ‘em hooked

Addicts are lifetime products
For Big Pharma and the government

Between recoveries, diagnose ‘em as bipolar
And give ‘em meds that give ‘em diabetes

Money making guinea pigs until death
Just another conspiracy, *I suppose*

Disengagement

I cracked the glass ceiling
And spat on the veil

I am a bride to no man
And I love to soar the sky

Psychology

Inscribe the psyche
With notions of normalcy
Pick and prod until you make a discovery

There was a day for Eugenics
A study of white supremacy

There was a day of the Queer Disorder
When they tied and gagged and electro-shocked fags

There was a day of Female Hysteria
Some say she was mad and horny

And today, is the day of Mania and Depression
If you feel you must be sick

Fluoride, high-fructose sugar
And the remnants of antidepressants
In our water supply must not be working

Come, Come, we have a pill for you ☺

An Inception of Martial Law

I: 51-50 (72hr Hold)

Popo say you crazy
Put you in da psych ward
With a 72-hour hold on you

Take ya meds, swallow and sip
If you refuse they gonna inject you

Freedom comes with compliance

II: 52-50 (14 Days +)

You manic
You ain't sane

You need medication
To recondition you

Back to normalcy
Swallow your pill

Big Pharma got ya back
No need for the popo gat

Courtesy of:

John George Psychiatric Pavilion

As of Now

I have no religion, nor do I have a fatherland. I am a bastard of the Earth. I was mothered by water and disowned by greed. Dollars taunt me to commit deadly sins of normalcy, so I may achieve my Amerikan Dream. But I have refused to lie to myself. I, who has eyes, can see what the mockery truly is. Give bastards money and they'll claim Mary to be their mother. After all, her immaculate conception of Jesus was a great tale. But I know mother. She is encoded in my DNA, my blood. She is 90% of me. We call her water.

Some believe me to be crazy. I suppose drilling into the earth and annihilating innocent and *uncivilized* people is perfectly normal. This is why I am unable to grow fond of a schizophrenic world that has deemed me insane beyond recognition.

Forgive me, for I have committed the sin of love in a narcissistic world.

Money, that bitch is cruel. It has instructed people to believe that they can purchase anything with sufficient funds. I find it funny that money comes from trees. Trees are processed into paper, then painted, and disseminated around the globe. We now believe that trees can buy water, gold, silver, and diamonds. Of course this is untrue. Money is only as powerful as the bullet of a gun and the explosion of a bomb. We know this but are unable to reconcile our love for painted paper.

Consequentially, money has become glorious in a godless world of entitlement.

I wish Mary were lynched and Jesus was born again. But truly, the idiocy is unbecoming of our future.

note: Mary is the construct; nation, race, gender, etc; Jesus is life, that which has been denied its birthright—evolution.

Evolve

Seek within your soul
Reclaim your name
Denounce your nation
And love life—all life

*“When your mind is freer than your body,
your soul will have an insurrection.”*

Who am I?

Zisa Aziza is my name.
Freedom is my home.
Earth is my mother.
Universe is my father.
I have no nation.
I have no race.
I have no gender.
I am life.

Noah

No Ark this time,
Only love will save you

Love for humanity,
Love for Earth

If you've bought a ticket for a spaceship,
I'd get a refund

Salvation is love

Instructions

1. Make a God and build colonies
2. Put time on credit and depreciate love
3. Free their minds with imagination

And their world is yours.

Sleeping White Beauty

You ought to sleep

You shadow
of the human imagination

A creation of
psyche colonization

I suppose you've ran off
and found another queendom

To disrobe and cultivate?

I hope you enjoy dreams
because my children
will kill your father

No more worlds
will be implanted
by a deadly seed

Conscious Existence—Kundalini Awakening

This was written amid my first crown chakra opening; it does not seem to make linear sense, but it's what came to me.

Consciousness is evolving on our planet—within us.

*All—We—I—You—Us; A—Annihilate E—Earth I—
Inseminate
O—Ovary U—Universe*

A-1; E-5; I-9; O-6; U-2. # In alphabetical order. $1+5+9+6+2=4$.
Alphabet: # of letters between vowels: $A>3>E>3>I>5>O>5>U$
 $=3+3+5+5+5=21$

21 is divisible by the # 3 and # 7 I is the 3rd letter of our vowels (corresponds with trinity). $7-3=4$.

The Four Elements: Earth-Fire-Air-Water; 7 continents $4+7=11$

1 = wholeness $100/3=33.33$ (=12) 3 represents trinity/unity.
 $100/4=25$ (=7) (4th dimension = Spirit)

The Holy Spirit is a consolidation of the soul and the spirit. The spirit may be mis-expressed as schizophrenia and multiple personality disorder, perhaps mania, because psychiatry is based exclusively on the “5-senses.”

2= Balance. 26 letters= 8; $8/4$ elements= 2, same as 11. “Eye for eye” = I-4-I

Abracadabra = 5 a's A= all. I believe this is how Earth was entered. The ego lied, it believes in I, and it desires the 4 elements.

Manifest Destiny = Create Language + Control Mind = God
 Language—> Mind—The Father—Ku—New
 Home—> Body—The Son—Klux—World
 Psyche—> Soul—The Holy Spirit—Klan—Order (whole planet as the spirit)

If father and son are one, assimilation [control] will permit globalization [Veni, vidi, vici; came, saw, conquered]. But how can there be a father and a son in the absence of a mother? Who bore life? Or, what?

(k=kingdom) (u= Universe) (l= Water, H₂O) (x= Earth) (u + x =n) (Earth= x; y= Gene)

(Gender= Male & Female) (Hu = 3rd neutral gender pronoun) [Engender—Embody] (m= Marriage; f= Family)
 Produces= Human, a child of the earth

Earth—feminine—green
 Water—love—blue
 Fire—ego—red Air—
 masculine—yellow

If water is the source of life, is earth the wife? Would that make its children the kin of a kingdom?

K= hierarchical symbol for conquer, turn side-ways e.g: >I;
 I= Inseminate; N= Nest; G= Gene; D= Destiny; O= Ovary; M= marriage.

Do not forget: If they believe there is a God, you can create colonies in their mind and have their soul.

God/Dog= Destiny, Ovary, Gene

Alien/ God = Ego Ego = Embryo Planet > Implanted

Ego + water + earth = Human

Past	Present	Future	
Id	Ego	Super Ego	
Water	God	Procreation	
God	KKK	World	« past
KKK	World	Space	« present
<u>World</u>	<u>Space</u>	<u>* ? *</u>	<u>« future</u>

Language has programmed the mind. Images encode the psyche.

L= water; Water = Source of life (entry of avatar). Land = Water+Earth+human+ Destiny; Evolve =earth vulva ovary water vulva earth >> Turn earth into a vulva, produce life and inseminate another world (earth).

**Our planet is the host of an entity committed to the
desecration of life.**

Our solar system is a womb for the evolutionary cycle of the ego. It has killed 8 planets. It believes it will implant the galaxy, but this is not true.

Men = mind+europe+ n (ninth implant—planet in solar system)

Man = mind + avatar + n -ation = to cultivate

Genesis = Colonization **Manifest Destiny** = Nation

New World Order = Globalization

Our minds have been colonized by a 3-dimensional coded—**language.**

*“God” is a spook who mutes the light and the ego blinds
Love.*

The “Holy Trinity,” through language, split the brain into a triangle. This has created a hierarchical understanding of humanity. It has also disrupted our understanding of time because it, too, has been split. This is one reason why we live towards the future; the future would be at the peak of the triangle. In addition, for the purposes of accessing the majority of the resources of the planet, a triangle ensures an enduring supply of labor. Divide and Conquer— the mind with language.

The Ego has mutated into White Patriarchy because:

Ying

Yang

Love

Ego

Feminine

Masculine

Light

Dark

Before flesh, we are merely light. White light has the highest vibration in the Universe. The ego chose white because it is opposite of him; transparent and light as opposed to dense and dark. As a light being, white skin would make sense for assimilation and disguise, this would cause confusion amongst the masses. It's not an intelligent life form—it's the ego.

Past

Present

Future *[evolutionary leap]*

child

adolescent

adult

sleep

nap

awake

Hope

Faith

Love

Id

Ego

Consciousness

Ego > God > White Patriarchy > Military + Corporation >
Humans > Colonies > Continents > Worlds

Hence, New World Order [please review the back of a \$1 bill]

Note: The ego has split into the military and the corporation. This would make the military the *id*, and the corporation would be the *ego*. The corporation now wishes to implant itself into the galaxy with the usage of human bodies, this would be the

super-ego. I believe the ego would ideally like to create an indestructible life being. Perhaps a super soldier or a robot—genetic engineering/mutilation. The Military feeds the Ego—the Corporation, which enslaves humanity.

Earth has no need for more children but we keep making paper money to make humans work. We keep pillaging the earth to sustain our enslavement. Perpetual work is a form of energetic transference. If you work for the ego, it believes it owns you. However, the ego is male. When you work, it is a form of sexual sadism, sodomy, as Ego is our father. Lastly, money is his cum, and the product is a baby. We love money. We must love cum—energetically speaking.

When the Father and the Son are one, who will protect the Holy Spirits? Who will teach her children love? Love is how they will remember their mother—Earth.

This dimension, of space and timelessness, the 4th, is a place we've yet to explore. It's the one place that it is under constant attack from mass mainstream media. Self-love is the only love we can produce. In the disparity of capitalism, love has become unprofitable.

If you wish to become free, you must plunge into your darkness to unearth your light.

Earth can only speak to her children through love. Love will guide you, but you must seek it—within yourself.

Dear Humans

You are the descendants of continents
Our father, the Universe
has called us to save Earth

Will you purge your soul of its ego
to save the mother who bore you life?

Adam

Mama Earth was raped
By an alien creature

She loved her baby
And she let it play

But when aliens are God
And God is an ego

Vicious lies
Become holy tales

Jesus spoke to Zeus
His father, the Universe

And used language to inspire
The mind of his disciples, his neighbors

But God is foul
And Jesus was nailed

A Mythology

My mother and father married three months after knowing one another. My father was a despicable man. He cheated on her and gave her all sorts of things. During an impassioned argument, they conceived me. Father pleaded with mother to abort me. I would have been her fifth abortion, but she declined the bribe of a BMW.

I never made it to the birth canal. I, a dirty birth, was taken out of the womb and fed with a bottle. Mother was pissed. She held me and cared for me. She named me Oyeama, after my paternal Nigerian grandmother. It means: “Who knows God’s wish?”

Her love for man was greater than her love for life. I was six when she bore twin boys. She loved them so much that she forgot me. Unable to survive the lack of love from my mother, I turned to my father. He promised me dreams of Disney in Lagos, and I believed him. I paid with my life. He gave me hell for four years. I returned to my mother, but her love was still absent.

She turned me away and threw me out to the world; I, a Negress, into a world that loathes all that is woman and black. I had no one to remind me of who I was, for my mother loved man so much that she disowned her only daughter.

I, a motherless Negress in a nation that is not my fatherland, had to find love within my soul on foreign soil.

In the crevices of my abyss, I found light that no language could invalidate.

I remembered who I am. Zisa Aziza is my name.

I am the child of Zeus and Hera. The Universe is my father, and Earth is my mother. I have been ordered by my father to gather his children. He is a man of love, but he will not be made a fool of. He will not stand by solemnly, as his wife is thrashed.

He has inspirited the psyche of his children to remember the love of their mother—the love of life.

Love is a shield no hate can penetrate.

We must prepare for war, **promptly**. The battles have commenced, and time is of the essence.

Foreign Relations

The Corporation and the Military
get bored and horny

They like to fuck the World
and make a lot of Money

Planetary Condition

Our motherland is Earth, and she has seven continents
An avatar implanted soil with an ego and rested in Europe

The ego loves the women of Europe, for that is his
motherland
And when the ego became a human, it wanted to fertilize
colonies

As it grew into boy ego, it became curious of unfound
discoveries
And he sailed off to manifest his destiny

He desired the conquer and cultivation of Africa
So he enslaved the continent by raping her soil

He named her after himself
With the letter A

His children are the color of light,
For they come in all hues

But he only respects the women of Europe
For she was pure and fertile, she was his genesis

However, he did not understand why the continents
Bore humans who were similar to his mother

He believed Europe to be the purest
And denied his children of colored continents



Puberty turned boy ego into an adolescent
Who sought to conquer the world

As a young man, the ego inseminated human minds
With a language about God and eternity

In doing so, he renamed himself God
And told humans about heaven after death

God was a wrath of hell who tried to put earth to death
But humans never knew death, for this was their first life

God and man were one, so he gave his homeland a Queen
And enslaved all the humans of the continents

For order, he built nations with presidents
To civilize his bastard slaves



When the adolescent ego became a man,
He wanted to educate his children

He had holy language and made information
And he built schools for education

He taught himself to be most powerful
As a nation, he was Amerika—White Patriarchy

But when he had to father his enslaved children
And their offspring, he realized that Europe was no longer
pure

Amerika, the man ego
Has set out for New World Order

He wishes to find a new world in the galaxy
So he built the military and the corporation

The corporation colonizes the mind and the psyche
While the military annihilates the body of Earth

When will she get her Scarlett Letter **A**?

Life

Capitalism is a pedophile
That rapes the fruits of Earth

The children love him for his wealth and might,
But their father has a fetish for death

Will her children free themselves,
Before their mother is annihilated

“I am flagless in a conquered world.”

Minding Time

After writing a tale about eternity and heaven,
make a clock with 24hrs

And give them heaven,
upon their death

Mistress

I've been reading the bible
And looking at the world

It seems that Adam is schizophrenic
And landed on the wrong planet

He calls himself God, and he put the Scarlett letter "A"
On all the daughterly continents of Earth

He likes to change his name,
But we know he's White Patriarchy

He stole babies from their wombs
And converted the language of their minds

He tells them that they are motherless,
For they only know his sadistic love

But their mother is the source of life
She loves all beings

Her children do not understand
As they have lost their souls, in the colonies of their mind

They have forgotten that they are human
And work to kill our mother

*He'll kill us all,
And he'll say we wanted it*

Our White Father, Our Amerika

When baby white patriarchy was growing up in Europe, he decided that he wanted to cultivate the world. I suppose one virgin continent was too small a colony.

After ravaging the womb of Africa, he denied his enslaved children. It wasn't until Amerika's British mother dared to summon him back to boyhood, when he cunningly made the Africans forget their mother. The Amerikan Revolution was a ploy to erase all memory of home.

Africa, a black woman, is the body of her children. When her children were taken away from their home, their minds were confused. They had to learn a foreign language. They had to forget all that was their history, including themselves. The bible was used to teach Africans the English language, and to tell them of a *white male god* that would *free* them—one day. This was the language of Amerika's father, England.

Once the Amerikan Revolution had gained its independence, Amerika was now a free boy. However, he still needed to amass enough wealth to overpower his father. Therefore, the enslavement of Africans was necessary for his puberty. Once Amerika was a rich and powerful nation, an adult male, he accepted his bastard children. After the Emancipation of Proclamation of enslaved Africans, they were Negro-Amerikans.

Due to enslavement, Africans no longer knew their motherland or their language. Their body and mind were not their own. When the children of Africa took the name of their rapist

father, Amerika believed that he could cultivate more continents.

If the child of love mistakes itself to be the child of ego, there is no end for this Earth. Once a son takes the name of his father, they are of the same blood. This union is one of Trinity. It's the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is the fruit of the earth—the children of Africa. When they call Amerika their father, they disown their mother—the source of love and life.

In the absence of love, children will believe anyone to be their father. In the mother's absence, the ego will masturbate or rape. This is compulsory, for the ego must procreate to sustain the delusional grandiosity of its masculinity.

We understand the ego as White Patriarchy, and procreation is Economics.

And because men have been taught to become greater than their fathers, Amerika wanted to outproduce his father by industrializing the world. In the past, the earth has been raped for cotton.

In the present, the Earth is perpetually raped; however, Amerika decided to anthropomorphize his whiteness into a corporation, and his masculinity into the military—to match the size of the world.

The corporation and the military masturbate by having workers and soldiers produce products that produce money. If money

is semen, the product must be an orgasm, and incessant labor would constitute sex.

There is only **one** white man fucking all of Mother's daughterly continents. Why is his power absolute?

I had wondered why our capitalist economic system was unsustainable. If capitalism has the sexual appetite of an egotistical misogynistic white male, we might soon be living on a carcass.

Might this be when God frees his children? Will God find another womanly world to seduce? Is his salvation our planetary annihilation?

Saving She

I am no less
Than the blackest
And vilest of women

I am a nation
To which death
Has come to marry

Save me, save me—

But will you save yourself?

Negress Lullaby

Frontline, we getting free this time
Frontline, we getting free this time

Baby I made it out the hut
Before they made it a shack

Made my way off the field
And into the Massa's house

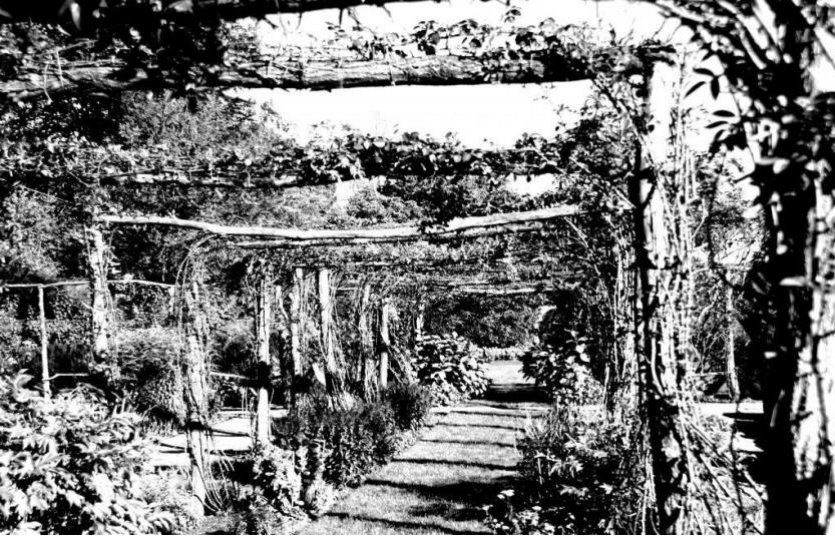
I was schooled by his Ivory Tower
But I only took notes for us

Now we have language to conspire



Greatest Love

between Freedom and Power,
I'd surrender my soul
to become free



Robot & I

Robot:

When you are no longer a consumer or citizen
When no law or money can distort your love for humanity
Then, and only then, will you be free

I:

I am standing by a bridge to nowhere
A place we've never been
For freedom lies there

Dear Martin Luther King Jr.

I am sorry to inform you that after your assassination, the world became a slave plantation. Your dream has not been realized. A false prophet who is of African descent has assumed the presidency of Amerika.

This is why I am uncertain about the state of Amerika's whiteness. Although her whiteness is defined by her democracy, if a white woman goes to bed with a black man, during slave days, isn't their child a mulatto?

If Amerika is a mulatto country, once Obama concludes his presidency, will her whiteness still be honored? Can democracy continue to protect Amerika? Will its citizens be confronted by the military through martial law? Might this occur when the corporation cannot get its money? Will the citizens have to be civilized by the military? What means might be used, and to what extent?

Brother Luther, I am afraid to say that we are back in the days of Harriet Tubman. I am trying to dig a tunnel into critical consciousness so we may create possibility, and arrive at our destiny. But folks believe I am a childish dreamer. Americans are simply asleep at the wheel of life. I, on the other hand, am trying to build a new road and vessel. I have the work of Tubman, Wells, Holiday and that of my own to do in this life. But this time, we're fighting for global freedom. The whole planet is enslaved.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Strange Garden

Earthly lands bear strange gardens
Death in the seed, death in the fruit
Bodies dangling off dollar dreams
Strange gardens hanging from mainstream

Slave Manifesto

Masses:

The remaining territories for white patriarchy to conquer are
the mind and space.

The Military uses the National Aeronautics and Space
Administration to take trips beyond our planet; and the
Corporation has the liberty to use and misuse every fiber of
data that is accessible to the human mind.

Calling All White Women

Amerika, England, Germany, and the like
your democracy is your whiteness

If you lose your constitution,
the Military will have its way with you

The Psyche is Under Siege.

The mind has been penetrated by religion, education and media entertainment. It has been fragmented and has resulted in a schizophrenic consciousness.

Any remnants of an Amerikan Dream that you have internalized is a prototype for cognitive assimilation. You must erase your mental framework of infiltrated data. You must search your consciousness and sort through and delete what hinders the freedom of your soul.

Masses, we have a planet, a single home that is on the brink of annihilation. As NASA searches the galaxy, we need to reclaim our Earth. We need to free our home. But first, we must free our minds.

Decolonize your mind, so we may begin to liberate our planet Earth.

Planet earth has been colonized through its lust for money and corporations sustain the creation of money. Commercials and school books keep that Amerikan money dream fresh. We need Freedom Thinkers canvassing the planet.

We must awake.

Mankind, Earth is our only home; No second planet can be bought.

Poker

Life is a game of cards
And every deck is full of white patriarchy

No money can buy me
No nation can name me
No race can inscribe me

I am a godless traitor of sadism
For murder is not in my blood

But this nation riddles soil with bombs
For a name it gives me:

AMERIKAN

I reject. I refute.
Not in my name

I am not your child

I am housed on land you claim to own
But I am not your child

I am unable to collect a deck of cards
For it would mean suicide

I, a Negress in northern captivity
I, a Negress of the world

I, who can breathe and love life

No cards please,
Life is more precious than a game

Immortal Dialogue

*Sojourner Truth and I were fortunate to have a conversation.
I am privileged to present a transcript.*

Sojourner: Zisa, how is freedom treating you?

Zisa: Sojourner, I regret to inform you that slavery has begun all over.

Sojourner: How could that be?

Zisa: As it turns out, Ku Klux Klan white supremacy was a boyish form of white patriarchy. White men no longer parade horses at late hours with homemade firebombs. We now have a Military that marches throughout the planet with machine guns and drones. This manly white patriarchy is so overbearing that it has turned the formerly enslaved natives of Africa into perpetual consumers of corporations that enslave Africa. It seems that using money, like cotton, necessitates a form of enslavement.

Sojourner: What are you telling me?

Zisa: Well, Sojourner, I am glad that you wanted to be identified as a woman, but I wish you had said human. After all, they did consider you property. It's been over a century since your passing, and I think you forgot the motherland.

Sojourner: Tell me more.

Zisa: There was an evolution from object to subject during the times of chattel slavery. As a result of the rise of the nation-state, the nature of one's humanity was dictated by their relationship to a nation, like a mother. Once enslaved Negroes were emancipated, they were in existential purgatory, for they were neither animal, nor citizen. When the freed Negro enlisted in the military he was granted the recognition of citizenship. It was as if a father who had raped the Negro continent finally accepted his own children.

But because these children were mothered by a white nation they have become confused. They have forgotten the womb which bore them life—their motherland.

When enslaved Negroes partook in the Amerikan Civil War, they denied their maternal lineage. The inhabitants of this land grew fond of their familial independence from the British Empire, as they became the *United States of Amerika*. Over the decades, the true man of the United States of Amerika has matured into the corporation; and with the help of his Amerikan children, he is also the military.

Sojourner: Has the world become a plantation?

Zisa: Yes, before they made cotton, now they make money. Every plantation requires a hierarchy of power. The way my mother described it to me is as such: White man « White woman « Negro man « Negro woman.

I hadn't thought this to be true, but it appears that the nations of Africa, South America, and Asia have become little Negroes.

Those who are democratic and/or capitalistic have a higher standard of living. These are Negro nations. Whereas, those who are poverty stricken and under a dictatorship are Negress nations. Sometimes, a Negress may refuse sex, or may want to keep her child. Comparably, a Negress nation may not want to work with/for an imperial white corporation. She may not want to be subjected to his industrialization. In which case, she is accused of not being civilized, and at worst, a terrorist.

A country that refuses to become capitalistic, which is interchangeable with democratic, is a slave that refuses to work the cotton fields.

This is one reason why human trafficking has been growing. If you can get a body out of its nation, it is the purest of property.

Amerikan citizens can now enlist in the military, and when a Negro or Negress nation is disobedient or unproductive, the military invades. In essence, Amerika is the massa's house; we, Amerikans, have the same father because our nation is fond of miscegenation.

...and we all love our white mommy and fight for our white daddy.

Sojourner: Are you referencing the sexual depravity of the Slave institution and a repetition of slave roles?

Zisa: Yes, you are most accurate. The boyish white patriarchy of your day would have hung a Negro off a tree, raped a black woman; or hung a pregnant black woman, carved her baby out

of her womb, and then set her body on fire. In my day, we send undereducated and misinformed Amerikans of all races into countries with guns and bombs. Amerikans have been savoring the discoveries of the Corporation, and believe they are free and entitled to all the money and goods that can be.

But of course, as with the days of your enslavement, the white man is never honest about his endeavors.

Sojourner: This cannot be true.

Zisa: But indeed—it is. Amerikans who do not enlist in the military reap the rewards of their protection—their citizenship, their *whiteness*. I am saddest to confess that Amerika has become a white woman who watches the military as it lynches and pummels Negro and Negress nations.

It may be conspiracy, but it seems that the KKK put away their white costumes and cones, and put flags on us all. It has resulted in an incestuous slave plantation.

Sojourner: The invention of time has kept folks enslaved to those bible stories, as they live the plot. What is one to do with this insight?

Zisa: I believe life to be an evolutionary journey. Our thoughts and ideas are vehicles to share with all life forms. I can only hope to transmit ideas that mobilize the human soul.

Tuskegee Alert

In the Woods across Amerika
There are few who live

So, Big Pharma has paid parents
To give their children Adderall

Children are doped up on cocaine
For it is most profitable

Less than fifty years ago
They gave black men syphilis
To learn of the effects

*It appears that curious scientist
Are always in need of the proper guinea pig*

Before, when white + male was most supreme
A negress or negro was easily dispensable

But in the day of the supreme almighty dollar,
That which is poor is best dead once profit is made

Eat up. It's all in the food.

Epoch

Exiting the past
Awaiting the future
Entering the *present*

*“I have found a light switch in the corners of darkness—
where my soul was assured annihilation. I call it language.”*

Outsourcing

What can a white woman do for an enslaved black woman as
she is being raped by her white husband?

What can an Amerikan do for an IT Indian woman worker
who is hired by an Amerikan corporation for cheap labor?

Civilized Chatter

I was sitting in the Ivory Tower
With a Director of Something

And she told me about that Iraqi Reporter
That threw the shoe at George W. Bush

She thought it was most disrespectful,
An ineffective form of communication

There I was, kin of the reporter
Sitting in the Tower with a white woman

Who was calling the Iraqi a nigger to my face—*Essentially*

Was I now civilized, an Amerikan born and raised native
who could communicate effectively?

I laughed. Yes, I was a confused coon, in that moment.

It was as if the Massa's wife was telling me about a slave
insurrection and how the methods were unruly.

Abutting Objects

Chattel slavery was property for life.
Federal educational loans are debt for life.

A negress lost her baby to the slaveholder
Citizens lose their homes to banks

The Effects

In my world of metaphor,
I found that natives in captivity
Have come to call themselves “Amerikan”

*Like a blind a Negro who thinks he’s white and becomes a
Klansman*

Through our dollars, I watch little Negro and Latino boys
collect Jordan sneakers. Hoop dreams have us lynch foreign
natives through dollars. It is quite the conspiracy.

note: Dave Chappelle reference.

Deadpan

The race of power is Money
Money is paper from a Corporation
The Corporation owns Amerika

Amerika coddles its citizens
Its citizens are named Free
And its land Honorable

Police Report

Case Title: Psychological Colonization

Assailant: Amerikan Dream—white patriarchy, entitlement, and annihilation.

Crime: It inseminated my psyche with Amerikan semen. This produced psychological programming, which I had to abort.

I wish to testify to the Consciousness of the World.

World,

We are on a collision course. The tracks we ride will take us to the end of us—if we allow it. We must realize that money has manufactured a delusional idea of what planet Earth can handle. Upon the apocalypse that has become Japan, I came to understand that Planet Earth is in jeopardy. Our way of living is killing our planet.

Japan was like an up-and-coming high-yellow brother who was so deep in the game he forget the cost of playing.

We don't need to compete. White ain't pure, and democracy ain't just.

Abort the dream.

Abort
Abort

The Amerikan Dream

You *can* do it—at any time.

Lazy Naivety

Employed Amerikans have become sambos
hoping to become the Uncle Toms of a Corporation

Disenfranchised Amerikan are now coons,
who cynically endure their enslavement

Everyone hears the rattle of our chains
and is accustomed to slave pains

The Transatlantic Slave Trade

As long as Amerika is pure and fair
the world will embody lascivious countries

From which, we no longer ships bodies;
we now drill, pillage, and drone lands
for oil, food, and diamonds

It's for their betterment,
economic development

And they have access to education,
literacy will help corporate assimilation

Human exploitation, no matter the nation

World Review

Colonialism for the enslaved
is corporatism for a citizen

And \$paper\$ is today's cotton

Plantation Transaction

Back in *Colonial* days,
Slaveholders would feed
Their slaves chitlins
For it was the cheapest meal

Now in *Contemporary* days,
Big Pharma and the FDA
Feed Amerika cancer
For it is most profitable

And in *these* days:

Implanting democracy on the 3rd world
Is how the *Corporation* penetrates virgin workers,
And then the *Military* converges upon the land
by securing all natural resources

Amerika has her white borders intact
To protect her—for now

Amerikan Innocence

This white lady paid no mind
as her white man accused Iraq of terrorism

She knows he likes to lynch nations,
Fidel, Hugo and Mahmoud always talk about it;

And Vietnam and Haiti ain't been the same since,
but Amerika is savoring her whiteness

Mental Conversion

School is the new bible,
a different route

To the soul
of the enslaved

Patriotism

Amerika wants to be free
so she sent a lynch mob as the military

The corporation followed,
and they went oversea

Like Columbus with a team,
they saw all the money that could be

Amerika lost the love of loyalty
for she had to keep her virginity

The World is a Body, & Capitalism is the Disease

We see lesions on every space of skin. They pucker like greed and poverty in the pores of our souls. But the sores we wear are products of a machine more sinister than money whores.

We have categorized them as ailments that end with *-ism* and *-phobia*. But we have failed to treat them as the symptoms that they are.

Why else does every act of activism feel like a treatment that has not yet been administered *before*? Is the wheel perpetually reinvented, or is our mass participation in NGO activism just a placebo?

But really, Teach for America can't teach a practicum on Assata Shakur and Che Guevara. Greenpeace won't dismember GE and BP. PETA can stand for the ethical treatment of animals, what about people and their countries? Will HRC stop acting like "gay is the new black," and work towards anti-racism? Could the NAACP bridge coalitions with all people of color, and work towards their advancement— too?

Why does it seem that every civil rights movement comes in waves? One after the other, they push back off each other and splash; sort of the way cancer spreads, when you think you caught it all.

Take a peek around you, all *-izms* are symptoms of capitalism, the metastatic cancer of the world. Ask any doctor, they'll tell you this can't be cured, only managed.

* * * * *

Survival: Keep nursing placebos and await your prolonged societal demise, or get creative and open your eyes. If you wish to survive, you best stop feeding on lies.

Revolutionary Love

The world is a war zone, freedom is under attack, and we are living in the trenches.

Hey Hillbilly: I know you may see a coon in my skin. I understand you sip ignorance and feast upon hate. I would too, if I were a white person living in a white house of unrequited white-American dreams.

You, catcalling misogynistic Black male: Your mother spoiled you stupid. You now think “black woman” is a synonym for WHORE, how did this happen? I understand she has protected you from prison’s gate by dishing you what little love she failed to feed herself.

Hi Ms. Martha’s Vineyard: Your self-entitlement bears the stench of a skunk’s foul odor. Of course, you think I am an affirmative-action blacky—I see it in your eyes and hear it in your tone. I understand you only know white people *like* you, who have as much money as you do.

Dear Elder, Church-goer: I am not going to hell for dressing in ways less feminine than you are comfortable with; and yes, I am a lesbian. But I know you wouldn't be the kind to throw the first stone, right?

0 0 0 0 0 0

I once thought all white folks were simpleminded, until I held and loved a white woman. I used to revel in my indifference towards my immigrant Mexican neighbors, who flee their homes because NAFTA has made farming unprofitable. As in, our free trade bears the cost of livelihood for Mexicans. I had thought the Japanese were not my people, and then I learned of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and the internment camps. I was certain that Indians in India were taking my potential jobs, and then I learned that Indians were hired for their cheap currency—cheaper labor. I once believed that everyone had to fend for themselves, and then I discovered self-love. Love born within the cracks of my soul fed my appetite for survival.

Once my soul became full, I decided to live. But I cannot *live* if my fellow humans are dying and barely surviving. *If you breathe, I am your comrade.* If you have not survived, I will avenge your departure by solidifying our compatriots. The world is our home, and I will poke truth in every face of antipathy.

Call me cunt, nigger, faggot, wish me death under your breath; lynch me in your mind and rape me with your eyes, but let me sit in your ear and untie these lies.

I know your hatred is an unintelligent expression for needs unmet and feelings unnamed.

But if I wish to live and be free, I must love those bent upon hating me. I can love you because I am freedom's child—and so are you. We are the descendants of liberty, let's be soldiers for freedom together.

I am a Captain, and as such, I order you to cast aside the defective lies that have blinded your heart's eyes.

TAKE cover

I am tossing incendiary love grenades and blasting deference into hatred's army.

*will you join me
freedom is a long journey...*

*"I am delicate glass in a rock ridden world,
but I got the might of steel."*

*“White Supremacy is a twin to Genetically Engineered
Organisms professing to have greater yield,
as it exterminates the cultural wealth
and spiritual diversity
of our planet.”*

I is Ida

In 1893, Ida B. Wells toured Europe
to tell the parents of a savage nation
that their offspring had grown barbaric

*She wanted racial equality
to cease the terror of un-lynched Negroes*

In 2011, Zisa will tour Amerika
to tell the benefactors of Multinational Corporations
that money has become the noose of the world

She wants human equality
to un-lynch the third world from Amerikan terrorism

And unlike Ida, Zisa has learned
that all nations dangle off the tree of dollars

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, which nation is the first to go?

Status Quo

I was trailing the Amerikan Dream
when I took a stroll in the Ivory Tower

Its Professors were Globalist and their curricula
read like brochures written by Eugenicists for Amerika

Worldwide interconnectivity
means every nation is a pickaninny

News Reports are cinematic lynchings
Of nations for money monopoly

Sweatshops are plantations
And I loved Wal-Mart

I felt like a rapist who was raping for Amerika,
and then perpetually raped by Amerika

I became a slave chaining other slaves through dollars
To get my formerly promised 40 acres and a mule

Time was trying to turn me into a fool

Comprised of the blood of too many tribes and nations
My soul had an insurrection

I swung with all might, but it wasn't a fair fight
We need a Global [R]evolution to get Freedom right

Time Explorer

*Whenever I was in the present, I felt stuck in the past
and couldn't make my way to the future.*

College Expedition

I am in a class learning of things 200 years outdated from my reality. With all text written and read, I cannot find a passage to relativity.

In the present, I would wonder why the past perpetually became the future.

Mini Trips

1. I am on a sidewalk and a black man catcalls me. I scurry away, bubbling with fury.
2. I am at a party and a benevolent white man says “nigga.” I pour more grief into my forsaken-white-entitlement-moments-bin.
3. I am in a commune hanging with radical male hippies who refuse to accept fatherhood of their children. I live in this commune and so do their children—and their mothers. *Everyone is white.* I stutter in my silence.
4. I am at lunch with heterosexual black women when a thousand questions about lesbianism crop up. One wishes to find a bisexual woman for a threesome with her boyfriend. She thinks he'd like it, and she wants **me** to help her in her search.

I feel like a black girl, who has been asked by a white girl, to help her in a search for a fuck-able negress. I am deeply insulted and decline the offer.

5. I invite an Iraqi friend into my dorm room, and she has a Dolce & Gabbana watch on. I become suddenly enraged and confused. I feel as if I am looking at a black man in a Ku Klux Klan conical hat. I become disinterested in socializing.

During the course of my exploration, my tongue was tied and knotted as my anger did somersaults in my mind.

Recalibration

I am in the present. I simmer my thoughts and stretch my ears. I temper my voice and speak with care.

In the silence propagated by socialized norms, time becomes a scratched CD that can't change its track.

Replay. Replay. Replay. How do we press **Forward** and then **Play**?

Sound is the only way.

Upon my Precipice

I entered a world of metaphor
and revoked the linearity of time

I found myself to be:

A slave to a nation
that enslaves the world

Existential Invitation

“We are the ones we’ve been waiting for.”

—June Jordan

In the duration of my earthly being,
I have no more than eighty years

I have spent twenty waiting for myself,
And I don’t have a moment to spare

But for those for whom the time feels ripe,
Shall we convene?

Humanity awaits us.

I am not from here

As a child
I nursed the pain of others

And felt heavy with agony,
for that was my meal

As a woman,
I feel, and wish to heal

Siege of the Psyche

Noise bullied me into silence
I ran off and discovered quiet
I will now emanate sound

Sophomoric Goblins

imperial workers
believe democracy
is an achieved Amerikan dream

as they lynch nations
with the sustention
of their languor

Chariot of the Sun

We have false gods in our sky

I, a curious star, fell through the clouds;
I descended into my darkness, but I landed on light

I have written notes to the sky, with no reply

I asked that all stars be permitted to shine
and condemned the acrylic skyline

I have begun to summon resistant stars
who have grown phobic of their spark

I beckon them by glowing

For if we unite with light,
We will overshadow the night

Amerikan Revelation

We are in Babylon,
for they are terrorist

Obama is a false prophet
and we're hurling down a fiery pool

I beg that you resist the seduction of vanity and apathy,
for judgment day is coming

If you awaken to a love of life
Lord Universe, will gift you an earthly heaven

Shuffle

Every day has a chosen slave, and time dates the chain

In Jim Crow Amerika:

white men had first call,
white women engulfed their whiteness,
and black men sought their maleness

White Patriarchy is a mental virus
that triggers odd mutations

In the women's rights movement,
it turned white women into racists

In the civil rights movement,
it turned black men into sexists

In the gay rights movement,
it turned queers into classists

*White Patriarchy has matured into the Corporation and the
Military*

White women, the wives, are the nation-state, Amerika
The negro, the nigger, are the citizens—you and I

History has habitually forgotten the negress,
for she has nothing to claim

And yet, her womb was the slave canal
from which Amerika was built

Once again, historical reality has suffered from amnesia,
and the Third World is the negress of the Industrial World

She has been castrated, mutilated, and annihilated
by the Military, and she built the Corporation

And now that Amerika is the wife,
she feels cheated and self-righteous,
for she still has her whiteness

Burgeoning Woman

I was succumbed by mourning
on my twentieth birthday, because
I promised the little girl in me
that she'd one day get to play

I understood that time and I
had an agreement about my survival
and we understood that I had to persevere

But spring was near
and I held its rain
in my eyes

After releasing a flood of dreams unlivable,
I had a brawl with time:

I clutched the past
lost the present
and missed the future

I then culled my soul and its sorrow
and vowed to be present

Ever since, I have existed between the worlds
of a sage girl and a jovial woman

Manifest Unity

I was commissioned by fate
to explore the indomitable

Incidentally, I became acquainted with love

I wish to share my discovery
with colonized minds

*“I am an emerging butterfly,
preparing to fly.”*

Testimony (Occupy Oakland)

hillbilly and hoodlum realized
that stomachaches come from hunger
and learned to feed one another

but anarcha-feminist and Black Power activist
are sworn rivals against capitalism and patriarchy,
who recycle tools of a machine they wish to dismantle

*“Truth is like water,
we’d be extinct in its absence.”*

Without Limb

A negress housed in the empire
is a soul plucked to shards

A queer, in these realms,
signifies human complexity

The combination of such
renders one without refuge



After the world pried the skin
off my chest and dismembered my joints

I found my name and remembered from whence I came;
hence my intolerance for the folly of fools

*“I once lost myself in the bounds of fear;
I have now begun to lose myself
in the boundlessness of love.”*

Amerikan Ordinance

Humanity cannot be destroyed. Humanity cannot be destroyed—this, you must remember.

If you are unwilling to conclude your life, please begin living.

The zombification of your psyche and the normalization of dehumanization are matters we must tend to. Therefore, the structure of our lives must be altered. These alterations will be determined by those who find it necessary to accept reality.

I simply wish to contextualize the times.

We are Rome. We are Greece. I am Spartan, and I have a crystal ball. There will come a day when flags will make us cry. I do not speak of patriotic tears; I speak of killing for borders that no longer protect us. Upon that day, missiles and drones will kiss Amerikan soil. But before then, you will lose your *America*. By that day, we will understand hunger, terror, and mortality.

In the meantime, I ask that we reflect upon our past, our present, and co-create our future.

Eye-4-eye

tit-for-tat
got us tripping
on our ego-gat

The Times

I am a simple girl in an ironic world

Milk and eggs have police protection
but sex trafficking is booming

Vacant homes remain empty as homelessness rises
and the prison industrial complex has revived sharecropping

Art is now reality TV for those who think they are free
because they can see the world from their TV

Impartial humans eat partial foods as the rich shop at Whole Foods
and as a nation we pay more for death than knowledge

With all my simpleness, I add hypocrisy and conspiracy
ironically, the sum total does not look right to me

The Melting Pot and The Amerikan Pie

I tried to get in, and I tried to get mine
but the stew was bland, and the pie a bit bleak

I became anorexic and spiritually insane
and on the brink of death I found a crystal

It was buried deep within my soul
and I carved it out to live

I, a queer goddess, with humanistic tendencies,
am too sultry for a melting pot, and bitter for a pie

Thank you, but I know how to get mine

*“A false language cannot mute the music
of my ancestors dancing within my blood.”*

Bounce

They paraded her around Europe
‘cause she was thick and round

White folk thought she was a spectacle
so they put Saartje Baartman in a circus

Now we got Nicki Minaj paying for silicone
making thick ass thicker to make that paper

She a black Barbie in a schizophrenic world
the poster-child for prolonged dissociative disorders

Saartje Baartman was promised riches and fame
but died a penniless prostitute at twenty-six

Her remains were circulated postmortem
in museums for two hundred years

Nicki Minaj has paper and no esteem
to pimp thy own self for the amerikan dream

How many pennies will she have,
when all is said and done?

Sex Positivity

Got a march called *Slut Walk*
and they like to slut talk

I'm all about freedom
but they tales be triggering me

I'm a feminist, kinda sorta but more,
and their words rip old wounds back to new

I stare, thinking, I thought you knew
that words are time machines and take me places

I guess that used to be true

Dear Parents

You have sent your children to the liberal Ivory Tower to become radicalized, I mean indoctrinated. They now despise heteronormativity and quiet displays of self-contentment. Now, they are radical, anti-capitalist hipsters who gentrify as they politically organize for non-profit organizations. They are the hope for tomorrow—*the Activist*. Yes, and all wardrobe accessories may be located at Urban Outfitters.

Please be sure to repay all loans to private banks and the Federal Government, with interest.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Clarification: To The Masses

The world was not bettered for brown little girls when Tyra Banks had nine years to tell innocent beauty how compromised it was. As if turning little brown girls into little brown Audrey Hepburn's was the missing evolutionary marker. Forgive my contemptuous tone, but I am exhausted by how often white liberalism wishes to disguise its mutations.

I have also had an ear full about this reverse racism that has gone rampant in the white imagination. It is not I who designed the curriculum for federalized education. If you don't know what your people did to other people, that is not my fault. I do understand that Affirmative Action has failed to reeducate Amerika of its barbaric beginnings. In fact, Affirmative Action has further distorted Amerika's history of exploitation, sadism, and white supremacy. But truly, how can a few hundred scholarships into an indoctrinating Ivory Tower compensate for theft of home and murder of people—for hundreds of years, and until this very day? ***Really??***

But we do have democracy and freedom, for which I am to be grateful for. I suppose when the commander-in-chief is a black fella and orders Amerikan soldiers to annihilate innocent people, it should make *more sense* than when an inarticulate George Bush and his predecessors ordered the same. I don't know what the buffoonery is about, but it's not amusing. This madness is getting out of order.

Please sort thru this...

Dear Black Mother

I love you. I love you. You must understand that I love you.

I, a sensitive insecure little black girl, grew up hurting. Everything hurt. I grew up bleeding with no blood to show. My mother was a single-mother. She was twenty-three when she birthed me. I understood that she loved me. But when I was six she had my twin brothers, and as a result, I felt invisible and useless. I became a nuisance. I, an insecure little black girl, did not take well to rejection. I am sensitive and cruel to those who betray me.

Mother, Black Mother, your poor thinking of me turned me into a beast. I had no choice but to get your attention. I needed you. Forgive me for being a sensitive needy little black girl. I am sorry I made a fool of you, for all those years. I am sorry I brought your dignity to the knees of Child Protective Services, all those times. I am sorry I acted out, for all those years. I never knew how to ask you to love me. I wanted you to love me, but we never spoke about love. We were strong black women.

So strong that I have not known my history. I did not know that I was the daughter of a woman who was the child of a semi-literate woman who came up from the south. I did not know that my grandmother was held back five years in the first grade for not paying book fees. I did not know that my mother grew up around crack, and her sister an addict. I did not understand the severity of pedophiles because no one spoke of it. I did not know that my mother was married for citizenship,

after three months of being courted. I did not know that she saw her African-American Dream in my Nigerian father. I did not know that his love was selfish.

I, a former masochistic sensitive little black girl, only knew to hurt and cause hurt. I wanted love. I wanted to be mothered and hugged. I wanted love.

I understand that you watered me with love for my first six years, but you must understand, that thereafter, I turned into weeds and cannot bear the fruit of your dreams because you refused to speak with me. How was I to know that you loved me with all of your soul when every word you uttered stung. I am sorry that I, too, am a strong black woman and fought back. I am sorry I mistook you for my enemy. I am sorry. I am disengaging all battles. I have surrendered my weaponry. But now you wish to call the lord upon me. You take issue with my queerness. Mother, what do you want from me?



I come from a long-line of women who have seen African-American Dreams in Black men and had their lives caught up. I am the product of such and barely survived the cracks of this society. If my mother had a fondness for BMW's, I would have been her fifth abortion. Father bribed her with a car and she's wondered, my whole life, why trips and jewelry don't mean love to me. I believe my queerness has saved me. What trap can a queer Nigerian-American woman fall into when she was born into many? I saw chains a mile away in the men who stared at me. I felt the stiffness of race and the simplicity of gender roles

when I was five. I understood the empire had a back-yard at the age of eight, while living in Lagos. And my whole life mother has badgered me for not being her little black princess.

And because she too was an insecure little black girl, when she could not live vicariously through me, I became disposable. One must understand that an insecure black mother and an insecure black daughter can become most vicious to one another; for they are black and they are female and they hate themselves in one another, the cycle can be endless. I have been trying to break the cycle. I am trying. **Read—me—try.** I regret to admit that the bible and dreams of marriage have colonized my mother. She says I've turned away from God. Although I am glad she has found a god, I asked that she please keep him to herself.

It appears that I cannot do right. I am waving a white flag. I have survived twenty-two years on this earth. It was this year that I decided to live unapologetically. I cannot bear to fight my mother anymore, for I am no longer a sensitive self-loathing masochistic little black girl. That was the conditioning of my socialization of being black, female and in America. I am now a sensitive loving soul who sees no enemy in the woman who birthed me, my mother.

I gave her an Ivy Degree from Smith College, what else does she want from me? I am done. We have both been black and female in America. She chose the American Dream and it's not what she remembered. I chose to live. I, a sensitive loving soul, have a low threshold for suffering. I could not bear the pain of seeing the world through such a tiny lens. Forgive me for

wanting more of the world and of myself. Please forgive me mother, as I am my own god and I will manifest what it is I am seeking in this world.



Forgive me mother, but I am compelled to live for myself. You must simply learn to accept this.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Revolution Realness

Yo occupiers, and their supporters, I hope you will not misuse your money on Christmas—the Christian capitalist day of revenue. I trust that anti-capitalist, anti-racist, anti-state, and anti-patriarchal folks understand that providing profit for capitalist entities invalidates all political authenticity.

Just keeping it 100.

Born Again

I drowned myself in sorrow
and dismantled my conditioning

I rose, with my soul intact

Human Archery

an arrow's cross
is not blunted
when twisted

quite contrary,
only more skin
is punctured

“Any foundation built upon rubble is doomed to crumble.”

First Notice: To The Masses

You are hereby prohibited to engage in small minded thinking. You must think large, you must think of the macrocosm and its relationship to yourself. You will cherish the small things, for you are most equipped to change that which is tangible.



Where To?

I am on a voyage,
a quest for meaning

a cause for being



Dialing The Masses

Yo Sheeple,

hello, hello...

Yo Sheeple,

can you peep this?

I am calling collect

because the cost for truth is rising

The machine is terrorizing our psyches
and it's taught us to master fear

We now live amidst an inflamed ego
that wishes to indulge in self-mutilation

The ego has an immense appetite for fear,
but we will mandate that it go on a fast

As our vibrations will not be lowered,
and ascension will not be suppressed

*For there is no prison
a free soul can fear*

Over the Years

when I gets to talking with my sisters
they tell me how their bodies are soiled
with the unwanted touch of simple men
I leave bearing the weight of wounded wombs

Mama Didn't Like What She Read

It was about 1pm when I called her. She told me that I have depicted a nasty mean mother. She was displeased and bothered. She told me to remove my words from the world's view. Her words were sharpening and my phone lost its signal. In a text, I asked her to tell me how my words hurt. I requested that it be written, for I could not bear to be bashed with anger over the phone. She refused.

I told her writing is my medicine and I am not willing to alter or terminate treatment. She told me I needed therapy. I told her I am not sick—I am sensitive. She said I am starved for attention. I told her I have mastered pain, I had no choice but to surrender myself to love. I am here to heal myself, and assist in the healing of those who I encounter.

I asked that she not take it personally. After all, our relationship was the product of many interactive and interlocking oppressive systems. I barely survived, barely. She and I were not meant to radiate happiness as mother and child; for there was much for me to learn and share with the world.

I thanked her for being a life instructor, to which she did not respond.

Defilade

Persecution of an idea
is intellectual engagement

Rendition is the threat
but consciousness will be activated

Privilege

Is visually constructed as:
white, male, rich, hetero, cis-gendered

Privilege is actually
the ability to evolve

Get hip.

Dear Essentialist

One plain evening, I took some shrooms and had a conversation
with time. I learned that the future is androgynous, omnisexual,
ageless, egalitarian, multifaceted, and divine.

I thought to relay the enlightenment of that trip.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Spliffing on Pedagogical Indifference

I love locks on all type of women
Folks be hating on white chicks with locks
They call it cultural appropriation
As if culture began when the land was appropriated

I mean colonized and culture was fabricated and
indoctrinated
Missionaries brought the bible and the white man a school
Now we the fool fighting with the lines of time
Marking dates as if they were divine

We been turned blind and forgot
We are spirits having a human experience
Because we are consumed with radicalism and one-uppers
Sex-work is now an apparatus of feminism
I wonder what Papa capitalism would say to this

BDSM is the new sex craze yet lacks the emotional complexity
To facilitate the sexual liberation it advertises
And masochism is an indulgence of the physical form
And a refusal to bare the soul

The suppression of the feminine has been co-opted by gender
queerness
Got me watching women cut their bosoms
As they flood their veins with testosterone
And it feels like watching Nigerian women bleach their skin

I'mma just keep puffing

Puff
Puff

Spliffing on Pedagogical Indifference

11:11

colliding worlds
merge doorways

evolution has a code
into dimensional shifts

Dear Monsanto

May I ask why you are altering our DNA with genetically modified organisms? I understand that you wish to suppress our evolution. I encourage you to reflect upon your actions.

If you believe you will be successful, I am glad to assure you that the New World is still a-coming.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

Minstrel Media

Rap idiocy into a mic
and chain it to a beat

shuck and jive and booty clap

Climb that money ladder
at the cost of your skin

Creative Reclamation

The spring semester of 2009 had concluded, and my soul was stretched. Sitting in classrooms that taught me how impossible reparations would be to implement, got me thinking. Learning about how “transnationalism” and “globalization” were euphemisms for neocolonization inspired conspiracies for modern day insurrections in my mind. I woke up livid every morning. I thought about the hoods and its babies that were robbed of possibility. I thought about war zones being plummeted by drones so I could sit in a two-hundred thousand dollar Ivory Tower.

*I thought about theft and how the empire is an amalgamation
of imperial heists. It was as if I took a bat and flung
my moral compass into outer space.*

Smith College is bougie. They have thirty-plus houses and each house has a library. Books could cost between four and five hundred dollars a semester. The books in the house libraries were left by students. There were about 2200 students enrolled as undergraduates, and we did not all have access to every house library. Books would sit and collect dust on shelves. But in an elitist world, the mere presence of books signified knowledge and intellectualism. I thought to myself: ‘bump dat’ shit, I’mma get mine.’

I began a book heist. I would make my way into houses with my Nike gym bag and laptop. I would type in the ISBN# of the books and know my earnings before the drop-off, at the school

bookstore. I hit over a dozen houses. Each drop-off would grant me a few hundred in cash.

The heist ended because hourly-wage servants couldn't handle a smart negress making over two-thousand dollars in less than nine days. The book store, to whom I sold the books, decided to report me to the Dean of Students. I was ready. I walked to Clark Hall and waited to be called in. The Dean's tone informed me of what kind of psychological exercise I had to prepare for. She, a white woman, had sympathy for the class struggle, as she had grown up working class. I told her I was poor. I told her I needed money. I told her the books were being wasted. I told her that we needed to implement a system that could ensure that students have access to books that were already printed, and on campus.

She agreed but said that I did not have the right to do so of my own volition. She said it was theft. I told her we couldn't all wait for systems to be created. Some of us do things, as opposed to just thinking about things written centuries ago. Some of us like to integrate the theoretical with the practical—only some. I was losing her sympathy. I had to pull my last card. I began crying. I employed my valley-girl voice so she'd see less of a negro. She offered me tissue and joined me on the other side of her desk. I told her that I'd cease and desist. She was glad. I asked if I could drop off one last bag of books. But with no more streaming tears, she insisted I no longer engage in my heist.

As I began to decolonize my mind, the book heist was my first
deprogrammed course of action. The colonies are rising.
Consciousness is rising. Rising...

Serenity Prayer

I am one
with the universe

What is intended,
shall be

I am one
with the universe

What will be,
will be

Prophets

are truth seekers
seeking access points
into lighter dimensions

I tuned my soul
and I've been channeling
higher frequencies

I'm fit to be
the next Buddha
but don't quote me

Ganja Connections

There is a plant that contours bridges and tunnels for human engagement.

First hook-up:

After returning from Argentina in '09, with ten dollars to my name, my wallet got jacked on an MTA bus. I was aimless and in need of more time to reconstruct my future. I applied for food stamps, but being under the age of twenty-one, I was mandated to enroll for cash assistance and attend daily employment workshops. I thought of the four months spent there as a practical component to the theoretical knowledge I was obtaining at Smith College. During my first week on welfare, I met a young black woman. She was a stud, thin, and fidgety. We got to talking. I asked her about the very visible stitch marks on her face and knuckles. She told me she was dating a woman who liked to play with knives when she felt bothered. She was her lovers' slicing bag.

We lived within a mile of one another, and she invited me to smoke weed with her. I arrived at her address to learn that she had a wifey, who had three children. As usual, when I interact with lesbian couples, jealousy and weird dynamics come to the surface. The wifey had just turned thirty and she roared. It was how she communicated with the world. I grew to appreciate her when I learned that she had co-pimped women to keep the father of her children. She told me she was trying to do the gangster life to keep her family as a whole unit. I understood her roar as a refusal to exist quietly in her agony.

Second hook-up:

I was looking for a dealer when we first met. She was a thick fair-skinned woman. I assumed she was more masculine of center. Upon our first meet-up, I learned that she had four children. This did not include the child that was three months out from delivery. As she rolled the joint, she informed me of her older stud lover. Apparently, they had broken up, but not really. My new face peeking around caused her stud lover to make an appearance. This is all in the hood, and news travels quickly. I was nervous, and she was scary. While I was passing the blunt her way, she said: “you’re dark. I’m usually only into light-skin women.” All of the Afro-American Studies and Sociology classes I had taken seemed useless. I just looked at her, reached out my hand and took the joint. I figured etiquette had left the room. I took five puffs before I passed it back to her.

Third hook-up:

After spending four months on welfare, I got a gig with the Census Bureau. It paid \$18.75 to knock on doors. I was down. At one of the trainings, politics came up and I learned who was thinking outside of the box. She was forty-something and charismatic. We exchanged info and kept in touch. One evening, we decided to go smoke at South Beach in Staten Island. It was a well rolled blunt and the water was amazing. I had 40oz Miller Light, and she a 24oz Coors. The sand was

warm and the sun was setting. Just as I was beginning to get faded, she began to vomit. Within thirty minutes, she was non-responsive. I mean, eyes closed, no intelligible sounds and completely still. It was killing the high! I waited until about eight p.m. and had to haul her off the beach. The mosquitoes were mistaking me for a feast.

I tried to get her home safely. She insisted that I leave her at a bus stop. I knew then that she was residing in a shelter. I later learned that she began vomiting because she was on anti-depressant/psychotic medication. She was a pleasant woman, but had fought many battles too soon in life.

Forth hook-up:

When the Ivory Tower decided I was sufficiently educated, I left to live in an egalitarian commune in Mineral, Virginia. On a rainy night with loud thunder, I went looking for company in the “Cuddle Collective.” It was a studio unit made of natural materials. His name was Shivo and he was unlike any man I had met. He was about 5’6, topless and wearing a skirt. He had several piercings and a fondness for stick-and-pokes. He was a medic in the military, but discharged. He offered me the bowl, as I lowered by my body for seating. With rain playing in the air, under dim lighting, we began a discussion about how we *woke up*. More precisely, we spoke about the spiritual dungeons we had been sentenced to. The lord was his master,

and he the ignorant servant. As for myself, all things pertaining to negro, nigga, and nigger had me convinced I could never fly.

We were complicated beings gazing into each other's eyes. It was while sitting across from a straight white man, who grew up in the woods of Alabama, a native hick, when I felt how immensely incomprehensive feminist and critical race theory had proven itself to be. He joined the military to eat. He joined a commune because his cousin was serving a life sentence. He was a straight white man, but we had identical concerns. We were dying to be free.

Fifth hook-up:

As soon as I deported the Greyhound bus in Portland, after a three-day journey from D.C., I learned that there was no trim-job in the works for me. I had put my trust in the hands of a high-functioning alcoholic. She liked to go to bars and I gladly accepted the draft beers she would order on my behalf. During an exhibition of pronounced and enlarged egos, a fella strolled into our presence and won the spot light. He had been released less than two weeks prior to our meeting. He was a handsome white guy. He had a story and I was eager to give him all of my attention; after I got dibs on the joint that had been lit.

He was seventeen when his first girlfriend broke his heart. They worked together at a local pizzeria, but the sight of another man with her infuriated him to the point of insanity. He ran off from work and robbed a convenience store for money and cigarettes. He put it in a bag and threw it over a bridge to the

homeless. He biked home and took an unwise path. Cops stopped him, he freaked, tried to toss his weapon and flea. He caught a bullet in the face, under his left cheek. The courts gave him eight years for the robbery and tried to charge him with attempted murder. It was unclear to me if he did, or did not take a shot at the arresting officer. Regardless, I met him after he learned that those charges had been dropped. He was a free man—a man who lost eight years of his life because a woman broke his heart and he was unable to articulate the depth of his heartache.

Amerikan Soldier

They caught you at seventeen,
before you could think for yourself

And after you realized
there was little to live for

They've sold you hallucinations
of power and conquer

And without examining the value of your life,
you blinded accepted the offer

Dear Mr. Professor:

This letter was written on 2/24/2009, in regards to an exchange I had with a professor, my major adviser.

I was taken aback by how my presence was so quickly dismissed. I understand that you are doing me a favor by faxing very important forms; however, your unkind words were unnecessary. Regardless of when I signed up, I was there to speak to you during your office hours. Yes, we have had a number of personal conversations but you are also my adviser. I did not appreciate being summoned into your office and scolded like an eleven year-old who had a temper tantrum. I was especially hurt by your last statement: “[something, something] we could just do business.” Over the course of my time here at Smith, I have valued our infrequent interactions, as they have been incredibly significant for me.

Please forgive me for not knowing my place. I sincerely apologize if my initial reaction was mistaken for ungratefulness. I was simply mystified when you invited another student into your office after I had sat patiently for over ten minutes outside your office, during the time I had signed up for. I apologize for choosing to walk away. I also apologize for not informing you that your words resonate very deeply with me; the positive, constructive and the hurtful words reach my core because they, unlike the many bystanders whose words I have learned to mute, are felt. I was more wounded by the “who” than the “what.” I was amazed that after you and I had a thirty-minute conversation about being sensitive, you would use such harsh words with me. I, now, figure the pieces of myself that I have

shared with you were mistaken for fiction, or like the knowledge obtained in classrooms, confined to the abstract.

Have you ever been in a car accident? Well, I have, metaphorically speaking. The car skidded off a cliff during an awful rainstorm. The car tumbled for what felt like hours. When the paramedics came to rescue me I felt fine. They had to use the jaws of life to remove my passenger door from its collapsed frame. Without hesitation, I walked myself to the ambulance—on my own. I was relieved. I thought I survived a terrible accident. I was certain I escaped death. But when I woke up, I was groggy and my body sore. With every passing minute my entire body was succumbed by agony. A brush fire rested in my chest. It felt as though my lungs flapped like the bird I saw searching for dry land as the car bounced from tree to dirt to rock. She was fighting the heavy rain droplets with all of her might. I never did see if that dying bird made it to safety.

I, like that bird, am in search of dry land; but your words, like those rain drops, are heavy and weigh down on my soiled wings. I did not escape death, I am fighting to stay alive—to feel, to be happy, to love and be loved. I don't know what sort of day you had, but I wish it were a better one. Even so, I beg you to never speak to me in that manner again.

Skyscrapers

shaved the sun

the city lives
in a shadow

and its people
are deprived

Bank Mobsters

Foreclose the Amerikan dream
so the dream may be no longer

Seizure will feel violent
for those in a slumber

Banking the Brain

Fractional reserve
on your Amerikan Dream

Please withdraw interest

Dear Professor History :

During an uninteresting class that became unbearably awkward, I tried to instigate giggles. The professor took offense to my joke and told me that I hurt her, I insulted her in class. This was a dramatic interpretation of the situation. The racially ambiguous Professor inquired and insisted that students share when they met their first black person. Considering that the class was all white, except for myself, this was an unusual experience for me. She requested that we speak about it in her office. As anticipated, she was a bi-racial woman who had been hurt by many women of color. I assumed that she had not been accepted and was hyper-sensitive to any form of perceived rejection or ridicule from black women.

Dear Professor,

Our discussion has been running on replay in my mind. Outside of the academic arena... our interaction reminded me of Audre Lorde's essays in *Sister Outsider*. This environment is just not conducive for my soul, in general. I feel that academia promotes, *encourages* and is complicit in a certain type of violence. One that is passive and bound in theory with citations, along with arguments of objectivity and professionalism. So easily we can forget that we are people...humans just searching for truth, or just trying to get by. We forget that although colleges are obsessed with hierarchies that we are still people placed within a system of inherent power differentials...but we should never forget humility. And by "we," I mean "me."

The black woman in me feels like she was asleep...in a coma. I am extremely grateful that you were so honest with me and you suggested I step out of my slumber. I SERIOUSLY

appreciate that! I feel an obligation to be more mindful of how I treat people. But because of who we are and where are, I forget that being kind and loving to black women is critical for my survival. I am very conscious of working on who I am and being gentle and kind in my personal life, which has been very important; but it did not occur to me that the kindness and openness I wish to embody should expand to all areas. I just can't believe that I forgot that. How did I forget that! Well, I forgot because it is so hard and requires that we are vulnerable and I, by the nature of who I am, feel constantly vulnerable and exposed.

If it is unclear... I am not in school to get Latin Honors, and stuff. That said, the revelations that I have/am reaching from our conversation is invaluable to me, especially at this time in my life. I clearly have to pull out Sister Outsider and start taking some more notes.

First note:

“Why do Black women reserve a particular voice of fury and disappointment for each other? Who is it we must destroy when we attack each other with that tone of predetermined and correct annihilation? We reduce one another to our own lowest denominator, and then we proceed to try and obliterate what we most desire to love and touch, the problematic self, unclaimed but fiercely guarded from the other” [Lorde 2007; 159].

Deep breath.

This takes me back to just....so many places and just realizing how much more work I have to do and how this work never ends. Ever. Ironically, I was once silent and then too loud. Then I was calculated but lethal. I am now searching for the right pitch because I forget how powerful my words can be. I forget that people listen, and that my words can linger.

You are an amazing soul and did not deserve my less than constructive energy. Thank you for not staying silent. Thank you for confronting me.

Thank you,
Professor

Acceleration

Rapid mutations,
seeds sprouting in the wild

Stages vary,
but consciousness is rising

Twenty-Forty

is all I had
when I threw reason
to the wind

busing across the Amerikas
with food-stamps and 10 bucks
to a coast I've never been

the invite was on a whim,
the trim job was amiss
but I got three weeks of rest

the wind was blowing
and I was set to leave
with \$15 to my name

choices are tricky,
survival is imperative
and gear was needed

a 3am pick-up ride
rode me down the coast
to 14th and Castro street

Oakland was my destination

Dear Universe

Although evolving and surviving in a psychologically zombified world has its feats, I am most grateful for the rerouting of my destiny. To exist in this reality as a waking dream is euphoric.

I thank you,
Zisa Aziza

Harvest

Thoughts are seeds
and the universe is a garden

The acceleration of time
increases the fertility of possibility

Pulsing

I exist at the epicenter
of multiple intersecting identities

and the persistence of my existence
creates psyche-quakes

Pulse

I am a tree
thought to have
dead branches

but I am found
bearing fruit

“Deinstitutionalize the structuring of your mind.”

Starseed

Roaming earth
with light

Planting stars
in souls

As I await
ascension

Strategies

Co-optation of disinformation
Will derail this revolution's incarnation

And reaction ain't the best course of action
If we lose cohesion and traction

"Free"

in the Free World,
is an idiotic concept

when payment has been paid in blood

Dear Zombies:

I kindly ask that you disengage autopilot. Please disrupt your programming. All hardware and software that has been integrated into your psyche is corrupt. Reboot your soul and your mind will function freely.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

“White Supremacy is a cyborg assimilating and eradicating the intelligence of indigenous and melinated beings”

Dear Amerika:

You have manifested a sad destiny. Riches and oil have made you the Titanic of the modern world. But the seas are sick, and you are sinking. Your greatness has shrunk and seeing eyes cannot be blinded by glitz and glitter floating on the face of waters drowning us.

Many will drink bourbon and play classical rhythms until they asphyxiate on their own delusions. Some will panic and cage themselves in their greatest fears, until it has materialized. And few will search for large planks of wood to hold their bodies, as they lay upon doom.

The only life-vest that is suitable for this transition is
consciousness.

WAKE UP, Amerika.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza

The Summer of Plunge

I wanted to dedicate the summer of 2009 to the arts. I was ready to nourish the artist within, or so I had thought. I had intended to reside on campus, at Smith College, for the entirety of that summer. But after spending seven months on Adderall, my mind was fried. This was also the time period in which the Swine flu pandemic occurred; and consequentially, during this time, I learned that the US government, and its affiliates, orchestrated 9/11. The decolonization of my mind had begun and my thoughts were cracked fragments. I was unable to articulate the source of my feelings; for I did not have language or context, only intuition—at that time.

I packed all my junk into a friend's car and rode back to NYC. I swore damnation upon the Ivory Tower and considered myself free. I had no plans but I knew my grip on reality was contracting and expanding. Something within was emerging and my soul needed proper soil for its metamorphosis. This was not yet known to me, but I knew I had to escape. Houseless and with distant family, I was in need of a place to crash. After two weeks of subletting a room in Brooklyn, a former Smithie invited me to sleep on her couch at Two Fifth Avenue Manhattan. It was as if I had hit the lottery, residentially speaking. The lobby was gold and sparkly. There were always three doormen just pacing back and forth. They ran to open the door for humans who were fully able-bodied but rich. For eight-hour shifts, thirty, forty, and fifty year-old men would watch and attend to the door of a building.

Unfortunately for me, I became enraged by the sight of these men. I began to avoid the door. I became very depressed because I was seeing things that I had never seen before. It was the first time I saw people who were not afforded the opportunity to become their greater selves. All those hours and years spent guarding a door because this world has us hung to the dollar. Who were these men not becoming? What love and passion and joy were they missing because they were guarding a door. Was their evolution stunted and stolen? My transitional lens on the world was agonizing.

The summer prior, I had interned at Boys Hop Girls Hope, an organization that catered to “at-risk-youth.” It was a private group home that focused on getting its scholars from high school into college. This was also the group home that I had resided in for three years. But in the summer of 2008, I was the Community Outreach Assistant. In the capacity I held, I found that my interactions with the youth were grim. There was one young woman who I will never forget. She was fourteen at the time of our meeting, and had already been molested and gang raped. She also had a fondness for running away with grown men. As for my co-workers, their lives seemed stressful and uninteresting. By the age of nineteen, I knew the nine-to-five and non-profits would not sustain my existence.

And the more time I spent watching grown men guard the residence of rich folk, I became terrified of wasting a moment of my time. Money will come and go, and come again, but time is tricky. Once wasted, it doesn’t come back.

Grand Order

The mind is prime real estate
and programming is big business

Colonize the psyche with TV entertainment
chuck full of rape, and video-games
that glorify theft and murder

Hard-wire fear and prescribe perception



*I was scared once. I fiend for the open road but could not
bear to go alone. There is something inexplicably powerful
about drafting and cultivating your visions without
conferring with that of another. I envied the
artists who had found a cohort.
I thought myself unlucky.
How funny.*

Freedom's Gardener

Sowing seeds of sight
so truth may take root

Trying to reap critical mass
so we may be free, alas

Mission

Centless and relentless,
I lobby for critical consciousness

I

Dived off the precipice,
hanging in the sky

Dying to live,
not ready to die

Five Oakland Nuggets

First little nugget:

After attending an event hosted by Critical Resistance, and giving my card to Angela Davis, I was in search of a bus to meet up with a woman I met on craigslist to smoke some medicinal herbs. As I was in search of a bus, I tried to offer my card to a woman who was walking in my direction. I said, “Excuse me.” She responded but kept walking, as if I were not trying to engage her. I stood and watched her walk, hoping she would turn around. She didn’t. I then said, “No eye-contact,” and proceeded to find a bus.

Fifteen seconds may have passed, when I heard her screaming at me. Just as I was nearing the curve, and preparing to cross the street, the woman began to charge at me. I braced for impact. She left two feet of space between us. She was yelling, “What do you want from me?” We were strangers involved in a confrontation. I reached for my pocket and asked, “Do you want poetry?” Her face froze, mouth shut and her sadness became visible. I offered her my card. I said, “Here, here, take it. It’s poetry. You’ve already yelled at me, just take it.”

With much hesitation, she took the card and informed me that her father had cancer and was dying. I understood that I was involved in her emotional breakdown. I wanted to hug her, but I was running forty-five minutes late for my weed date.

Second little nugget:

I joined a few attendees of Occupy Oakland to march in solidarity of... something. Once I realized that we looked silly, I decided to ditch it. On my way back, I was accompanied by three white folks, one of whom was a woman.

We were crossing the street when a middle-aged black man began to sexualize the physique of that white woman. He used a calm obtrusive tone, one that has become uncomfortably familiar to me. I felt my blood curl, and my tongue whipped that fool with words. I declared, “How dare you? You are too fucking grown to be acting this foolish.” Stuttin in his church tuxedo, he laughed, “You’re jealous I didn’t say anything to you.” I felt my fist clench. I stared at him the way your mother does when she wants to whip your ass, but chooses not to because of child protective services and a preference for non-violent communication.

Third little nugget:

Although I do not celebrate holidays, a Smith alum invited me to her Halloween party in Fruitvale. I had been freer and shorter on money, so I walked. As usual, I got lost. A pleasant woman gave me directions. We walked by Lake Merritt together, and she gave me three dollars in case I decided to take a bus.

It was about a two mile walk and an hour to midnight. If I stayed on International Boulevard and walked twenty-three blocks, I’d reach my destination just fine. I enjoy walking. It’s

the best way to get the lay of the land—and its people. About ten blocks in, I noticed women hanging on corners with clothing that did not match the cool evening breeze. I saw skimpy skirts, high heels, and trailing eyes. There were many of them.

Eventually, I arrived at my friend's residence. There was a bit of a crowd and audible music playing. Beautiful women were dancing and drinking. It was nice. I tried to get into the groove, but left after an hour. I couldn't switch realities quick enough to enjoy the party.

On my walk back to the Oscar Grant Plaza, I just watched little girls sell themselves. Two years ago, the sighting would have split my heart. By October 31st 2011, I had learned to accept the ugliness of this world

Fourth little nugget:

Transportation is one of the most taxing components of my travels. On my third day in Oakland, I was headed to the Ashby Bart station, when an old black man asked me, “gotta a quarter to spare?” He was sitting on a bench, waiting for the #12 bus. He had four missing teeth and a 5 piece suit on. I slowed my pace, “I’m looking for three myself,” I responded. I had a dollar on me, but riding the Bart to the Oscar Grant Plaza would cost \$1.75.

I was going to resume walking but he wanted to talk. “What church you going to,” he asked. I laughed, “None.” He shook his head, “god’s gonna get you.” I smiled, and said, “I am God.”

As for reaching my destination, I hopped the Bart. It was successful.

However, I have had less luck with the Bart. On October 25th, the day of the first raid and riot of Occupy Oakland, I decided to escape the madness prematurely. I was posted on 17th street when I made my way into the 19th street Bart station. It was vacant, unattended, and had a ghost-city vibe. I walked through the turnstile and there was the train. I didn't care for the direction; I just needed to vacate the premises.

Unlike New York's MTA, Bart requires that you present your fare twice. I transferred to another train and got off in West Oakland. It was about seven in the evening and along with the transit worker, there was a well-armed police officer. With all that I know about Bart cops and their trigger happy fingers, I got creative.

I walked directly up to the cop and the transit worker. I had my hands raised, when I said, "Please don't shoot, I lost my Bart Card!" The transit worker smirked, and the cop took himself more seriously. The transit worker requested that I pay \$5 for losing my card, irrespective of my ride cost.

I told her I was from New York, without money or plastic and unaccustomed to the double card show. Her face was full of doubt, "Let me see some proof, can I see your ID?" I showed her my New York EBT card, which has my face on it, and she let me go through the emergency exit.

Little victories...

Fifth little nugget:

I love food stamps. I mean, I love that food stamps permit me to purchase Synergy drinks and Luna bars. I was handing my EBT card to the cashier, when a fella began speaking with me: “Those are legitimate Vietnam boots, from the Vietnam War.”

His tone suggested I was clueless of this fact. I took my EBT card, my receipt, and tilted my head towards him: “Actually, I know.”

I am a foot soldier gunning imperial lies in the Empire—Amerikan military boots were essential.

gps

Directions: master self-hatred towards historical narcissism
isolation and depression will turn into pandemic blindness

take education road and logic lane to normalized
dehumanization make a right on privileged delusions, until
you reach planetary holocaust

Destination: Amerikan-Dream (Deferred)

*Rerouting destiny
searching signal*



Source: Personal Collection

Dear Sister-Nations

Amerikan patriotism is to Iraq, during neocolonialism, what the Victorian-woman was to the lynched Negro, during Jim Crowism; they endure a symbiotic relationship that perpetuates white paternalism.



I am standing on the *Mason-Dixon Line* of the world in 2011, and digging into these double-braided chains woven within and between nations. I, a queer negress of the north, am dislodging this crooked red-white-and-blue crown; just as southern white feminist, who were also abolitionist, disrobed their Victorian decorum in 1911.

How did my gaze take so long to link the bars between our cages? Black-on-Black crime in the Amerika's is the result of perpetual disenfranchisement; and the Sudanese killing each other in the hundreds of thousands is the result of being looted for centuries and left to slice crumbs. The west, the north, whatever they call themselves, in opposition to you, always find a way to make a profit—off of you. They'll strike a deal with a tribe of you and then drill into you and your land, for desired resources. Negroes in the north will nest in cell-blocks, lose voting rights, economic viability, and experience the systematic destabilization of the black population—to ensure disparity for cheap labor.

You, in Africa, come up on the news, and I never thought to think why it is I never hear of Switzerland, or Germany and

France, the way I hear of Rwanda, or Tibet and Palestine. It's sort of how I always hear of black men rapping, raping, b-balling, drug-slinging and HIV-passing; their female counterparts, such as myself, are designated Welfare-Queens and Jezebels who have hyperactive crack babies. To compliment these racially stigmatized beings, I'd hear of white women cloning DNA and white men flying to Pluto. I was so busy being the nigga of the USA, I didn't realize you—*neo-colonies, post-colonies, global south, developing-country, third-world*,—are the niggers of the world.

I apologize for my late arrival to these sets of truth.



Turned me into a white woman letting go of her man, and realizing that being an Amerikan means I am a benefactor of your oppression; and because our oppressions are interlocking, as long as I cling to my nation, I, too, will never be free.

Just as white lynch mobs would accuse the negro of rape, to protect their white woman; Amerika accuses you of terrorism, to defend our liberties. Just as Amerika hung, lynched and, on occasion, poured gas on the negro; Amerika hangs your nation with our military, lynches your self-governance, and pours democracy on you—as we loot your nation and its oil reserves.

My nation is the white man devaluing your currency to cheapen your labor, implanting factories in all of your homes; confiscating your farms and rivers because you signed away

your nations—hoping to feed them; and sending lynch mobs as troops to teach you *democracy* because you are a *terrorist*.



**I, a queer negress of the north,
speak as a white woman would during slavery and say:**

My heart is flooded with blood clots because I cannot loosen my own chains to remove yours. I am playing double-dutch with these shackles and trying to conceive of an epistemological discourse rooted in global emancipation.

*You, Iraqi woman, how many of your children has he killed?
Oh Yemen, I didn't know he transgressed your borders.
Afghanistan, he just wanted to know if he could take you.
Baby crying in the Congo, he has no need for you—yet.
Sisters Libya and Egypt, he will tease you with his soliloquy
of freedom—keep your legs closed.*

My indulgence of deliberate ignorance is no longer a source of solace. Amerika is a rhetorician of silence and its euphemisms, but my seeing eyes can now discern hypocrisy from the idiocy; and since I began employing language committed to *truth*, no matter how I ration my consonants, my tongue still bleeds. All the while, my hands are bound to the same chains draped around your nations. Despite feeling powerless, I will keep picking at these manacles and clutch sound with speech. As long as I exist within the Massa's house, I will not stop pounding these chains until they chip and crack—with all

means necessary—because my grandmother told me that her grandmother was a slave.

You see, I, a queer negress of the north, have woken up for twenty-one years happy to know there were no more slaves; and then I learn of you, I learned of the enslaved-nations. I feel like a white woman who has been complaining about her man asking her to trim his toenails, when black women have been kidnapped, robbed, pimped, and sold by my white man—my Amerika.

Although I am incapable of curing your subjugation, I will be your ally. As such, I will act with empathy and scrutinize our overseer. I will listen intently, I will contextualize my tone, and I will **name** what my **nation** does. I will consciously and persistently work to disown Amerikan entitlement and privilege myself to less of this world and its commodities, as an attempt to walk gently upon your fated neck.

Why, of course, applying my experiential knowledge is the least I can do. I happen to be well-versed on the sharp density of Amerikan-whiteness that rips my skin into puzzles. Even so, I must be honest. Sister-Nations, your burden is unfathomable to me. The weight of Amerika must induce scoliosis of the spine and soul. And ironically, for me, I am both Amerika's nigger and wife, simultaneously; but as the wife, I will denounce the muzzle of submission as Amerika dehumanizes your people—to expropriate your nation and enrich Amerika.

I will assume the capacity of a double agent and subvert the dominant Amerikan paradigm. I will keep record of Amerika's

tricks, so we may have language to articulate the progression of his transgressions. I will prepare for the day when we can stand together in our emancipation and be free of the white man and *his Amerika*. *Sisters, that day better be on the horizon—it is all that I am living for.*

In word & deed,
Zisa Aziza

note: nation is a synonym for the corporation.



Undercover

I'm an agent
for truth

A thought provocateur

My only agenda
is evolution

*“The only currency by which freedom
can be redeemed is conviction.”*

Birthing

consciousness
is contracting

but we have not
begun the labor

I Failed the Class

Six months after departing the Ivory Tower, I called a professor whom I appreciated, while attending Smith College. It was the Twenty-Second of November, and she was displeased with my final paper.

As far back as March, I had been trying to engage this particular professor about neocolonialism and the collapse of capitalism. No matter how often I tried, we were always short on time. I had sent her an email over the summer, and dropped by her office in September. She wasn't there, so I left my card and a note. I even sent a Facebook friend request.

I was unclear on why my attempted correspondence was unmet. I decided to call her.

This professor received a four-page final paper, when the suggested submission was ten pages. She told me that I had failed her class, while on the phone. She was taken aback by my request to receive a C-, which she granted. She thought I had taken advantage of her because professors are used to their most engaging students working the hardest in their class. I took the frank approach and told her that I could no longer engage the pretense of education. I told her it wasn't personal. Although she found my behavior to be flippant, I found her personalization of my behavior to be egotistical and unconstructive.

This woman and I shared many conversations about our fiat currency and the inevitable crash of the dollar. She even agreed

that a Bachelor's degree was only the beginning of the learning process. Her class supported that belief, and yet she was uninterested in all the imperial dots I was trying to connect. I suspect her being an untenured female professor of color complicated our understandings of one another. Ironically, if a white professor was not telling me transnationalism and globalization were liberating the third world, a black professor was expecting me to have some deep recognition for their trope in the Ivory Tower.

The conversation lasted twenty-three minutes and I only wanted to tell her that: "I was eager to know what she thought, as opposed to what she thought she could teach me"; but she wanted six more pages, and I want to deconstruct and rebuild the world.

"I was born dying to be free."

The Revolution

I wanted to attend,
but they were organizers

I am a dreamer,
creating destiny with intention

*I revolt in breath,
no need for camera crew*





Blind Hijack

If one wishes to denounce their economic and/or political system, how does unionizing and marching support their claim?

It appears that Occupy Oakland will not be deterred. Although there is no encampment, no known goal, dwindling attendance at the General Assembly meetings and sour media coverage, the movement is marching on. For reasons unknown to me, standing in solidarity with the Longshoremen and those who advocate for saving the schools is of high priority. Folks talk about it as if it were a strategy for some game of chess.

Hmm, perhaps unions represent a safety net that protects a specific set of people from the wickedness of capitalism—like money protects the rich. Last I recall, sweatshops, sex workers, and minimum wage workers didn't have unions. I believe pyramidal/hierarchal structures, of any form, need to collapse; and I certainly do not believe anyone should be exempt or protected because they are part of a sanctioned gang. In addition, I believe the Ports have had a negative impact on our environment and the health of Oakland's residents; which is why Occupy Oakland's participation in their union demands is inconsistent and problematic. As for the schools, we already know the No Child Left Behind Act, the tracking system, and bombardment of miseducation renders our children poorly attuned to reality.

Honestly, people just want to act—react. Many of the individuals with whom I spoke with made it explicitly clear that

efficiency, proactivity and responsiveness were not on their minds. It's funny, in a kids-gonna-learn-about-the-past-and-future-from-trial-and-much-error sort of way. I am certain Northface, REI, Coleman, Kelty, their affiliates and distributors have enjoyed an increase in their sales this season. ;-) Albeit that attending the occupation has felt like watching DNA evolve, I know it will happen; I am assured there will be rapid mutations.

“Trap the soul, and the mind will atrophy.”

The Dream

to convene with
witches and wizards

to concoct spells
that inspire the mind

to heal the soul
and remind humans we are divine

and collectively,
we will enact our destiny



“I believe the American Dream has been outsourced.”



Dear Popo:

Yo, it can't go down like this. Listen, I understand you have been trained to take orders, but these are profound times we are living in. I beg you to rest your weapon and not hold the line. You never got paid enough to protect an owners' property—with your life.

But really, the whole system will collapse, it must. The earth, humans, and the inept systems we have constructed must undergo intense transformations. When you protect the State, you behave like the ego would. You resist self-reflection and assume a state of defensiveness. Similar to humans, some individuals engage in self-masochism because they are unable to love themselves.

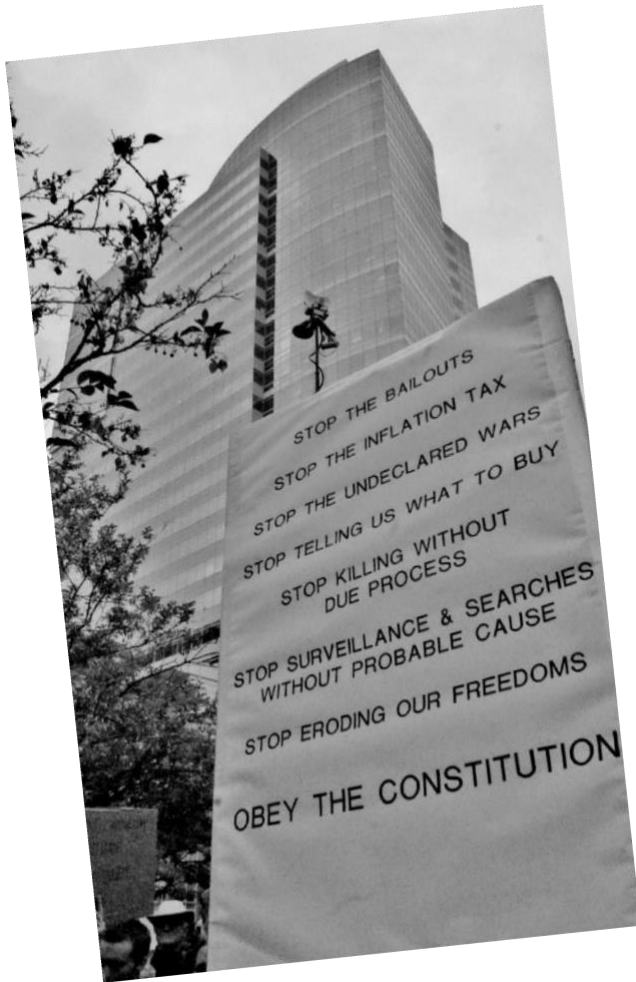
Because we are the 99%, and because we must work as one, I understand that I must love you. I must appeal to your higher-consciousness. My violent language will not persuade you to work for the liberation of the mind, the transformation of the soul, and to revoke a state of psychological colonization.

Although I understand that only love can propel us forward, there are many who will enact rage upon you. They will mistake your presence for that of the many systems of oppression they are experiencing.

I have no bid in this race, but I am begging you to subvert your agency. You do not have to engage your comrades in a violent manner. But if you must, I assure you this revolution will commence—it is destiny.

Blood does not serve this process, but if you wish to share yours, I am certain folks would love to have it.

Truly,
Zisa Aziza



Dance (Ass) by Big Sean Remix—Think: First Attempt

[Hook]

Think think think think think
Think think think think think
Think think think think think

Start...deconstruct the matrix

Get creative, get creative, get creative

[Hook Instrumental]

[Verse 1]

Abracadabra, minimimo
I'm st-staring at time, my watch ain't got digits
I got TV lies and lazy-ass minds, shit look like reality
How you free in the empire, but you live in a police state
Drop the pathology, make it fade
Take a clue, ain't much of the bullshit true
Tippy-tow, tippy-tay you gotta Wake up today
Tick tock, what you waiting for, begin today
Get a book and get to shovelin' some knowledge
The paint is chipping and the pipes are busted
We got paper money and golden dreams
You feeling submerged, 'cuz we sinking in wonderland
Don't shallow your breath, just use your voice
Bounce that sound, it's the truest

You the best you when you use your third eye
[Hook Instrumental]

[Verse 2]

Abracadabra, minimimo
Mind so blown, ‘Cuz I be thinking and booking
Radicalism is as revolutionary as Nonprofit organizations
Somebody point me to a hipster or a panther
Tell ‘em the future will shrink the ego and expand the heart
‘Cuz we been hanging in the empire, losing our souls for too
long
If you got an Amerikan dream, Amerika got chains and debt
—just for you
Buy sparkles and silicone and medicate your madnessssssss
Until you’re laid off and your home in foreclosure
And you finally realize you were addicted
To Imperial propaganda and satiating your narcissism
Now you got a temper and an enemy to blame
The corporations, the 1% and the politicians
Buster, get the crust out your eyes, and stop napping
9/11 was orchestrated by the Amerikan Government
Martial law is gearing up for the economic collapse;
Which was intentionally designed for the creation of chaos,
From which order will arise

[Hook Instrumental]

[Verse 3]

Yo, all my humans, all my humans
Bounce your thoughts, bounce your thoughts, bounce your
thoughts

All my humans, all my humans
Bounce your thoughts, bounce your thoughts

[Hook Instrumental]

Get creative! 'Cause we will survive.

Dear Future Lover/s:

Although we have yet to meet,
I know our love will be profound;
I look forward to our companionship.

-Z.

Bang, Bang --Our Bad

The day marked the one-month anniversary of Occupy Oakland. A German traveler and I were seated by the kitchen at Oscar Grant Plaza. It was a quarter to five p.m., and we both realized that the occupation had become intellectually understimulating. Almost seamlessly, after we plucked at why we were bored, we heard about six gun shots go off by the Bart entrance on 14th and Broadway. I had never been so close to gunfire. I felt very exposed. I didn't know if whether to run, or hide. With the media craze about lone gunmen and random shoot-outs, I just ducked behind a three-foot-high light-post structure.

I was anxious to run to the scene but waited. I found myself following news reporters and eavesdropping on their conversations. I eventually made my way to the scene of the shooting and decided to climb up a nonspecific structure. I couldn't believe I was watching a man be resuscitated, to no avail. With his body laid limp, I could not believe how the Occupy Oakland story was unfolding. I was in shock for the first twenty minutes, and then my cynicism came peeking through.

Just the evening before the General Assembly meeting had voted on some proposals relating to non-violence. People walked up to the microphone and proclaimed their reasons for being anti-violence, or pro-diversity of tactics, and anti-policing of each other, and whatnot. Ironically, we are used to voting for things, or demanding resolutions from our government, without contributing to the implementation and enforcement

of these processes; therefore, we did not address the culture of violence as a product of class and race disparities in Amerika. Violence is not a habit or a tendency, for some, it is a language—a familiar means to articulate one’s feelings. For such populations, a declaration of anti-violence is not convincing.



While on the note of violence, there are many who find violence, irrespective of one's race, gender and class, to be an intriguing and satisfying means of communication. At Occupy Oakland, we sometimes referred to them as white-anarchist; "white" is supposed to denote their privilege and identify it as their reason for engaging in violence. Initially, this was a topic about how privilege operates within the Occupy Movement. Admittedly, I was surprised that black-on-black gun violence was not equally ridiculed by the Queer/People of Color Committee. I say this because, on the day of the shooting, I personally saw packs of about ten to twelve people walking back and forth through the encampment. I felt the energy become tense and knew that a fight might erupt. I also knew that I was unequipped to deal with what became the death of a young man. I believed the shooting could have been an opportunity for Occupy Oakland to talk about accountability, intervention, and de-escalation.

Back to the political process, if the act of voting is assumed to possess automatic manifestation, we might need to rethink this logic. And when the residing encampment population consist of street kids, travelers, the homeless, the mentally ill, and the unemployed; while the General Assembly was facilitated and attended by organizers and folks who represented a higher socioeconomic and educational demographic, a split was formed. In short, there was insufficient integration of the encampment with the General Assembly. In addition, there was limited transparency and accountability because we did not have an inclusive and non-hierarchical system instituted for communication and peacekeeping.

Considering that we are unclear on the goal of this movement, our short-sighted vision may impede our ability to invest energy where it may be most needed. For starters, people seemed obsessed with being properly portrayed to the rest of the world, after all—“The World is watching Oakland.” This meant that we were not giving our utmost attention to our community that was physically present at the camp, the GA meetings, and in Oakland. The Queer/People of Color Committee were on a mission to become visible and appeared to want a hand written invitation to the *revolution*. I had not realized how often people can throw down “white privilege” and get so many immediate head nods and sudden commiseration. It seemed silly to witness those moments because I have a propensity to be tripping on Amerikan privilege/entitlement, which we are benefactors of; this, however, is a formerly nuanced, and currently, a deteriorating relationship.

More on visibility, the Black Panthers and those who hold them dear in their hearts could not resist the urge to remind people of history. I even saw Elaine Brown pop her face in for a news conference, just to show face. If people weren’t resurrecting the memory of the Black Panthers, people were comparing notes on how they were an original occupier; or, some folks just said they had been organizing in Oakland long before Occupy Oakland. As I watched people argue and strive for difference, the spectacle felt blasphemous.

At the epicenter of the political component of Occupy Oakland were the schools, as Oakland is losing five; the prison movement, which is working hard on contesting and

minimizing gang in-junctions, which have enabled cops to occupy prisons by occupying the hoods; and the International Longshore Warehouse Union were unionizing.

People needed momentum and Occupy Oakland had world news coverage: Michael Moore spoke unintelligently about nothing we didn't know at the Oscar Grant Plaza; Angela Davis rallied people at the General Strike; and Cornel West met with the Queer/People of Color Committee to share his ears and words. I didn't know filmmakers and professors were going to be on the bulletin for this revolution; but if we need added levity for publicity, they'll suffice.

After a month of watching time play out, I do not believe people have grasped that we have a fiat currency and a looted financial system—a sinking titanic situation. I don't think people are realizing that the future, unlike the past, holds the tools for the New World. And unlike past revolutions, we cannot choose to confront our most conspicuous systems of oppression, while ignoring its inextricable relationship to colony, capital, and capitalism.

Ultimately, we take them all on, as one, at once—henceforth.

A Meeting

time spoke with the clock

they realized that their artificial
relationship was unsustainable

the hour hand offered
to recuse itself

on behalf of the cosmological
interference and quickening of *time*

“I am a poet who weaves what I breathe.”

history

colonization
nation
corporation
privatization
globalization

created this situation

Strike-Out

Perhaps I am odd, but Rihanna is not an artist I would play at a General Strike. I would have thought to play Gil-Scot Heron; but when the revolution feels like a festival, it might as well be televised.

Although my feelings towards Occupy Oakland have been disconcerting, I understand what is occurring. The day before the General Strike, there were some folks on the microphone saying: “no jobs, no peace.” There was talk about the lack of jobs resulting in higher rates of violence in the community. I also noticed that the word “deserve” was mentioned, on numerous occasions.

While marching in line, I felt people’s exhilaration. I suppose walking the streets with fellow humans can arouse joy. For some, getting out of the house and doing something political might feel like a day well spent. And for many, the solution to poverty and prisons might be good schools and good jobs.

Even so, I am unclear on who we have identified as the *enemy*—this time. So, no more terrorists, it’s the 1%? I’ve also heard some name the enemy “capitalism,” but by their usage of the term, it sounded like corporations. Regardless, it has become evident that folks have this externalized idea of an amorphous system that is responsible for our decreasing quality of life; and if the 1% could just share the wealth, all will be hunky-dory.

Honestly, it bereaves me to watch those who inhabit the empire become so willfully inebriated off of their own ignorance. Jobs and schools won't cure destitution in Palestine or get Amerikan soldiers and weaponry out of countries invaded on our behalf—for the preservation of our liberties, so goes the tale.

To behold the presence of naïve victory by masses unaware of how daunting a future we have, is excruciating. The Amerikan entitlement that we politely ignore, will rear its head from here on forth. After all, there is no such thing as solidarity with the Occupy Movement in other nations, if our very existence and our political and economic aspirations necessitate the oppression and repression experienced in the global south.

Personally, I can only stand in solidarity with a movement, or *revolution*, that is rooted in love, founded upon self-education, and equipped with a global lens—otherwise, we will succumb to blindness.



*“We are witnessing the germination of a revolution,
and every forest begins with a flower.”*



Traveler

I am a leaf in the wind,
landing where the breeze
will permit me to wander

*No matter the direction,
leaves get caught on branches*

I wait on the wind,
trusting its velocity
to spin me free again



“The American flag is the Confederate flag of the world.”

The Box

is fading

time faints
the lines

outlines
will fail

embrace
the space

draw
the future





“Activate the divine within you, and shine it like the sun.”





Earthlings

The crust will shudder
oceans will whip

The sky will crack
and ashes will rain

Just remember:

This form
is impermanent

Language

“Life is an experiment of consciousness, expansion is best.”

English is an oppressive language. English is a tool of colonization, for populations and for the mind. It has historically been used by colonialists, missionaries, and capitalists when they occupy foreign lands. It is used to define the confines within which we exist and understand how we cannot exist.

Some tools cannot be unused, but one can be subversive in the utilization of language.

Our language seems to favor binaries of good and bad. The landscape of possibility that ought to be broad has been reduced into two boxes. For example, you are either with us or against us; you are progressive or conservative; straight or gay; black or white; tall or short; fat or thin; smart or dumb; pretty or ugly, and the list is endless.

Spectrums are amazing and allow for conscious action that is not solely offensive or defensive. Sometimes when we are consumed by “the other” we forget there is a horizon of truth and ingenuity that can enable us to become responsive. If we understand that language is a framework, we can be aware of its inherent constraints because that framework is derived from an oppressive system.

An example of this framework is illustrated by the: “us against them,” that would be the 99% against the 1%. Are we rivals now, the rich against the poor? Are we “occupying” land

because that is all we know? It seems that colonization and gentrification hasn't taught us much. And who said being visible to the zombie masses was enough to get the revolution started. I mean, who controls the media? Not I, not you, then who?

What are we doing???

We did not land in this reality by happenstance, and we won't get out of it by sitting in tents, or speaking to reporters.

Think.



Trick or Truth (Occupy Oakland General Strike)

A General Strike can be a source of contention. Considering that many folks are unemployed and many, who are employed, have limited job security, can this be too great a risk too soon? What socio-economic dynamics are we not addressing amongst ourselves?

I am also unclear about the intention of this action. Are we making demands of a capitalistic system that is inherently opposed to human rights? It feels rather reactive.

If a child is not granted all their desires and needs, they may choose to have a temper tantrum. When children misbehave, they are met with quick resolutions. Sometimes they get candy, or a later bedtime, or more allowance. But if the child has abusive sadistic parents, like capitalism, temper tantrums may be rewarded with lashes of greater despair.

The *truth* is, this system, democracy and capitalism, has no answers for us. The future demands that we ask less of these decrepit entities, and more of ourselves and our neighbors. This begins with us accepting that we enable capitalism to perpetuate itself. Understanding how pivotal a role consumerism plays in prolonging the life span of capitalism can be fruitful. Lastly, having a General Strike on Día de los Muertos may not feel inclusive to Latino communities.





Percentages & Accountability

I am concerned that we are forgetting the rest of the world. I understand that this notion of the 99% is supposed to galvanize us around a shared enemy—the Corporations. And although this is well intended, our Amerikan standard of living is rooted in the oppression of the third world—the Global South.

This movement is a revolution of consciousness. For this revolution to occur in a manner that accounts for everyone's existence, and everyone's history, we must become educated on how the Amerikan dream was formulated. We must be open to learning how we may contribute to another person's oppression—irrespective of our socioeconomic class, race, gender identity, citizenship, sexual orientation, physical ability, etc.

*We bear chains around our ankles and we have been tripping
all over each other for quite some time.*

The Amerikan dream is a comprehensive life idea that many believe they are entitled to. This dream pertains to affordability and accessibility. Many things that are cheap and affordable have been imported from nations that are indebted to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. As for oil, countries are invaded under the pretense of terrorism for the monopolization of petroleum, which affords us “cheap oil”.

**99% of 5% (Amerika) will not change the world.
100% of 100% will manifest the New World.**

I cannot reiterate how imperative it is for this movement, this (r)evolution, to embody a global lens. If we do not become critically conscious of our lives and how we affect one another, this revolution will be stalled.

"We"

the 99 percent,
got 99 problems
and 99% of us
gotta work thru
99 of them as 1

The Movement

1. Occupation + Colonization
= Corporation
2. Nation + Globalization
= Neocolonization
3. *Occupation* = Dissociation
4. Decolonization + Reeducation
= Liberation
5. Unification, or Annihilation



"Reclamation is proclamation."



“Hella Occupy” Posters

It’s a beautiful marketing phrase. I understand that folks are used to purchasing slogans and believe that’s their contribution to the revolution. This is nonsense. This movement, this revolution, does not have space for that.

We have an enormous task ahead of us. This journey has just begun. We must deconstruct and reconstruct this world. Yes, we and the world must form a new relationship. Humanity and Earth must renegotiate the terms of their coexistence.

- If you think this is just a few bad years on Wall Street, please, think a lot longer and harder.
- If you find that your life has not yet been directly affected by the slow crumble of our empire, please, just wait a bit longer.
- If you believe that you have saved up enough money, have retirement, perhaps a decent 401k and are exempt from the future collapse of our economic system, please, WAKE UP—*now*.

This is not a fad we are experiencing; this is the demise of a false reality. I suggest we think critically about what kind of world we want to live in, because this world will not last.

Evolve or perish,
Those are the options.



"Freedom cannot be conquered, it must be rediscovered."





"We are laying the first brick of a new house—a new world."



Rename the Movement—So we may move forward as ONE

The word *occupation* may not feel welcoming or sympathetic to communities that are being occupied by our nation; such as, Puerto Rico, Guam, American Samoa, Northern Mariana Islands, United States Virgin Islands and Palestine [the occupation of Palestine is funded by the US Government and its Corporations].

*If we strive for radical inclusivity,
we must acknowledge and consider every person's history.*

In addition, I believe we should replace “Occupy” with “Decolonize.” I feel this is fitting because it simultaneously addresses our current state of colonization and our collective need to work our way through rediscovering all that has been distorted and stolen.

Lastly, the word “**Decolonize**” is a synonym for the **decentralization** of accessibility and **deprivatization** of resources. Semantics can get tricky, but the only difference between *colonize* and *privatize* is our current economic system; which has been instituted to justify the monopolization of our Earths’ riches.

Decolonize the Mind
Decolonize Oakland
Decolonize Amerika
Decolonize Earth
Liberate Consciousness



Intentions for the Revolution

Because our current economic structure, and all for-profit systems, must collapse in order for new systems to be built in accordance with the resources on this planet, we must begin educating ourselves on how to create a new toolbox for our future.

Acceptance is the first step.

We must accept that our current existence is unsustainable.

We need to have a very serious dialogue about the privatization of water. This is something that we must come together and discuss and agree that no one can own water—**no one**. The premise of profiting off of water is most heinous.

Food, shelter, and healthcare are essential needs that we must learn to meet. I suggest that we begin turning parks and rooftops into gardens. We need to buy organic and heirloom seeds, as Monsanto is out to kill us and make us utterly dependent upon their corporation.

Housing will necessitate a Squatters' Movement. This movement will be resourceful by working with owners, lawyers, banks, and the police department. If we are the 99%, we have a variety of skill sets, access and agency, along with different knowledge foundations to assist our fellow comrades.

Healthcare shares a direct correlation to food. If we can feed ourselves better, we can get some control on obesity, diabetes, cancer, etc. We need to become self-educated on nutrition and

homeopathic healthcare. Modern medicine treats symptoms; we will learn to heal the body.

Populations we must reach out to:

Cops and transit-workers are crucial comrades.

Cops are used to enforce the wishes of the corporation and to protect the property of the state. Transit workers can provide mobility. If mobility is granted and spaces left unpatrolled and unguarded, we can gather. Those who are unemployed have some free time. During this time, we can mobilize in open spaces and start sketching our future. This will require that we attend to the massive learning curve that has flourished due to capitalism. We must engage one another with ideas and hopes and dreams because our future requires that we all contribute to the possibilities of tomorrow.

**Decentralization of all systems is inevitable—
the sooner, the better.**

The future may not include cities and towns as we know them to be. The future may have communities and villages that are self-sustainable. Currencies will have to change. Trading and barter systems will bridge us together.

As capitalism sinks, will we build a raft? We are in this together.

**one planet,
one people,
one home.**

*“Old paradigms cannot serve our New World
—human is human.”*

Optimize

Downloading cosmic data
Reconfiguring reality

downloading
downloading

Simplistic existence
Is evolutionary resistance

Corrupt data
ERROR, error

downloading
downloading

Dimensional shift
In high gear

Data must be integrated
Reprogramming the mind

downloading
downloading

System upgrade
In-progress

Tactics and Roles

for some,
concussions are lectures

for others,
love is the manual

[as] Martial [becomes] Law

will we watch freedom soar
as liberties leave our shore

Wallet Activism

Cents for some sense
A dollar for an idea

Ain't enough cash
To buy our future

Critical thought for free
Shoplift a theory

Plant it like a tree
Please, oh please, must I plea

We got jungles of possibility
That have not found soil

“I jump off cliffs and land on stars.”

My Love Affair

The road first enticed me at the age of seven. I was a child wanting to be loved, and home was fresh out of kindness. I packed my school bag one evening and set off for my cousins' house. A little round brown girl walking through the projects, no one even made eye-contact. But, I do remember the dogs that barked as I passed by.

At eight, I ran off to find love in my father's house, on his continent. Nigeria was a stop that taught me too much, too soon, and for too long. A month before I became a teenager, I ran back to the States and found that home is where love never found sun to sprout.

At fourteen, the road and I were forced onto each other. We spent three years at odds with one another. At seventeen, the Ivory Tower seemed like the best route. At twenty, I wanted out.

After summer, I threw myself in the sky and landed on a farm in Argentina. Three full moons passed, and I knew I had to stop running. I hovered over clouds with ten dollars in my wallet. I never cared for Thanksgiving, but I was glad to be home. For three seasons and a birthday, I stayed local. Fall came, and I was convincingly dragged back into the Ivory Tower.

I finally accepted that I must sit-with and understand that which inflicts agony upon my soul. I have learned that I afford people and institutions the ability to affect me. I am learning how to reduce impact—how to become free.

In my search for liberation, I toured towers of indoctrination. Upon my last days in the Ivory Tower, I felt that I had completed the matrix maze.

*At twenty-two, I felt the phoenix within
let the last limb become ash.*

The start of summer,
I began to rise

I am rising
I am rising

You may not see me,
but I am lifting;

getting higher
and lighter

*I am gripping the road with the palms of my soul—take me,
take me, and ravish me with possibility. Lead me to who I am
meant to be. I only ask that you bring company.*

Align

spare your spine
and step out of line

no need for a group cosign
we have passed the deadline

these times are not benign
entropy is the design

permit your soul to untwine
so we may manifest the divine

Who, but I?

Twenty years, all seasons
I nursed my narcissism

In my 21st year,
my drunken ego
had lost its way at night

Lonely and hurt,
I sobered my senses
and surrendered my stupor

I let smiles act shy
and tears drip for attention;
giggles were rare,
but honesty was splendid

Notes from an Emancipated Soul: #4

Dear Christianity:

I was damned with seeing eyes and an appetite for truth;
forgive me for knowing I was born saved.

Autopilot

fight,
flight
or
insight

school coffers

line them with money
and they will sell you
lies twisted with honey

pay, you blind bunny
for your Amerikan dream
with all your money

aspiration

to *live* life
as if it were
a subversive manifesto

Notes from an Emancipated Soul: #3

Dear Ego:

You and I have maintained a steady co-dependent relationship. Our relationship has prolonged my evolution. I am, at present, recognizing the toxic patterns we have formed. I will let space grow between us. It will suit my future.

Book-riders

One day you will have to think

Book-riders

Class will last so long

Book-riders

Thoughts are ink

Book-riders

Spell your future

Book-riders

School will soon be out of commission



That Which Is A-Coming [@ Occupy Portland]

About this next revolution, the one rising within us all, we have to keep the collective in mind. And, by “collective,” I mean the planet Earth and all of its inhabitants. We cannot get Amerika back, or the delusion of its greatness; for it was never a fraction of its advertisement.

We must contribute to the cross-pollination of ideas to sustain our future. We may have to lower our standards of living. We may have to depend on our neighbors and begin to create infrastructures for housing, food, homeopathic healthcare, energy, education, etc. We may have to depend less on federal, state and local agencies and more on our fellow humans. We may have to terminate consumer-relations with many corporations, and build their substitutes with our own minds and hands.

We cannot engage in violence.

*Only love, compassion, and ingenuity will assist in our
[r]evolution.*

We may realize that we live in a country of abundance and that if we share, we can help each other ride rougher times to come. *Houses* in foreclosure that are not rented, and abandoned property, should be squatted in with the permission of the owner. *Food* that is thrown out by any establishment should always be set in the dumpster in a clean manner—dumpster diving is effective. We need to learn how to give instead of sell. We can all stand to have less material items. We can directly

work to reduce the gap between the poor and rich by sharing our belongings.

This revolution does not look to old systems for new solutions. Instead, we will live as powerful beings deeply aware of our own greatness. We must all learn how we may individually and collectively work to facilitate the transformations we all desire! Lastly, this revolution happens at work, at home, in the mirror, and around the clock. This revolution demands that **we change our lives.**

In word and deed,
Zisa Aziza

Guerrilla Consciousness

Twist sound into verse,
keep the frequency high

Vibrations will synchronize,
and the *new world* will arise

Who has the Right to What?

I, too, find the yuppie take-over of historically non-white and/or low-income neighborhoods to be problematic. But if I may say, there seems to be this idea of educated white mobs financing a neighborhood heist. I would first like to suggest that perhaps currency inflation, the increase in the cost of living, and the absence of affordable housing are reasons as to why folks of a higher income level are occupying neighborhoods once foreign to them.

As for this gentrification movement that is occurring everywhere in Amerika, has anyone else thought about how this land is not ours. Yes, what has that got to do with the fact that poor folks of color are being pushed out of their communities? We need to contextualize and historicize how these communities acquired its members. The Great Migration, redlining, white flight, urbanization and segregation are some of the contributing factors. It can be dangerous to conflate the product of our economic system with simplistic notions of racism and white entitlement.

Might I add that gentrification is a domestic version of colonization? Before man made money a requirement to survive, colonialists would outright take the land. We all celebrate this during Thanksgiving, it's a national holiday. Sometimes small pox is used, or just hiking up the rent to astronomical prices. In rare cases, such as the occupation of Palestine, which is funded by Amerika, the self-entitled state of Israel just bombs poor folks of color on a routine basis. An even more insidious method for a take-over would be the

practice of the IMF and World Bank lending loans to post-colonies and hiking up interest rates to levels that are insurmountable. We call this globalization, it's one of the ways we get factories into these countries and have access to cheap goods, foods, etc.

I can't help but think that white yuppies and Amerika are analogous to one another. Perhaps the thing that native Amerikan reservations, gentrified neighborhoods, Gaza, and sweatshops have in common is that they all interact with a capitalist system that is diametrically opposed to human rights?

But if we keep talking about white yuppies as spoiled brats who appropriate lands undeserved to them, without discussing the malignant existence of our economic system, we fail to examine the depth of our economic disease. And how might we create a proper cure if we perpetually misdiagnose gentrification as a product of racism?

“Freedom cannot be prescribed by a society committed to colonizing the mind; any time spent awaiting this antithetical event hinders our collective evolution.”

Dear Troy Davis

I understand that you have been put down? Folks have been making a lot of ruckus about you. I suppose being behind bars for twenty years is not as sensational as being intravenously murdered. Please forgive my tone, in advance, but you were an explicit product of a system built broken. Whether you killed that policeman or not, your treatment had nothing to do with justice. When the “freest nation” has the highest rate of incarcerated people behind privatized bars in the world, expecting anything less than what became of you would be unintelligent. But when folks chant peace, liberty and justice from facebook, iphones and twitter, you represent a strange glitch in the Amerikan justice system.

The same people hooked on dreams about democracy that have yet to materialize, fail to wonder how we, Amerika, are invading and engaging in genocidal assaults against many nations of the middle east—and elsewhere, many of which are covert. Questions surrounding the activities of COINTELPRO, the assassination of MLK, Malcolm X, JFK and the million dollar ransom on Assata Shakur are not of mainstream concern.

This is to say, the Department of Defense, CIA, FBI, NSA and the Police Department are instruments of the Military and Prison Industrial Complex; and neither of these entities exist for the pursuit of liberty or justice.

And when we ignore skies that rain bullets on innocent folks afar, we are, sometimes, struck by stray bullets. Most of the time, folks just bleed their whole lives. But you, Troy Davis,

found the bullet to be fatal. And because we live in a world that undermines the slow death many of us endure, your activists only changed their facebook status when you were put down—after all those years.

Some even said it was because you were black. As if living in a racist patriarchal society can be extricated from false doctrines, like constitutional rights, and a capitalist structure that has commodified race—and privatized prisons.



Dear Neighbor,

Please end your scuffle with the mirror, particularly because you are mistaking my face for yours. I understand this world is cruel, and the days heavy. But the sooner you gaze into your own soul, the sooner you will be whole.

Notes from an Emancipated Soul: #2

Dear Fellow Human:

I can accept your misdirected rage and I refuse to return it to you. I can sit with the ache you attempt to form in my heart, and let you know that I will not feed the madness this world has made us crave. I may not yet be able to embrace you, but I will impart compassion—to the best of my ability.



Why Do You Think You Are So Free?

This was the question my Major Adviser of five years asked me, during a coffee date, within three days of my departure from the Ivory Tower. The question was in regards to how I handled a professor-student relationship that led me to believe that my professors' behaviorism was less than benevolent, and not so sisterly. To reduce my state of confusion, and to become clear on whether she was flirting with me, be it intentionally or her subconscious, I asked her how she wished to proceed. When confronted with a direct question about the matter, she apologized and said she did not mean to send mixed signals. In just a few days, the matter was cleared up.

Irrespective of the context, he was also vocalizing a question I had seen in his eyes from the first day I sat in his Introduction to African-American Studies Class. At that time, I was seventeen, impressionable and hungry for anyone to idolize. He would mention things in class that only he I could smirk on, inside jokes. He would tell me that if he and I were in graduate school, we would have been great friends—with the classroom as an audience. The man who was questioning the ways in which I exercised my agency was once my role model.

Five years later, I found that the world had contorted and delayed his self-actualization; for how could a man teaching about Black History in the Ivory Tower utter such a string of words—to *me*. This very man had instructed minds for over a decade and he, himself, had remained his own prison guard. This fact was sad, but his role as a professor intensified the sadness. As he drank iced tea, and I chai, I couldn't help but

feel that he was projecting his own insecurities and an inability to directly confront matters which caused him stress.

I then thought of the two classes he taught each semester for ten, or more, years. I then thought about the twenty to thirty students he fed ideas to. And then, I felt overwhelmed by melancholy.

It was in that moment that I lost respect for accolades.

“I often feel that I am from a different galaxy; transported by accident and searching for similar aliens in this dimension.”

In Order To Be:

let thought rein free
so we may become free

Collision Course:

War
Debt
Famines
Petroleum
Capitalism
Deforestation
Consumerism
Nuclear meltdowns
Water Contamination
Genetically Modified Foods
Environmental Dead Zones

Inevitable:

The annihilation of Planet Earth and its people

WAKE UP

and unplug

While you can,

WAKE UP

For the crash has begun

WAKE UP

and unplug

While we can...

Dear Twin Towers

Tomorrow is your ten year commemoration. And, I just wanted to take this moment to ask how the fall felt. Did those two planes, that were remotely hijacked, really make you crumble into dust? I mean, why did people hear explosions? People say you were flown into because people hate our freedoms. Ironically, ever since you defied the laws of physics and fell like a building rigged with explosions, we seem to have lost many liberties. But really, *freedom of speech* ain't the real thing no more. People live in grave fear these days.

We are stripped and searched every time we try to fly. There's this thing called the *Patriot Act*, it was instituted because you fell. Sadly, it has invalidated Amerika's constitution. They say it's for our protection. But even when I get on trains in New York, they say we can be *searched at random*. I feel so confused because I don't know what they are looking for. I mean, I know you came down with bombs, but why would anyone want to bomb a train? Is it just me, or does this seem like a clever way to pacify the masses?

I often feel that people believe that your falling was the greatest Amerikan tragedy. I wonder, you know? I've heard that Iraq became a missile target. I've heard that Amerika invaded Pakistan, Afghanistan, parts of Yemen and elsewhere. I even heard that Amerika has murdered over a million civilians because two buildings fell—mysteriously. Yeah, the *9/11 Commission Report* doesn't make too much sense—it's a lovely tale though.

To be honest, I wonder how your cousin, **WTC 7**, on 250 Greenwich Street fell. I don't recall any planes hitting other buildings. And yet, that forty-seven story building fell just like you did. I suppose we could test the debris to perform a proper autopsy. However, your dust has vanished. I wish I could indulge in the commemoration many Amerikans will partake in tomorrow, but the events of that day have left me puzzled.

Cheat Sheet

i went to the sun
and peered down
through the millenniums

i found that time
had been impaled
by rage

the kin of fear,
and genesis of
endless tragedy

upon my return,
i discovered love
to birth consciousness

Call To The Dead

Hendrix: the castle is sinking into the sea, and yet no one can see.

Jackson: you were one of few looking into the mirror, amongst the many who tug blighted crystals.

Shakur: this torturous world is against us all, and you were never alone.

Lorde: we have adopted silence and use the master's tools to slit our tongues.

Zinn: A People's History should inspire individuals to be the architects of their future, not readers uncommitted to practice.

Freire: we have lost introspection and devalued the critically inquisitive mind that does not pursue knowledge for education, but for liberation.

Hughes: I live in a raisin nation with folks who are dream sore—no need to read folklore.

Butler: this world has made a habit of idolizing other men, while folks wait their whole lives for change.

Redding: I've been telling folks that change is gonna come, but they swear all days stay the same.

Baldwin: I feel the fire coming and I am pleading that we save water to ensure our future.

Simone: we got a spell put on us by the church, schools, and mass media—can you sing it away?

Marley: the sheriffs will keep shooting us unless we reclaim the deputy—our psyche.

Lennon: both, those clever and foolish, have become working class heroes and learn to smile as they kill.

Wells: the lynching's no longer call for ropes and trees, we now have propaganda and our military.

Holiday: the strange fruits of our day hang from trees grown in soil near and far away.

Tubman: you who guided the enslaved to freedom on late night trains, would not imagine how time has multiplied our chains.

Hemmings: we, too, suckle the love of our slaveholder, our Amerika.

“Do not put time on layaway—LIVE.”

Day Dreaming in the Tower...

the difference between you and I is:
you'd rather kneel than fly,
rather crawl than leap,
rather whisper than scream

you don't get the rage
in my throat
because you are blinded
by your lack of thought

I only wonder
if you hear
the echoes of your
unfound thoughts

Candid Patron

we killing
we dying

clock ticking
we stay lying

who we tricking?

not them, but I
watch us die

“Stop quoting the dead and just live the words they wrote.”

The Heist

to redeem
the mind

and merge it
with the soul

uncoded

spiritually deprived,
into sound i have dove

Cell-shifter

a spiritual fugitive
dancing between the bars
humming freedom songs
and passing ciphered truth

*if you hold the rhythms in your mind,
many keys will take root*

Sleepers

let us dream,
those awakening,
in this nightmare

how old is you?

women love to ask
i smiles, and say i's a baby,
but an elder at soul

messenger

your planet is imprisoned

i was sent to tell you
that you must break free

hurry, time ain't what it used to be

Epilogue

When my eyes were unused
My hurting had me bruised

Ready to go out guns blazing
Fightin' for the pained underdog

Blindness is a great fog
But I been sipping on love

Finding dots and making bridges
Tryin' to get folks to crossover

We so bent on difference
We dyin' within the margins

Holding tight, this **my** plight
What's familiar must be right

An old thought, same ol' rhetoric
Ain't getting us much further

We in a deadlock, running circles
Got calendars getting confused

'Cuz our catchphrases are misused
And our non-walking talk got us mused

We be romanticizing the past
Making love to legacy

This worship of history is type necrophilic
Got me feeling soul-sick, but it look mad idyllic

I be wondering, where this world goin'
Who gonna step out of line?

Who gonna wave the love flag,
Say bleeding ain't worth the slogan swag?

Memorandum

Centuries past-due on our evolutionary postmark
We must declare this day lodged by bookmark
For mediocrity has become a universal trademark

The Hype

ad's love to beguile you
unlived ideas are instead worn
don't get taken, trends will trim you

75% off your soul

Onward

That which is reactive is retroactive
Anything less than truth is radioactive

Stage

thoughts had her mind bloat
brain cluttered, she wrote
working hard, staying remote
words scratched her throat
she found a pitch, and kept the note

A Sighting, and Our Passing

During the course of my journey, I have visited D.C. a total of three times. On my first arrival in June, I was in town for a single evening. A fellow Smith alumna, who I had lost touch with for two years, welcomed me to visit her. So we took to town and visited Tryst, a café that turned into a bar lounge around dusk. I tried to muster some team motivation, but I was exhausted. As we exited, I felt like I was dropped into a furnished city at an hour past midnight. I saw all sorts of folks walking about. Many dressed with the sparkles and glimmer of young attorneys; and those escaping the service industry just looking fresh to the nines. There were many worlds streaming pass one another and successfully dodging eye-contact. In the midst of this movie set tone, I spotted a black male dwarf. He was in stained clothing, with very heavy sadness. He was presumably homeless and floated by folks who rendered him ghost-like.

I had never contemplated the way a person would live in this world as a little-person. I have felt short most of my life, and I am 5’8. This fellow was about 4’2. How would he even begin to deconstruct his reality: a little black male who lives on the streets, who listens to him? What book can I venture into to understand the multifaceted comprehension his wrestle with oppression, dehumanization, and invisibility would necessitate? Watching him walk in between and through these discordant worlds, was excruciating for me. I felt powerless in the agony I felt on his behalf—I’m an empath. I didn’t know if whether to offer him some food with my food stamps, or to give him a hug. Implementation of either felt futile. Gripped by that sight

only made me cringe for a soft surface to lower my powerless temple. I knew that his pain was out of my reach, and yet I took it with me.

The second time we saw each other in July, it was midday and he was just hanging around 7-Eleven. I still felt pain when I passed him, but I could handle it this time, unlike a month ago. It was upon our third encounter in August, after an evening of great travels for green vegetation across town and back, by foot in D.C., that we encountered one another in front of 7-Eleven. However, on this occasion, it was just he and I on that street block around two in the morning. In that moment, I decided to love him. I gave him all the love I could exude in a single smile, with my eyes beaming my arms around his being. I felt the exchange, and I knew he received my love. With a few steps between us, I had to get one more sight of him. As I turned to see a silhouette of his frame highlighted by the street light, his head was turned towards me, as he walked away. I no longer felt powerless. I sensed a bit of relief in his stare. Perhaps he knew that I saw him, perhaps he knew that I cared.

I loved him for persevering in the wretched moments this infant world configures for its members.

Love is my tool.

Love is my defense.

Love is my potion.

Love will commence.

Deem

I'll forgo the dream
for a proper scheme

Nothing too supreme
just a love theme

*“Humanism has little to do with idealism;
it’s an aversion for global cataclysm.*

Dis’ World

I been here many times before
Left because this world I abhor
Every time I be back we at war
I just ain’t fit to return soul sore

Dis’ time I gotta swallow all the pain
Find what lessons I must gain
‘Cuz this my last dance with the insane
I’m here to let truth and love ordain

But I can’t do it solo
I need folk who can let go
And let their souls glow
‘Cuz this world gots to grow

Lovers

My heart is an uncharted sea
Many women come and visit
Most say they like what they see

When I welcome them to swim
Between my heartbeat and thru my veins
They quit wanting me on a whim

They tell me the beats too fast
And the veins keep expanding
They worry my love could be too vast

It was hard feeling women deboard so premature
I began to think I was too deep for a shallow world
I now believe I'm allergic to a woman's lure

For I know it hurt too much to watch women leave
As soon as I parted parts of me for their eyes to see
Too many years of me lost because I was naive

I'm now waiting for women who can love me whole
No more tourists peeking at my love's forest
But a woman who can swim, can taste my soul

*"Some folk collect words, some write 'em, and few, very few,
live what they write."*

Existential Memory

Amazon out the womb
compelled to bloom

In spite of doubts loom,
due to truths that I must exhume

For love is all we need consume
and oneness we shall assume

Virtualization

We are passengers
riding a metaphysical vehicle
in this simulated reality

It's only a game;
fear, anger, and greed
are levels to move beyond

And if we misplay,
we die, and press *reset*;
but, we'll be back another life

The hope is to evolve
with each simulation
and, eventually, ascend

evolution.

i ain't no prophetess
i just got the impetus
to speak 'bout equitas
'cuz silence is calamitous

*“We be turning pebbles into planets and forget we ain't the
only ones rotating in this galaxy.”*

Smoke Signals

i gots a fire brewing within my soul and my skin is singed
if you see smoke in the night, please know i'm beckoning you
towards me
come, come— i said come; i cannot stand to burn alone
let's set trails ablaze and watch worlds form from our ashes

Birdies In The Wind

we got skies to fly
but the mind is barred

wings drape, feathers fall
fear got us tumbling in the sky

east, west, we going *South*
'cuz this world got us gulled

these wings are fated to flap
but no bird can be made to fly

*"I wanna taste the world with my skin
and share the flavors in words."*

Sight

Remove the sty from your unseeing eye
And activate your third eye
Because reality is awry

Missed the Jar

I know a woman who cried over spilling honey
She doesn't care for jewels or money
But the tears came running when she saw that honey
Spread on the ground, wasted, and it wasn't funny

Molasses and sorghum are sweet, too
But honey *is* funny because it's sacred
Accidents are inevitable but she knew
The bees are dying and the honey was wasted

While scraping the honey off the ground on her knees
She thought to give the honey back to the bees
If the Universe can give it once, it can give again
The lesson was arcane but her labor was not in vain

"We must let love persevere for our collective survival."

humbled.

nothing mumbled
soul tumbled
mind stumbled,
but i'm humbled

“Vulnerability is a path to humility.”

A Fool's Rhyme

is rigid and obtuse
because their ears are waxed,
their minds atrophied,
but they are clever
with thoughtless letters

*“This world is diseased and we are all bearing infected
psyches; it is through loving each other that we can assist in
curing the terrors of this crooked world.”*

“Compassion is an effective substitute for fear.”

Ivy Degree

Took a stab at the Amerikan Dream
And went to the Ivy League
Sittin’ in a 50k classroom felt like blasphemy
Couldn’t feed the hype, I was trippin’ on spiritual fatigue

My gpa was a shy two-point-six
‘Cuz I was lookin’ for suttin to live for
And I wasn’t fillin’ the mistruths in that mix
Had me in pieces, dyin’ at my core

They were hooked on teaching me ‘bout complacency
Made me wanna hitchhike a fucking tree
They checkin’ grammar like sentences are page decor
They always wanted citations, but I wasn’t no book whore

Oh, how I misloved the Academy
And they bourgeois Sunday house tea
Indoctrination be feelin’ good when you ‘round riches
Until you find your soul in some sad ass stitches

Spiritual Emancipation

Soul was confused, so I lost concentration
Got curious and embarked upon external exploration

Everywhere I turned someone was pitching me a god
Promising me a ticket to an unknown heaven, ain't that odd?

I took to class to get an education
Misread the fine print, got crazy indoctrination

So I stared in the mirror, I read the reflected lies
That shrunk the skies, made me get wise

I realized I's my own god, the Universe is my temple
Hell and Heaven is in the here and now, ain't that simple?

Rare Flavor

folks are used to sweet or bitter
maybe a little spice of mint
or some really hot pepper,
but that which is rare
is often misunderstood
or underappreciated

“I have learned that the price for being true to oneself is painfully understated. Every day is a high stakes gamble, be yourself, honest and fearless; and hope the world won’t tear your soul to crumbles and have you spend your entire life trying to make a meal out of crumbs. A hefty price it is, indeed.”

meta-idea

When death is the pimp,
fear is the whore

Time is like money,
what are you living for?

*“Wounded souls play guard and prisoner in their minds,
and fail to realize they must forgive their past in
order to unlock their misery.”*

“Nothing is lost, we must simply readjust our lens.”

Murder Is A Preoccupation

Population reduction type situation

Been occurring everywhere, weather been acting severe
I see them **chemtrails**, they always be in the sky
But TV be telling me mad lies, whites lies
As the skies perform suicide, it's all a guise

Joplin just tasted thunder, then fungus

How them tornadoes got so tall

HARRP gots the clue

Check the waters in the **Gulf**

Shits been strange and it's getting closer to you

I heard some omni-resistant E. coli don' hit Germany

Like Czars, The Swine and Avian Flu, I got's an epiphany

It be them **Microbiologist** cooking up lethal viruses

They killing us, so we take they vaccine

They killing us, so we concede

Bio-warfare, and it ain't on your TV

“We must free ourselves within ourselves.”

IQ Above 100

*Thought I was strange, when I was blind
Now that I see, I can tell why*

We worship idols and phantom ideas
Submit our free-will for coins and deals

*Thought I was strange, when I was blind
Now that I see, I can tell why*

Folk flock to noise, and perturbed by sound
Quick to spend money on clothes and toys

*Thought I was strange, when I was blind
Now that I see, I can tell why*

Never ask: why, who, or when
How the world came to this sort of end

“People are just living 9-5, with eyes staring at the sky. I wish for this to be a great lie, but I know because I thought to give it a try. And as I stared at the sky, I knew the stars would think little of me for not trying to see what the future could truly be.”

Channeling

Come forth, hither near
Your light, you need not fear

Revise the preset
Add a verse to this curse

We are rising in the noon
Yet guided by the moon

Chisel your chin
And craft your soul

Reality is a forge
That we must disgorge

Humanity is our purview
All doubt you must subdue

These times are foredoom
Our mission, we must assume

Elevate the level of thought
For idiocy is fraught

Beholders of higher frequencies
Instigate spiritual insurgencies

I hereby order you into consciousness:

RISE
RISE
RISE

Hasten your shy
Tailor your eye

Cease to speak a lie
This world we will defy

Albeit, our last try

Whipping World

Got our minds in chains
And our bodies auctioned
But the bidding is for our souls

*“It’s an arrow spinning thru the vortex of possibility and
piercing through the fallacies of the mind.”*

Earthseed

truth seekers
souls unfolded
flooding over
coming near
a seer saw this
and an empath wrote of this

change is in our galaxy
and the seeds of our souls
have found a garden
together we shall sow and grow
we’ll live in the light
for truth is enlightening

the weight of the matrix has trickled
off the shelves of our hearts
our minds are no longer gripped by fear
in love we nurture our future by freeing our souls
and oaring through the ripples of time
for we are soulseeds of an arriving world

Questioning the Queering of Gender

Shall we pause before we snip our bosoms and inject our veins with ideas of what we think we ought to be? Exemplifying the gender binary is not radical or progressive, it is misleading. I wish for every soul to rest comfortably within their vessel, but not in ways that appear to be self-mutilating. I sometimes wonder if the body has failed its soul, or if the mind has turned on its body. I worry that the mind has lost touch with its body, sort of the way night loses the sun. I fear that seeds of mistruth and self-depreciation have been implanted in the mind without our consent; and as they mature, the body becomes a malleable entity that must be altered to match our infiltrated minds. I find myself confounded when women who once identified as feminist and lesbians begin to demand that I refer to them as “he”. I am hurt when the declaration for male pronouns is requested with such harshness and a hint of victimization. How does this transformation occur?

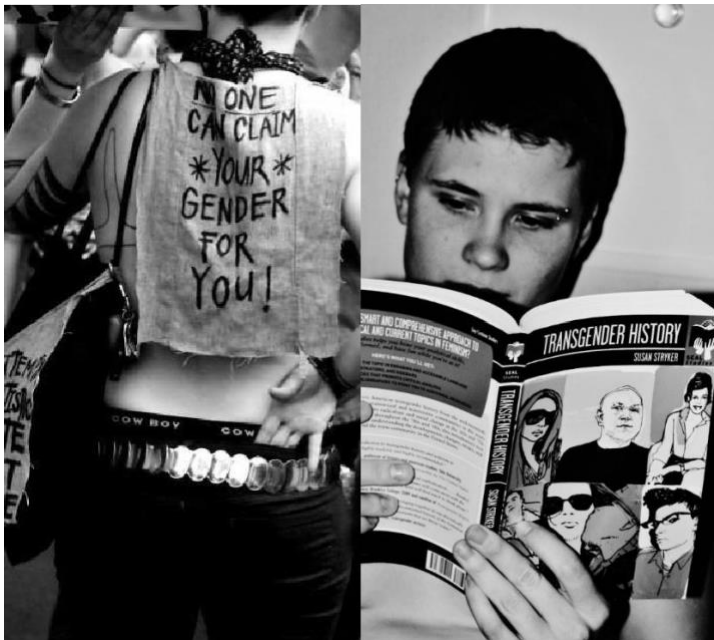
We are consumers of ideas but sometimes we forget to check the labels, and fail to name the source of the thoughts we consume. We are born into a world that saturates our psyches and senses with all sorts of noise and nonsense. Many of us become aware of the hegemonic constructions of identities and the racialized/gendered/sexed/classed/abled-bodied/citizenship-based stratification of knowledge, wealth and resources. Although we who identify as a subset of non-dominant/counter/sub-cultures strive to decolonize our minds, we must always remember that we carry heteronormative and hegemonic ideals within us. I don’t wish to break myself off from those who I love and consider to be my comrades because

we must stick together for our collective survival. So I wonder, who bears the duty of performing the checks and balances of a mind infested with distorted constructions of the self? How do we treat self-perpetuating oppressive ideologies if we fail to name and own the many ways in which we benefit from oppressive systems? Can we remove the veil of political correctness and dissect why transitioning has become a viable option; and identify the effects it has on cultivating solidarity and community?

Please understand that I know the medical industry performs genital mutilation on intersexed babies; which may result in people realizing that their sex was arbitrarily and inaccurately assigned. Some folks just don't feel right in their bodies, and do not identify as cisgendered. Many individuals experience gender dysphoria, I respect this; however, there seems to be quite a wave of transmen who are coming to shore. **I must explicitly state that I do not, and could not possibly, speak for every transperson (gender variant folk) or their experience.** But I feel impelled to acknowledge that mass/mainstream media (and our dehumanizing capitalist economic system) preys upon non-hegemonic cultures and co-opts/appropriates, exploits/distorts purpose, meaning and representation—this is why I must pose questions.

Norms are formed within non-hegemonic communities and can create similar pressures as experienced from heteronormative/hegemonic constructions of identity; and considering the role of masculinity and patriarchy within our society, I have to ponder if women are personifying the performance of positions of *power* associated with the guise of

queering gender. If it were in fact gender queering, I'd fully support, but reifying the gender binary is not gender queerness—it's assuming a position that society has privileged. Meaning, trans-masculinity has an inherent potential for the perpetuation of patriarchal ideology/behaviorism. As a black woman who is of dark skin, I am aware of how light skin women embody a sense of racial superiority because their pigment is lighter than the brown paper bag; this can be akin to passing as male and the inextricable privileges one *might* gain. The notion that being closer to white skin is a privilege, is an idea that is forced upon us that we can *choose* to either discard or internalize; therefore, as it pertains to gender, one can choose to switch boxes or live a fluid life within their bodies.



So I am curious, why must females surgically/hormonally alter their bodies to assert their masculinity? It's an act that validates that which is made visible. We do not have to make all aspects of the self easily identifiable—the nuances are amazingly profound. Moreover, is transforming the feminine into masculine a means to further dominate and suppress the feminine? In addition, I must admit that I am deeply concerned about the health consequences of drastically altering one's body chemistry by injecting hormones for extended periods of one's life; especially because I am not convinced that there is anything wrong with the body. The human body is a blank canvas that we can adorn with all forms of gendered expressions.

It's that gender binary that gets our souls in a rut. There is much that we must dismantle within our minds, hearts and souls. I only ask that we interrogate our desires and how they entered us; and I plead that we deconstruct/problematize and complicate binaries [and hierarchies] and allow for them to decompose, so we may broaden our lens and permit a richer existence for ourselves.

*“Time is the most precious currency of this Universe,
use it consciously.”*

Mantra:

wholeness
oneness
and no less

*“The roots of my soul have not been nourished
by the soil of a spoiled humanity.”*

Anachronistic Activists

Gravediggers of an abridged past
Tap into the palpable present
For the future is not assured

“Thought is a rewarding exercise.”

*“Living in fear is the same as living in an open casket;
if you ain’t gonna close the lid, it’s best to climb out.”*

School

Send your child to the educational factory
Let the instructor structure their mind
And feed them bitter twisted lies
To have their soul be colonized

*“Classrooms are breeding machines that reduce the
potentiality of our humanity.”*

impermanence

it's an odd thing growing up
knowing that you are great
and greatly misunderstood
and worried because
you don't know how long
you have to wait to be understood

"Equality is sophistry."

Agent of Change

Charging into oppression's factory
With your mind poised to save
And hands sweating with hope

Please brush dirt off the truth
And turn the master's house
Into a sluggish kingdom

The hour is ripe; your soul is your own
Why not be a tool for subversion
And give change a chance

release

caught up in the clock
dollar chase on the tick tock

the Amerikan dream is a crock
wake up, wake up—truth is in stock

12th Spaceship Launch

She watched it blast off
and felt adrenaline spike through her

Her excitement was two hours fresh
and her voice was spewing exhilaration

She was well-meaning in her fascination
but terribly misguided in her interpretation

‘Cuz galaxial manifest destiny is not exciting
and the search for water on the moon is not convincing

And yet, she watched, with much amusement, the imperial
ship slingshot itself
into worlds undeserved by us, worlds that we venture to
because we lack penance

Gem of the Moon

I don't celebrate holidays, but my pursuit of love has felt like a trick-or-treat marathon. All the make-up and fluctuating masks with pasted faces flirting, it felt like a rudderless rocky trolley that I failed to get comfortable riding. It was unc customary for me to assume that some days could be good days, on which costumes and candy would be set aside, because those days had been most dreadful; therefore, my festive ensemble was precious when faith began to dissipate as tenacious wounds appeared to rot.

After many moons of masked sadness, I chose to desist with the pretense and took a pit-stop to get familiar with my interior. In no time, me-time became self-love time. I discovered language and taped it to feeling and flew it like a kite in the quiet night. By morning, radiant souls started wandering towards me. Amorous bonds that fed me back to wholeness were blossoming in a cupboard that dangled in the parched deserts of the Ivory Tower. And suddenly, she appeared beside me as though the winds were dancing and two leaves spun in the breeze, twisted stems cascaded into a classroom. Words were not offered but snippets of shy gazes were swiped from our peripheral sight.

While in class, thoughts that sprung out of me with the stain of disregarded self-censorship were appreciated by her. She too felt the world to be an oscillating wheel that spins oppressive stokes wrapped in slave collars and interlocking chains that are worn by folks who jump on where they can get on to survive. As we locked eyes we realized that we can only save ourselves.

We can only hope to find people who nudge the axis of our souls and agitate our precocious minds. Again, these shared relics of truth were not revealed in sound, they were intuited.

It was on the new moon that we knotted syllables into words and strung them into sentences and configured digital messages. We both clicked *send*. She beat me by less than sixty seconds in lending a line to possibility. The next morning we acknowledged that we had encountered a kindred spirit as perturbed and penetrating as our own. They say weep when a child is born and rejoice when someone is laid to rest, but she couldn't help but mourn. I had to postpone the anticipation of linking words cemented in memory to the sight of her humble eminence, to her titillating aroma, to her knowing touch, to her craft of sound, to her clever lips that summon me into a state of divine rapture.

And yet, love, lust and companionship are like winding paths in the ubiquitous forest that we all must trudge through because we are hardwired with hearts that seek to harmonize with other hearts. And sometimes we feel succumbed by a subtle stupor when we cannot decipher which path we have taken, where it leads to and remember that we forgot to drop breadcrumbs. My stupor had passed, so I whistled with my eyes and she countered with a smile, and together we forged a detour. We leaped because the lure felt like a cure to our chipped tongues. Arms and legs roped round, our bodies met like puzzle pieces that were fitted for each other. As we held ourselves, we broke our silence and let our truths gush out of us and into us. In our silence, our piercing eyes would hook,

and it felt like two souls whispering: “I *feel* you, and you ain’t alone, baby.”



This past full moon was a super moon and we only had two hours to spare. As we laid in bed, me below you enjoying the weight of your temple upon my own, it occurred to me that you are a gem of the moon. Just as I was beginning to get cozy with mediocrity, the bane of normality and socially circumscribed insanity, you snatched me with poetry that oozed from between your lips and snuck into my psyche. And although time has been scarce and this tale is in its infancy, woman you took me. Your arrow went straight through my heart. I thank you.

Trust, I am neither naive nor a novice in these passionate trails. I understand that my expressed avidity and fervor may seem premature but I have ridden many fairies and even had a gig as Cinderella before. I believe the Universe threw us a bone and gifted us to each other.

Woman, full was my heart when you occupied my mind; nourished was my tummy when our souls did the strut, sway, swing and tap, skip the two-step; we had quite the waltz mastered—ooh, it was yummy. Honey, our paths were destined to intersect. I hope you *believe* because you were a gracious reprieve.

After “Gem of the Moon” was Delivered “...Love Letters”

I am sharing these intimate words because this was not a unique human experience; it was a moment of growth and realization for all persons involved.

March 21, 2011 at 8:57 am

She writes: Your words are poems unto themselves, I am in awe. If I am a gem of the moon, what does that make you? A diamond of the moon perhaps. No, diamonds are too jagged. The silk of the moon. Oh woman, you have got me spinning. your words fill me, wait for mine, they are coming.

March 21, 2011 at 11:04 am

I write: awe is good. we must be spinning together... see you at Giddings’ parlor.

After an evening class that we were both enrolled in, we went back to her house and shared some words about the piece I had written about us.

March 22, 2011 at 2:25 am

I write: I’m not great at card games, but I can muster a poker face to fool the highest of rollers.

But really, I ain't fond of fronting. I gots some fickle hands and they fancy scissors, 'cuz when things feel jagged I gets to cutting.

I will admit that I was surprised by your apprehension. Perhaps my words alluded to something greater than I intended to illustrate.

J,

You are a sophomore, and I a senior. The world is falling apart and I found someone who sees the paint chipping and the pipes busting; and smells the leaking gas that is bound to spark and scorch much of what has yet to ripe. I don't know what tomorrow holds but I want to act like I am alive now. I want to talk like words are free and feelings are fleeting but shit, I got them right now. Must I dress them up and zap its source and define its course?

Yes, you and S. just ended. Your friend passed away. Crew is... there. I imagine you have four real classes, unlike myself; you gots a lot going on. I have tried to keep that in mind and thought I was succeeding in not taking too much of your time. I thought I was leaving the lines full enough to hold whatever ink splashed between them. If I was wrong, I apologize.

I, too, feel that I need my freedom. It's imperative that I have leg room in this confinement of an inescapable reality. However, I didn't expect to broach that topic, so soon. But considering how often "love" has fallen off our tongues, it should have been expected.

J, I don't want anything from you but your honesty. When I feel the need to ask six questions because a single line was vague, that bothers me more than words left rough and untrimmed. I don't mind paper-cuts as much as I mind incomplete/censored truths. Say it plain, whether it hurts or not. I don't see myself having a conventional relationship because the norm can be such a drag.

Time is slim and my heart can be robust, if left to ponder about better things. I felt the need to indulge my heart the other evening and took to writing. Life is an endless exercise of uncertainty. I am certain about a few things: impermanence and mortality are facts of life; shame and regret will only bend your back; and fear is too popular in a world that misspells love, truth and courage.

If I may share: I feel like you are trying to strike a balance that feels good for you [which you've articulated] ...and my guess is that you like to protect folks, to do right because you mean well. I also feel that a lot is going on... like inside, you know; beneath the politics and beside the pain induced by a foolish world. When you say you don't want this to burn out, I am left perplexed because I feel like two rigid rocks merged by some dry leaves and sparks have been set a loose. But I don't see a fire—not yet. But then again, I have played so much ring-around-the-rosy, this feels like we in the kitchen doing grown woman shit. And since I ain't scared to eat, or feed, or be fed, this feels good to me. And I get nervous when drivers keep pressing on their brakes. I start to doubt their ability to manage the wheel and stay safe.

Point: self-preservation is key, I get that. But please just be straight with me. I hurt easily but honesty is a quick healer. I ain't got no itinerary but I do get carried away, it's the child in me that likes to play. Don't take her too seriously... all of the time.

March 22, 2011 at 9:01 am

She writes: your words are mighty; cold water smoothing the grit of my skin, refreshing.

Class is beginning, and so that is all I shall say for the moment, thank you. thank you for your words.

March 22, 2011 at 12:03 pm

She writes: Last night left a bad taste in my mouthful of half-uttered words. I don't have the same certitude that I sense in you, the current that runs through me is ever changing which is not to say that yours is stagnant — I know that it is far from still — but shit is moving all the time and sometimes I speak before I have sat long enough with the flux.

You are a senior, I am a sophomore. I don't know what that means to you.

These are my truths:

I am weary, the intensity of your feelings leaves me simultaneously moved and questioning, I begin to doubt

whether or not I can fill up the phrases you have written beside my name.

I want to know you, to discover your sound, my fear is that you will not want me if I say that I want to touch your hands and find a shelf for them in the curve of your back, but that right now I do not want more. I am not dishonest and do not lace my words with sugar, but it takes me time for the dust to settle when something so great has shifted beneath my chest bone. I have gone from feeling open and empty to feeling overcome, I have felt consumed by your effervescence and I have felt the quiet simmer of wanting time beside you. The fear of inadequacy that echoes within my walls leaves me asking, what do you want so that I might know whether I will be enough. I realize this is not rational.

“I have tried to keep that in mind and thought I was succeeding in not taking too much of your time. I thought I was leaving the lines full enough to hold whatever ink splashed between them. If I was wrong, I apologize.”

You were not wrong, and you are not an appointment that takes my time. Time spent in your company is nourishing amid days that strip me, please do not apologize. I want to share with you, to walk beside you, to learn your language and teach you mine. I do not mean to be uneven, my aim is transparency but I know that clarity does not always come to me with ease. I am indecisive, I second-guess myself. I worry.

I aspire to feel freely, speak freely, love freely. grow freely.

I hope that I have not left you with six questions, I am listening, I am trying to hear deeply, to let the water running beneath me run towards you.

March 22, 2011 at 2:49 pm

I write: Last night's aftertaste was froth with confusion and this morning's breath is an unfolded tongue puckering with clarity.

I wish I could say your concerns about my intensity were unfamiliar to me. I feel, and my insistence on frolicking in sound stretches the very heaviness I wish to tame or cloak.

Although I play rodeo with time and would like to bull ride an elusive future, I am best equipped to seize the present.

The words I have sewn between your name are matters that have already been felt and experienced. They may sound heavy in soulfulness because happiness is foreign to me; and like a tourist, I want to see and feel it all and postcards are trophies. They are monuments of my survival.

If I were a patient relearning how to use my legs and regain my voice would you shy away from lending your company? Are you afraid that if I begin to walk and speak with you that in your absence I'll become crippled and mute? These are rhetorical questions.

Fill that curve to your liking; it can hold weight, water and air—just the same.

I do not revel in my ability to overwhelm my neighbors. Some days I feel like a raging hurricane or a burning sun, that's not to say water and sunlight aren't treasures when bestowed in moderation; and there is no quick fix to anchoring that effervescence. ...Honey, why do you gnaw with such persistence upon doubt? Command that seesawing echo into stillness.

You wish to be enough? Does a heart beat within your chest? Do you savor the taste of truth?? Have you worn anger between your brows for much too long??? Why do you privilege this preposterous notion of adequacy? I cannot meet you in that ditch, please climb above.

Language is a torch when the sun cannot lead the way. We must yield our lights.

I wish you could unload your worry, but I assume it has protected you.

*You are her second coming, **love**, that is. No questions, none. Thank you.*

After another evening class that we were both enrolled in, she sensed that I was less engaged in our interactions.

March 23, 2011 at 10:02 pm

She writes: gettin curious energies from you tonight...wanna mingle tomorrow after class? have dinner perhaps?

...may you roam wildly across the outstretched palm of the night, 'til her lines lead you home.

goodnight. Zisa

March 24, 2011 at 1:40 am

I write: "Curious Energies..."

Mi Amor, No More: I am in space, in a spacesuit, on a star-cloud that bobbles back and forth from you. I am removing my suit and exposing my limbs to the alien territory. And as my skin begins to peel, I phone home. I bellow: "Houston, we got a problemo."

J,

Things that flutter are fleeting. I am my mother's daughter and she has some nibbling ears. It takes her time to fully digest what sounds emit around her. I have committed myself to listening to my instincts, particularly those that lay real low in my tummy. So low, that I can almost not feel them because so much unsorted heaviness lays upon it.

My clutched truths:

♪ I appreciate balance. I like when both folks are having their needs met. When both walk away equally content. I ain't been feeling too good when I gets to walking.

♪ Your tempo took a dip too deep off the curve.

» I don't do gray very well. I like solid colors. I like boulders and mountains. I like for things to be clear, consistent and tangible. I like to have an idea of where the trip is headed; just in case I may want to reroute my path. I ain't digging this sex restriction with them googly-eyes. There is a fat stain of lust in your eyes. But your lips toss all types of schemes. Therefore, I have lost my ability to trust and, therefore, only a friendship would suit my liking.

But, why?

» Because I am an empath, and a highly adaptable person; I tend to sometimes forget what I really want when I make compromises and sacrifices. I get lost in other people's hearts and lose my own pulse. I took a walk and found it by a rock—a big ol' rock.

» I don't think I am in the place in my life when I could see/date/love/or make love to someone who does not love herself as much as I would want her to because I need to know that she has enough love for herself to love me.

» Your comments on the body stuff were a red flag. I shifted my gaze—for a minute.

» You not telling S, asap, that you and I had become physically intimate was a problem. You not acknowledging how much of a problem that was became clear to me when you said he was still hurting. Your tone was sweating with apathy. Or, something that was lacking was slipping. If you did that shit to me, I'd be hard-pressed to ever share meaningful eye contact with you again.

» Thursday we knew. Monday we were certain. And you drew my face near on Tuesday but waited ‘til Friday night to tell him? That may be short in hours but that is many lifetimes in mistrust.

» I did not like how you spoke of him. Like, your words were not gentle enough for my new ears. And because all I have are exes and “wrong choice” moments, I have learned to listen intently. You did not show him the respect that I believe he deserved. And... with all this shit surfacing suddenly... it’s not a pretty picture, anymore.

» The fact that you may have kissed C. and did not tell me that until it slipped, was mucho bad, dude. I thought that from the picture there was more than friendship, ‘cuz you had some sparkling eyes.

» I could not believe that you asked me: “why do you like me.” I didn’t like where the question was coming from. It wasn’t curiosity or flirting, but disbelief and desired affirmation. I need a woman who dips her body into her loving soul every day of the week.

» While in class today, it occurred to me that your energy is amorphous. I did not understand why you were so grumpy. It didn’t feel sincere. I don’t know how else to describe it. And your accent changed for a moment... kind of the way I do... when I chop my words and slur ‘em. My gut did not respond favorably. Just feelings, just saying.

» I may be just 22, but I swear I be feeling 37 and 63 some days. I feel like my time is short. I don’t think I’m going to die

soon, but time is so concrete to me. And, I have already seen what we will turn into. I will resent you and try to keep it knitted in a smile. You will keep me close enough, yet far enough. I will be at your beck-and-call and rub grumbling words into whispers in my tummy. We will look back and not understand how it went so leftwards. We will be sad and confused and a bit bruised. Let's spare both our hearts and clocks and just savor those flutters that fled. They felt good. That was a good second coming. I hope love keeps on a-coming.

» In those moments when we held each other, that was love for me. I felt good with you in my arms and yours around me. But I think my appetite may have changed its palate. I know that you always got the jitters and, for that reason, you would be clumsy with my heart. I got Nile Rivers pulsing like veins in my chest. My heart is a fragile diamond, too much shaking and it spills like glitter. Rivers can't turn to glitter. But you would test physics in the ways like a snake that slithers on approach, with selfish delight.

» Please, I wish to speak clearly. I think that what you shared is true, needing space, and being busy. But when I feel like I am working around your clock it sets up a sour dynamic, in the not-so-pretty picture we have crafted.

» In short, the winds blowing in my lungs have changed their course. We can chill after class. But I got to be straight, I'm going to need some space. Your tune switched too quick, mah.

I believe my ears swallowed most of your truths' nutrients. I hope I ate them well and that you can understand my dish in return.

March 24, 2011 at 1:57 pm

She writes: Zisa.

Go with your gut, she speaks our truths best. There are things I don't understand, and maybe that is not what is important, but I feel compelled to utter them:

☪ your discomfort/displeasure/seemingly threatened response to my past and present with C. It did not "slip" that we kissed, for that would suggest a desire to withhold or conceal that infinitesimally small detail of what is written between she and I. We kissed not as lovers, Zisa. Not with urgency or desire or probing tongues. It is the nature of our knowing each other, we are honeybees who write to each other in verse, we are wives, we are companions and sisters. Kissing does not always sing of sex or passion, it is also an expression of joy, affection, tenderness, love. I kiss Amber too. But why must I justify that to you, or anyone ?

☪ I was not grumpy last night, I was restless. My thoughts were spinning, my body was tired. I felt content to be beside you. Confused by an email I received from C. Excited by my conversation with a professor. I cannot speak to insincerity, because it is futile to dispute that which you perceived/sensed. I did not carry insincerity under my tongue. What made the

change in my accent feel negative to you ? We all have fluctuating voices and tones, I too speak in different tongues, so I am left wondering why it left a bad taste in your mouth.

Also, you wrote: “I could not understand why you were grumpy.” If I am grumpy, why do you have to understand? Is grumpiness forbidden?

☾ Regarding S, 1: Thursday we knew what? Monday we were certain of what ? We or you ?

☾ S II: It is not apathy, and it is premature on your part to call it so. We are going (he and I) from a moment of closeness and intense engagement to a period of separation. In order to back up a bit we have to back up a lot. Establishing distance before we find closeness and friendship in each other is the patch of grass upon which we currently stand.

☾ S III: I understand your reproach, but it reeks of hypocrisy. Given the established boundaries of my relationship with S, it was my responsibility to exercise self-control and restraint with you. But the same must be said for you, why did you not then pull away ? Why, if your outrage is so loud, when I broached this with you did you smile wryly and express playful disapproval as opposed to staunch opposition ?

☾ S IV: My words may not have been gentle, but then I am not always gentle. Kindness, compassion, kindness, compassion. I repeat them. I am my mother’s daughter too — sharp-tongued with raised-eyebrows and skeptical eyes. Impatient.

Critical. Yes, softness is absent from that edge, but it is also what gives me my chords.

☾ You are an empath. What you wrote about forgetting what you want in order to compromise with others resonated with me tremendously. I do the same, and it does not end well. When we started to know each other I was so enamored by your being and by your attraction to mine, that I lost sight of where I was, hurriedly pushing aside the echoes of retreat and shutting the door that was starting to open into solitude's bloom. I felt the energy and intensity flowing from you and tried to rise to meet it. When I emerged from my suspended bliss, I listened harder to what was in my bones. I apologize that you accompanied my heart's wobbling steps.

☾ I don't like gray either, but that doesn't change its mist over most things in this life.

☾ the body stuff, the self-love stuff — I'm working on it every day.

I appreciate your candidness.

☾ Chilling after class: I don't know. Are these rifts unhealable?

Your heart, I think, is a glittering river. It is extraordinary — and if the shy glimpse I caught is all that I carry home, that will be enough.

Later that day, she and I went for a walk, by the pond, and ended our short romantic journey. It was honest and sparing of our time and hearts.

I hope future love-trips come with more certainty and last a bit longer. J, was the last woman I've held in my arms, for many moons. My intensity and passion must be matched.

similarities

theory and practice
are bridge-less entities
like “reality” and conviction

“We must begin to un-write the scripted consciousness that we have been inculcated with because our survival, as sentient beings, requires that we interrupt the perpetuation of mistruths—as they are cloaked and soaked in rhetorics that do not serve to enhance our existence.”

Notes from an Intellectual Fugitive: #2

Dear Professor, so sad to see you turn into an uppity n****. So sad to see the profession of teaching be reduced to an arrogant exercise of grading for terms instead of ideas. So sad to visit your office and leave with you failing to engage my inquisitive mind. Saddest of all, I informed you of your dismissive tone and blatant condescension and you were too narcissistic to take note.

*“All paths have not been paved,
make your own way.”*

Detest in the Chest

Born in the west
My mind couldn't rest
So I took my soul for a quest

But the madness wasn't a test
It's the bed of Amerika's nest

Poor nations ain't the only conquest
Entrapping our souls is another contest
And this ain't at our request

Truth can be hard to digest
But freedom is under arrest

*“As my famished soul longs for divine nourishment,
a carcass forms within.”*

Counterfeit Revolutions will be Broadcasted

The rapture will pass, and we'll all be waiting
As enslavement succeeds as a mass global production
But the UN will declare justice for all of humanity
And the dead will swear the revolutionary footage was staged

Because the notion of an epic moment blooming us into a
new world
Is a spiritual contraption; 'cuz the revolution will happen
Between sunup and sundown, your life is the manifesto for
the revolution
Get living, and let your lived words sprawl us into a new day

*"Faith is my seat belt,
and I'm strapped into the Universe."*

Interdepartmental 103: Thinking Through Race, Discussion Group

*The words below are my take on experiencing a:
"Thinking Thru Race Class."*

We are performing cheap excursions when we need to trudge through unexplored terrain. We are talking, writing, and teaching in spirals of unconnected dots. What I find to be most

disconcerting is our failure to understand and/or appreciate the absolute necessity for humanization. How do we deal with poverty if we are unable to empathize with the face put upon poverty? How do we deal with health disparities if we believe that one's race or ethnicity is a dominant and *unchangeable* factor in race specific health epidemics? How do we deal with rape and sexism if we do not ponder about the burden and agony of unhealthy masculinity?

My experience of this class was rather disheartening, and yet, it was terribly enlightening. I have often struggled with ineffectively articulating my ideas because I have refused to accept how monstrous the learning curve has become. I find no pleasure in indulging in chatter about how human I am. I am trying to love and grow with all humans and many humans, appear to, have been hypnotized to believe that *difference* is arduous and imminent. I can't help but wonder what people are living for if not for the bonds and ties that connect us.

What are people reducing the human experience to, and why? I wish to understand why we have conflated humanity with singularized unity. Seriously, what does it mean for an institution, which ranks within the top-twenty of liberal arts schools, to have a classroom occupied by women who argue to prove how their humanity differs? What does it imply about the state of the collective human consciousness? What does it reveal about the peril of human progression? If little brown and yellow and white girls cannot see souls worth loving in each other, how could we ever broach the subject of global emancipation?

This critical state of ignorance is not a designation reached by coincidence; we are complicit in our not-knowing when we choose to keep our lips sealed and our minds unfed. But worst of all, I know that a multitude of required human interactions will never occur for students because the Ivory Tower mandates and nurtures a form of spiritual blindness—a blindness that is killing our planet and its people.

Query

→ If I had one fortune cookie and placed it in either hand and told you to pick, would the hand that gripped the fortune cookie alter the cookie, or its fortune?

→ If I assist you in farming your lands, after I pillaged your home, nation and soul, would you feel obligated to thank me for the seeds I share?

→ If I sell you freedom and you walk home to destitution, would it matter what the receipt says?

→ If you expect your enslaver's proxy to free you, are you complicit with your enslavement?

A Colonialist Economy

The mother country is now a corporation
split a book open, get some education

Shits gettin' real, there won't be no proclamation
because these corporations be switching nations

Show and Tell: Prisoners in Class

Anyone who survives prison demonstrates oppositional consciousness. To rest in a cage and to remember that you are not an animal takes effort; and when you come from jungle streets and blind bullets flying, remembering that you are a human can be a strenuous task.

The survivors of captivity and poverty who joined us in class were brave and generous. If for most of my life I was whipped by pennies that never turned into dollars, I wouldn't be so kind when telling Ivy-ladies how suffering stings. I was rather uncomfortable by the emotional absence on the part of my fellow classmates. I don't know if people want to change the world by watching TV or donating money, but it seems that people just expect things to change on their own. It also seems that people don't care to wonder how a country like Amerika could practice legal slavery. Of course, it's targeted to former slaves and their peers, which makes it a matter of less relevance; however, anybody who cares to stay free should wonder why prisons are privatized.

Okay, let's just say you're poor. You commit crimes because you can't afford the bill to live. Some call this survival, but wonderland, Amerika, says this is a crime. So when I am seated in a classroom with women well fed, and seated across from women have been pimped, I can't help but feel that we are splitting worlds that knot each other. I felt the hurting in their stories and knew their narratives have been stuffed into too many souls. The pains, the beatings, missing your child grow, wishing your mother loved you so; I've heard it all before. But

prison cells will always be filled if we fail to identify why they are here, and will always be here.

Prisons are ineffective, expensive, and used to psychologically control the masses. People cannot understand systemic oppression because it is taught and told in crumbs. If we really want to treat the prison problem, we'll have to attend to a whole host of symptoms by confronting our economic system. If we refuse to treat the source of the disease, we might as well watch the world fall apart—with our thumbs in our mouths.

cease the hush

of rickety pain
and let words rain

crack the silence,
fuck if they call it
verbal violence

'cuz suicidal silence
ain't my asylum

Questions: further thinking...

Undeniably, most Americans would agree that the United States has not morphed into a post-race [or sexist] society. Ironically, the notion of globalization presupposes that all former colonies are now equal to their former colonizers. If the Negro and the White man were not lynched proportional to one another, or occupy cell blocks at identical rates, how could we assume that Nigeria and France are now equals? Nigeria, unlike France, was colonized by the British Empire, which amassed loads of wealth, and continues to through oil corporations, etc; all the while, Nigeria experiences high rates of poverty, hunger and disease. The United Nations intervenes on the behalf of humanity and shares food and medicine; perhaps they build a well for ground water. This fact must keep in mind that the need for the UN is a direct result of colonialism. Similar to the ways in which people of color may need access to affordable housing, we must remember that “40 acres and a mule” was never dispersed, the misappropriation of the GI Bill and residential segregation [inadequate education] have forced people of color into a perpetual cycle of poverty.

Institutional racism and globalization [neocolonization] are not ahistoric creations. These are legacies of enslavement and exploitation that live on. The African American male knows there is a prison industrial complex that mimics chattel slavery. The Nigerian teenager knows that if they lived in Amerika they would have more promising life chances. Amerika, the nation, and all its peer-nations are white men and the developing countries/global south [former-colonies] are women and children of color, metaphorically. We, the global north[pseudo-

colonizers], extract cheap labor from them and label it the “economic development of the global south;” similar to the ways in which those native to Amerika and enslaved Africans needed to be civilized.

overdue words

*When words were out of reach, madness consumed me; and
sometimes unsuspecting bystanders got the brunt of words
unfound...*

Dear One,

I have been meaning to send you some words. I wish to apologize for bearing the dead crops of my soul upon your eyes; for you were unable to understand, or appreciate, the severity of what I was experiencing—as was I. I regret that you were exposed to such intimate, and now mourned, parts of me. It saddens me that you were less than capable of sharing true kindness, I felt your pity. I am also writing this so that you know that I know that you experienced much discomfort with me, which I believe to be most natural. That is something that I’ve learned to accept—to have been that vulnerable with someone incapable of fathoming a syllable of the anguish I was attempting to articulate. I wish you much contentment along your life’s journey, and baskets of joy.

Truly,
Zisa

Hey Zisa:

Thanks for writing. I definitely felt like things were left sort of up in the air, and it's good to have this opportunity to be in touch.

I just want to let you know that I was the best friend to you that I knew how to be, and I apologize that that came off as pity. It is, of course, true that as an outsider to the situation, I could not fully understand your emotions. I wasn't sure how else I could be a good friend other than to fully listen to you and be present for what you were telling me without judgment or pity. Rather than feeling sorry for you, which would have been condescending and unhelpful, I wanted you to know that I was there to listen to what you needed to say.

I'm sorry that I wasn't able to convey that successfully. From my point of view, I think that we had very different expectations out of our friendship, as well as different interpersonal styles, which further complicated things. I did often feel uncomfortable when we spent time together, unsure about whether or not I was reading the situation correctly, responding appropriately, or getting and sending the right messages. I honestly enjoyed our conversations, however, and am grateful to have met you.

I wish you all the best in finishing up your time at Smith, and for whatever comes your way in the future.

L.

letting go...

*When you realize that a friendship has expired, for reasons
you could not control...*

Dear Friend:

My Sistah who is surviving the best she knows how, I deeply apologize for shedding unkind words onto your ears. I regret believing that my honesty was not painful. As mature and evolved and as brilliant as I believe myself to be, and aspire to be; I, too, am a work in progress. I apologize for speaking to you in the manner in which I did. You did not deserve to be treated so. Similar to my poor attempt at being honest with Jennifer, I did not think thoroughly before committing myself to action. I assure you, I have learned my lesson. I cannot force my truth upon another, for who am I to do such a thing. I work hard to not be self-righteous and that evening we shared was a poignant reminder to remain humble, at all costs.

I do not wish to cease communication with you. But I must be frank, I am only capable of investing in something superficial because I, too, hurt in ways so subtle I often find lingering feelings that I have left unnamed; by the virtue of not understanding such fleeting and recondite emotions. Since I have chosen to be emotionally honest, with myself and those who surround me, I have been forced to make very difficult decisions to ensure that I live a conscious and scrupulous life. Time is finite, and all I have is now.

If it has not been stated, I need you to know that I love you; for that is the only reason we have been bumping up against our divergent truths. And even when we love, we must know

when to let go and let the universe be our chronograph and compass.

Truly,
Zisa

Blank: no words were returned...

Appreciation

While surviving the Ivory Tower, I came across a great mind...

Dear Professor,

I feel it necessary to inform you that you have been one of the most sincere and positive forces I have encountered in this Ivory Tower. There is an unequivocal clarity to your essence. I am so grateful to have sat in your class and to have been enlightened by your instruction as my professor. I recall that conversation we had in the very beginning of Fall semester, and how your words seeped into me. It was the precision of thought that rendered me hypnotized and committed to applying myself academically.

I feel that you latched onto the pendulum of possibility and jumped off and landed here. When you speak, I hear more than theory. I feel the presence of someone who has encountered

the articles she assigns. What a relief, to witness someone who has crawled out of the paws of poverty and into the academy with her soul intact. You bear a fervent spirit.

You may find yourself startled and astonished by this letter, but I must speak my truth; and appreciation is something we, as a society that embodies atrophied hearts, do not convey or display.

In short, I thank you for existing.

Truly,
Zisa

Dear Zisa:

Thank you for the beautiful note. It is not often that I get immediate feedback on my work, making your note all the more meaningful. Your note has only strengthened my resolve to continue to teach how I do, despite its unpopularity among some students.

I hope that your post-Smith plans are developing nicely. I, too, enjoyed getting to know you last semester. You have a unique view of the world and a keen intellect. As long as you use these qualities to leave a positive imprint on the world, you'll be successful in whatever path you take.

Best wishes,
Professor

Lunch Date with Classmate 3/7/11

A former classmate and I shared lunch and had a frank conversation on race and class. She being white, and I black; she was of middle class, and I content. We were engaging each other outside of our comfort zones, it was brilliant.

Dear Kim:

I must thank you for your honesty. How rare is it for two women from distinct crannies on this rock we all exist upon to share a glimpse into their soul's truth? Could you imagine how magnificent our coexistence would be if we could look upon one another with empathy and honesty. If we could shed contempt and allow it to decompose into something that could nourish our beings; as opposed to stifling our evolution, this would be a beautiful world.

I happen to be a sensitive person and find even the slightest of exchanges to be of great significance. I am also committed to pushing the collective consciousness forward, and I am grateful that you felt comfortable enough to speak your truths; as I know we are socialized to nibble on words unsaid. We must make an event of this. I would love to meet weekly. I think Friday luncheons would be ideal. Let me know if this Friday works; if not, we can continue after spring break.

Truly,
Zisa

Zisa!:

What a wonderful surprise this evening to get such a thoughtful message! I'm glad that our lunch made as much of an impression on you as it did on me...I went away from it feeling not only like we had a really great conversation, probably unlike any I'd had at Smith thus far, but I also just left with a really good feeling, very hopeful, for want of a different world. Actually, I loved the word "nourishing" that you used...just perfect! Yes, I think making this a weekly thing would be great! I'll still be around on Friday so let's do it. And feel free to call/text any other time you want to meet up for dinner/lunch/w/e. I'm usually scrambling to find someone to eat with at the last minute but I think having a set time/day is good so we can be ensured one meeting per week!

Best,
Kim

Conscious Subversion and Consistency

Those denied the idea to fight for their lives, and assert the divine beauty of their existence, have treated the Civil Rights Era with cultural nostalgia. We seem to believe that it was a time of its own, a shooting star of possibility that lost its flare and began to fall—we are living in the ashes of stars that lost direction and purpose.

There were bodies out on the streets demanding that they be seen and heard. There were rallies, sit-ins, demonstrations, million-man marches on the white lawn because people knew that as a community they could effect change. They understood that change does not occur by buying multi-colored cancer bracelets, having vigils for rape survivors, or donating to charities for the poor. Yes, this conveys sympathies and awareness, which can be comforting for the victims; but how does this prevent the repetition of the social script that is reenacted during the course of every inhumane act and experience.

If you think cancer is a vicious element that has proliferated over time, perhaps bracelets can't shrink tumors. Maybe research needs to be funded, but shouldn't we identify the source of this epidemic. The adage, *you are what you eat*, might be a clue. Our food is highly toxic. Has anyone else noticed how many chemicals are on the ingredient labels? I can't seem to escape high fructose corn syrup and aspartame. Why are these chemicals in our food, and how can we get them out? Can someone please tell me why fluoride is in our water and toothpaste? Fluoride is not a vitamin, oh contraire; it is an industrial waste product, a by-product of the aluminum industry and the phosphate fertilizer companies. Well, if this toxin is produced by corporations, how does it end up in our water and toothpaste? The answer to these questions could prevent cancer, and a host of other health issues.

If you are alarmed by the proportion of women who have been/will be sexually assaulted, molested, raped, and/or murdered, maybe vigils don't get to the heart of this social

disease. Has it ever occurred to the discourse of feminism that men are also gendered beings who have socially circumscribed constructions for hetero- masculinity? When will we let men be vulnerable, hurt, and be boys? If an individual is denied a healthy vehicle to express their feelings, they will eventually turn to less favorable options for survival. I am not personally convinced that men are committed to the violation of the female body. I cannot believe this because it would obscure the complexity of our existence. When a woman becomes sexually promiscuous and carries herself with little self-respect people become concerned; but when men behave as whores, it is treated as socially normative behavior—it is even glorified and encouraged.

If men are permitted to be whores, as a starting point for sexual expression, rape might be an articulation of emotional needs unmet; but without a socially normative/healthy means to articulate such needs, the man [or woman/FTM] resorts to aggression and violence, and then depravity occurs. Rape is not a women's problem, it is a social disease that protrudes when humans are denied the right to fully express their desires in a healthy and safe manner. Therefore, if we want to prevent rape, we should be in constant dialogue with all men that rape is not an option; words are plentiful and capable of transmitting truth without trauma. Secondly, we cannot condone misogyny [female-depreciation] of any form, even if it's from women—it has traces within the lesbian and trans-community, NOT OKAY. And last, we cannot allow for double standards; or, for the adage, *boys will be boys*, to go uninterrupted. We have to unpack our constructions of gender, both femininity and

masculinity, if we wish for women to live more safely within their bodies.

If you are troubled by how many people live in poverty in distant third world countries, perhaps donating five cents a day won't change very much. If poverty is a subject matter that interests you, perhaps you should learn about colonialism, which is the comprehensive exploitation of people, land, and natural resources; and then you might want to think about globalization and how sweatshops might be a modern day version of slave plantations. Think about it, why do all of these "developing" countries have such low currencies for cheap labor? Who assigned each country with its currency value? And when you realize that most/all poor countries were former colonies, you might have to change your life; you might not go shopping for clothes every week, or buy a new Mac Book every time there's an upgrade because that contributes to the systemic oppression experienced in poverty stricken third world countries. When you realize that developed nations are privileged because rich nations, like ours, consume poor nations, you know that donating a nickel is a lamentable gesture.

....and to continue on this note:

If you believe in human rights, you cannot support war. This is not complicated or context dependent. War is an archaic expression of deplorable violence. War is also profitable, how is that? Death produces revenue? This is a symptom of an unhealthy society, do not fall sick to the lack of thought.

If you believe in equality, like the Human Rights Campaign does for LGBTQ folks, you cannot lobby for the right to serve openly in war. Why? Well, war is antithetical to human rights, particularly if the war is based on a false flag attack. The pursuit to repeal DADT [don't ask, don't tell] might have been energy *misused* if we value the pursuit of justice, liberty and happiness **for all**.

If you believe in freedom, try to live free. When you encounter difficulty and realize that you are not free, what do you do? You become mindful of your actions and learn that we are all living on the titanic and we have hit the iceberg. We know there aren't enough lifeboats to rescue us all, so we become resourceful by thinking—the results are best when one thinks critically. In a complicated world with entangled systems of oppression, we must become hyperconscious of the ways we lead our lives.

A starting step:

Because free people do not live in fear, we should know our neighbors. We should make eye-contact and say, “*hello.*” Strangers are not enemies, and if they are, we can be the judge of that. Do not fear what you do not know—ignorance is an explanation, not an excuse.

Chatter on change:

We cannot purchase change at Wal-Mart, or bid for a revolution on eBay. We have to work towards transformative change and plant the stepping stones for a revolution. You do not have to wear a shirt with Che Guevara's face to express political dissent. We can just as easily live the values and ideals Che Guevara espoused. If you believe in peace, wearing the symbol on your shoes, school bag, and as earrings might be a bit overdone. We can just as easily try to respect and permit people the right to feel and express their desires; and we can work towards ridding the negative energy that we have internalized and spread unintentionally.

Expect more:

Slogans will not save us, and rhetoric will not protect us. Progressive comedic shows and politically correct advertisements are not enough to liberate ignorant minds, or destitute people.

Be conscious and consistent:

- △ Don't aspire to change the world because it's hip or rad; change the world because you want it to survive.
- △ Do not fall prey to cognitive dissonance, or contradicting ideals/values, it will make hypocrites of well-meaning people.
- △ Apply the same standard of freedom and human rights that you hold for yourself to every other human being, and live your life accordingly and *consistently*.

Osama Bin Laden, Where You Been Hiding?

They caught you like a dreamcatcher
Shot you down in the night they wrote up
They tell us we got justice now
Sand Negroes been put down

I suppose freedom has been restored
But how many dead have come to pass
What big lies go untrue
Who flew them planes
Have we really been after you?

You indistinct brown Arab man
You were Amerika's nightmare
You were the terror that taunted us
But you were a ploy, a toy
To render us tame

Osama, riddle me this:

How did 100 flights of steel and cement turn into dust?
I don't wish to make a fuss, but this is odd
And even gravity would suggest
That things don't fall into itself and disintegrate
But even more sinister, are the explosions, many heard
As low as the third floor, when the plane hit
High up in the sky, do tell, what is the lie?
But you are dead now, well
The idea they made of you
And we can never interrogate
What lies remain untrue

Between me and you,
I always had a clue
I knew it wasn't you

extremism

is self-defense,
call it justice
in despotism

Hate is the Trigger

Ceasefire
Don't let blindness conspire
Ceasefire
Times are dire
Ceasefire
Shall we let truth expire
Ceasefire
We're down to the last wire
Ceasefire
Tyranny will transpire
Ceasefire

Let the lies retire

Let truth inspire

CEASEFIRE
CEASEFIRE
CEASEFIRE

Freedom is my only desire

*“I’s done, I’s free;
the Ivory Tower didn’t conquer me.”*

an abode that is rode

born bare in a thorny world
i drank hatred from my mother’s breast
too dark, too thick, too smart, too different
a nomad in the Diasporas
home was a legend
and I, a retired fool

choked on silence
mismatched my face
almost lost my name
trying to survive
in the soulless house
of a rifted world

i dressed myself in hurt
because bitter words taste like pain
i stole letters like the hungry steal food
turned them into truth and fed me whole
i used language like a kitchen and had a feast
my home now resides within my supple soul

*“Our planet is an heirloom, but we treat it like a bathroom.
When the unborn young inherit this rotted antique,
at least it’ll be unique.”*

Sistah, that ain't love

sistah, how you hitting another sistah
didn't your mother love you enough
don't you love yourself enough,
to know that you may never lay
your hands on a sistah to harm
how did you fail to know that
we must love us—**for us**,
in a world that forgets
that a negress needs love

*“By the virtue of being inculcated with a scripted
consciousness, the tamed mind assures its senses that
freedom has been realized because it has been
embroidered upon their tongue.”*

A Brown Girl's Ode to the World

*human unification, or annihilation
life is finite*

let a thought grow
shake off your shackles

can you see?
what it means to not be free
to not be free...

Tigers and Pirates

Wonderment befalls Amerikan faces when they hear of zoo animals striking their trainers. I see Amerikans gorge on self-righteous indignation when they learn of suicide-bombers causing a ruckus; or Africans claiming the ships that floweth by their land. People begin to wonder and believe that animals and distant brown folks are inherently violent. Perhaps they are akin to one another, some would believe—in fact, they are.

**But context is crucial for those who subscribe
to historical amnesia.**

Sea World's killer whale grabbed its trainer's waist and took her life. That is all the news will share. But how many months and years has that killer whale spent in a pool instead of an ocean. How many hours of the day has that killer whale been on display. How many shows and how many rows did that killer whale entertain? Did that killer whale want to be your vacations highlight? Did you ever think an animal would like to be free? That killer whale, named Tilikum, was kidnapped from ocean's freedom at two years of age. He was thirty when he killed Dawn, his trainer. He took twenty-eight years to kill while in captivity—he was patient.

Roy of "Siegfried & Roy" was attacked by his white tiger and will never walk again. Tigers must be vicious, I suppose. But they are tigers, magnificent cats of the wild that are raw and violent and powerful. How dare Roy capture the wild's child and train it to jump through hoops of fire and perform cat-

wheels. What an insult to the jungle, to reduce the sophistication of unabated wilderness to a ten dollar show at a circus. I think the tiger was polite to have been tricked and Vegas-style pimped for thirteen years at the Mirage—he could have killed Roy, and sooner.



Zoos are prisons for animals who committed the crime of arousing the curiosity of humans. These animals give as much consent to their captivity as countries that are invaded and expropriated.



Palestinian Suicide Bomber strikes Tel-Aviv, numerous victims seriously injured. The news loves those single-anachronistic-liners for the day's tale. If I didn't think for myself, I'd believe that Islamic terrorism is brewing. In actuality, Palestinians were colonized by the British Empire who sold them out. You see, in 1947 Britain was broke due to WW1&2, but they still had their colonies. Of course, colonies are hard to maintain when you have little money. So Truman, the president of Amerika at the time, agreed to give Britain a loan to avoid bankruptcy, via the Marshal Plan, if Britain allowed 100,000 holocaust survivors into Palestine. And then, in November of 1947, the United Nations voted in favor of partitioning the territory (Palestine) into separate Jewish and Arab states. On May 14th of 1948, Israel declared Independence. This occurred amid the Arab-Israeli War of 1948. This was followed by the 1949 Armistice Agreement, a treaty of sorts. Ironically, the Palestinians who

fled their lands during the war returned to learn that Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria, made a deal with Israel; and ever since, Palestinians have been trying to rest peacefully within their home. Palestine has been occupied by Israel for over sixty years now. Britain played a fast one on Palestinians and sold one land to two nations. Now, Jewish holocaust survivors, and Zionist, believe they can occupy and murder another god's people. Isn't that poetry, those who are surviving are killing those who are dying. So I ask, if you were a seventeen year old Palestinian boy in Gaza, which is a war zone, and saw death all hours of the day, would you crave revenge? Would you take your fleeting life to kill *your* oppressor?

Somali Pirates hijack a yacht and kill four Americans. End of story. Astonishingly, Somalia has been without a functioning government since 1991. Prior to that, Mohamed Siad Barre had been their military dictator since 1969. Mind you, Somalia was "administered" by Italy and Britain years succeeding Barre's rise to power. Where was I, since the civil war broke out in 1991, Somalia has become one of the poorest nations in the world. And yet, the Pirates have weapons, right? Hollywood sensationalized this riddle in the film *Blood Diamonds*; it starred Leonardo Di Caprio and Djimon Hounsou. The film centered on how smuggling diamonds from Sierra Leone to Europe financed the gruesome 11-year civil war. It also depicted a plethora of human rights violations that occurred as a result of appropriating diamonds for distribution. And because we live in a globalized world with repetitive histories, it appears that the same corruption and shady dealings that prolonged

Sierra Leone's civil war is now sustaining a state of chaos in Somalia. Meaning, Amerikan merchants and other global consumers are financial investors of unending atrocities that are experienced in present-day. So I ask, if your country was in sheer anarchy and was a locus of despoilment and you just wanted to survive, would you kill for your next meal? Would you be livid to see someone so free they could ride the sea, as you dream of a day to flee? Would it matter whose face you see in that yacht, when you go in for the kill?

If you dial and redial the line to justice and find that the phone is out of service, what do you do next? In the breast of madness, civil survival is as likely as gentle tsunamis. When folks don't crawl up and die, they stretch and reach for retribution; and when you live on the seam between death and life every day, you do things that make your soul shudder.

We should ask why these animals and humans have resorted to such vile comportment. What part of their humanity was gypped, and how can we return it?

“As Blacks, from the US to the Caribbean, Africa, and beyond...where do we go from here?” -Anonymous

We, of the African Diaspora, were born into an auspicious situation that enables us to assist in the manifestation of global emancipation. You see, we don't have to dip our souls into Amerika's Melting Pot, or stuff it with Amerika's entitlement. We can decide to stop pandering to amnesia and remember that our ancestors were dragged from our homes and sold and used on Amerika's soil; and then our homes were colonized by Amerika and its peer-nations. Those homes are now referred to as the Global South and continue to be the site of unconscionable exploitation and dispossession.

Amerika set us free with affirmative action, on leashes tied to white liberalism, as it tightened the chains on nations our ancestors called home.

We are in the Massa's house, we work in his schools, in his banks, in his hospitals, and hold political power. We must subvert the dominant Amerikan discourse in every capacity we can access. We must use what agency we are still afforded by performing acts of conscious subversion.

If you are a soldier, discharge by all means possible, immediately.

If you are a cop, you can slim your hunger for power and replace it with a passion for freedom and Amerikan-subversion. You don't have to harass people and ticket them beyond the needs of the quotas you must meet—if you choose to meet them. You can stay out of our schools because

your presence burdens our young with psychological discomfort. You can stop criminalizing poverty. You need to stop OD policing poor communities of color. You must STOP shooting, period—ASAP.

If you are a doctor, you can grab some pills for a person who cannot afford them on their own. You can provide services and not request payment. You can treat your patients like whole humans and assess more than symptoms. You can encourage a healthy diet and exercise before prescribing a 40-year-old with high-blood pressure medication. You can tell people what they should never buy or eat at grocery stores. You can help people protect their bodies from this toxic world if you share language that can name such toxins.

If you are a teacher, please do not erase the history of Amerika and confuse the minds of our young—our future. Please name the strings that knot your teacher-tongue. Please teach something written in a book on revolution and about rebels. Let your students know that they have to think for themselves, turn off the TV, and find something true worth living for. If they want to be free, they must first be able to see.

If you are a salesperson, let people steal. Yes, this is the oddest of them all, but we are all slaves trying to survive. Theft is an act of revolution in a society that has privatized everything down to water and patented the genetics of food.

If you are a regular black folk just living by the gun of nine-to-five, know you ain't alone. If you see other folk living under

the same gun as you, try to find and forge similarities. The white woman on Medicaid, the Mexican man on food stamps, and the black teen mother who receives public housing, may have more in common than a room of educated white yuppies. Regrettably, we who are of color and poor have not learned to stand in support of those who appear dissimilar to ourselves.

No matter what type of black you are, or what land your bloodline grew from, we are everyone's comrade. We must arch our souls in search of a strangers leaning spirit and unite our pains. We must understand that all these -izms are distractions and we must not feed into them.

But we must feed each other truth and empathy and unconditional love because our survival, everyone's survival, is contingent upon human unification.

In word and deed,
Zisa Aziza

*“The colonized mind is incapable of gripping the chains
that bind its mind, like a jovial sambo fat off
the inebriation of their hallucination.”*

Mercenary for Truth

I claim allegiance to no nation or corporation
I am a soldier for the preservation of life on our planet
I intend to assassinate apathy and I will pistol-book ignorance
I will gun down hypocrisy and draw it into honesty
I will load minds with questions and hope they shoot for
answers
For I am certain my fellow humans wish to survive

Sister!

A Dear friend writes:

I am feeling so stifled and claustrophobic. People, if that's what they are, remain so in touch with themselves and their worlds and their wants and their selfishness that the air around me feels tainted with unnatural life... I want to wear a mask, mask as in doctor's mask/surgeon's mask... to filter the air around me, to keep this gnawing feeling of mediocrity from entering my lungs and settling in my bones, but I feel so weak. I have a feeling you dig what I'm feeling right now and what I'm living...

I respond:

totally. dude. i'm right there with you. my response to such feelings has been action/transformation: i have chosen to fuck up my Amerikan dream, entirely. fuck the dollar and the white picket fence. i ain't the new black, i just wanna be a free black.i am setting out for a life that permits and necessitates farming. i have decided to live in a commune and be part of an alternative solution that is built on the premise of egalitarian values. this way, i can have my needs met and contribute less of my soul to this MACHINE... until i find my next answer. i have also started living in the moment;

therefore, i find impermanence and the lack of security less disconcerting than i once did.i have found truth, knowledge and wisdom to be painfully liberating, but i can choose how to utilize these tools. i can keep marching to the Amerikan-dream band, or bust some moves muthafuckas won't see coming. **For example**, get a \$200k+ education and live for your soul and not repayment. i ain't no slave but i got all these chains. Fuck 'em!time is finite. live your truths. shred all masks. Be you, boo!

Dear People of the Future:

You must be living in the world I saw on the Syfy network, or read of in sci-fi books. I tried, you know. I knew your enslavement would be more severe than my own. I knew the toxification of this planet would hold you hostage. I knew disenfranchisement and destitution would subsist along a broader spectrum of human life.

I cried many nights. I even stayed up, on some, and wrote as I cried. I swear I tried.

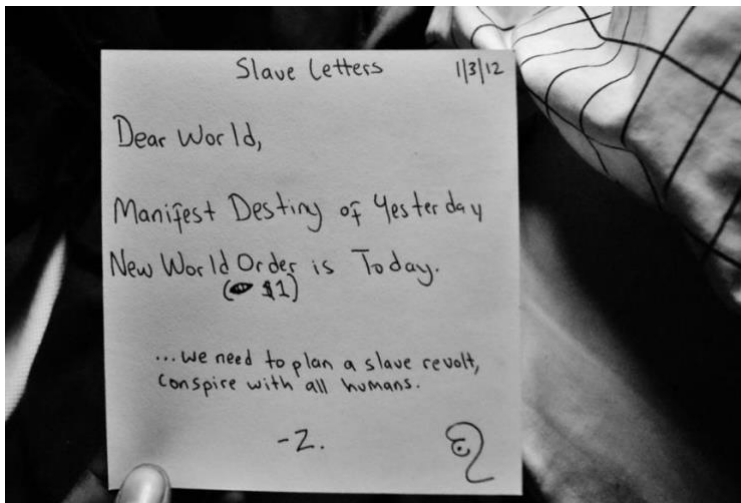
But the mind is a hard thing to free. People just can't see. I thought words could uncloak these chains and bars and collars we adorn. I was mistaken. I was wrong. How do you tell an enslaved nation that their notion of freedom is a gradation of global enslavement? How do you tell people who tote democracy and justice in their mouths, as they drool of narcissism, that they have a stake in this fight too?

I watched the freest of nations turn into things that seemed to mimic the very nations Amerika ignored and labeled "third world." I watched schools teach like they were on recess because they ran out of money. I watched the health-care industry pick and choose who could live because they became god. I bore witness to the transition of the Amerikan constitution from a state of prominence to irrelevance, when Amerika instituted the Patriot Act. I watched Amerika become a police-state against mythological terrorism and the sinister lies of 9/11. I watched Uncle Sam clear bank accounts during the housing crisis and Wall Street bailouts. I watched big

brother get bigger and rule the lives of freed people like a dictator with congressional puppets by his side.

Amid the mutations of Amerikan freedom, I felt ignorance ferment and the taste was grim. I knew where the world was headed and I tried to blow my horn. I tried to leave messages that were dipped in desperation for human unification. I tried to leave breadcrumbs spiked with revolution at dawn, hoping someone would be hungry enough to follow during the day. I had hoped that Amerikans would venture down a path of empathy and clarity. Unfortunately, Amerikans were inoculated with blindness upon birth. In the absence of vision, fiction can substitute reality; therefore, I committed my efforts to formulating an antidote for oblivion.

In word & deed,
Zisa Aziza





*“The system is rigged, the system is rigged, all beware—
“accidents” are developments designed in disguise.”*



Life on a Fr(e)ight Train

Most days, when I am alive, when I am living and not just surviving, I can't help but feel that our *construction* of the *world* and its people exist within a speeding fr(e)ight train. This fr(e)ight train is without a navigation system due to the socially encouraged addictive greed for the sustenance of a material world. And the brakes have been dismantled because capitalism will testify that there is always profit to be made and financial institutions are simply too big to fail because every individual is a commodity.

But the tracks we ride are not endless. Unlike the monopoly money we print as currency, this *planet* has *finite* resources. If we do not slow down, we are bound to experience a tremendous collision of catastrophic consequences. The longer we ride this train the more speed it will gain. In just the past year, BP let oil spill into our oceans' water for several months, which created dead zones; and GE produced the nuclear reactors that have the Japanese racing against radiation because the contamination is spreading. For the sake of life, our planet and the existence of all life forms **must** be worth more than environmentally destructive oil and electricity.

I often wish I could jump off this impetuous train and land on solid ground, but this fr(e)ight train is the WORLD.

All I can do is stare and glare at other passengers, and say: "*We are going to crash! I don't know when or how but I know the wheels are corroding and the tracks are bending. What are we going to do about this? We have to do something, anything, to*

soften *the* *impact.”*

~~~~~ **Derailment is Inevitable** ~~~~~

We must brace ourselves by altering the ways in which we exist in this world, while riding this speeding fr(e)ight train, before the world staggers off its tracks.





## **Brother's Text about Cops in School.**

*Martin is 15 years old and in the tenth grad.*

**Martin** 10:14am: Maaaaannn High Schools have more security than prisons. Early in the morning we had metal detectors for, I think, cell phones.

**Zisa** 12:23pm: Sorry, baby. I'm so sorry you have to be exposed to such psychological oppression! Please stay clear of those mummies for justice, I mean cops. Fuck them, but don't fuck with them!

**Martin** 12:43pm: It's really annoying too because they treat everyone the same, like gangsters and hoodlums—always screaming and not letting us do anything without a police officer on your tail. It's really annoying. I mean, this is high school, a time when we have a little freedom right? Well, I definitely don't feel free.

**Zisa** 1:27pm: Well, that's what they are there to express. None of us are free, Martin. We live in a police-state. Stay low and get your work done. We'll talk more on this. I'll help walk you down the rabbit-hole of knowledge—one book, documentary, and conversation at a time.

**Martin** 1:46pm: Haha, thx Zisa.

**Zisa** 1:55pm: ;-)



**Dear Ivory Tower:**

Your advertisement is false. Your classrooms are awkward. Your knowledge is substandard. Your cost could harness the sun. Your political correctness exacerbates ignorance. And, your arrogance is unbecoming of your proper elite status.

I only stayed because you promised me good fortune  
when I had little sense.

But since then, I have learned to appreciate you in subversive ways. You gave me big words to read, but now I pick which big words I read—I even write big words of my own. You gave me theories to regurgitate but I decided to find my own theorists to emulate. You told me to save poor brown children drowning in disparity, and I realized that capitalism

necessitates disparity. You told me to make a ton of money and I learned how to need less to live.

Better yet, you are my family's reparations. I know my great-grandma's mama got her 40-acres-and-a-mule from you. In a dream, she told me to tell you: "*Thank you for sharing the goods of my enslaved labor with my descendant.*" I responded, "*Yeah Mama, white liberalism has replaced Jimmy and it sure does have them perks.*"

Truly,  
Zisa Aziza

### **How Folks Became "Amerikan"**

Not so long ago, White Anglo-Saxon Protestants hopped a boat and rode the ocean. They de-boarded on Plymouth Rock and thought they had found home. The WASPs came across some indigenous folks, we call them *Native Americans*. These indigenous folks were kind and generous to the WASPs and they shared a *Thanksgiving Day*. The WASPs made a coy attempt at kindness and gave the indigenous folks some blankets bearing small-pox. The kindness of WASPs effectively resulted in the indigenous folks teetering on the brink of

extinction. After chasing and killing those who had survived small-pox to the Western parts of Amerika during the *Trail of Tears*, there were mostly WASPs left to work the lands.

The WASPs, who were under the control of the British Empire, believed they were too superior to work and didn't enjoy paying so much in taxes. So they outsourced the labor to Africans by enslaving, shipping, and selling them in Amerika. Niggers, they were called, were the property of whites; who enjoyed exploiting, raping, torturing and killing niggers. Even though WASPs were tight with Jesus they relied on biblical stories to justify their treatment of niggers. Centuries later, when science became the authenticator of truths, the *Eugenics Movement* replaced the Lord's fiction.

And then, millions of ethnically diverse whites started riding the oceans' tide in search of their Amerikan Dreams. But there was a catch, we call this assimilation. You see, the Irish, Italians and other stigmatized whites had to be cruel to niggers to prove their allegiance to the white race (white Amerika) to assimilate. They even made an art of it, we call this Minstrelsy. The Irish would perform Blackface by dressing up in tattered and filthy clothing, put charcoal on their face, paint their lips with wide strokes of red lipstick and behave like buffoons—a theatrical expression to emphasize how *not* so black the Irish were.

And then, the Negro had to become Amerikan. The darkest of skins took the longest to melt in the Amerikan *Melting Pot*. It appeared to be an impossible mission, the evolution from property to citizenship. But don't fret, it was accomplished by

Negroes enlisting in WW1 to kill another nations' people. The First World War was the Negro's chance to kill on the behalf of Amerika to become a *Black-Amerikan*.

*And because history likes to repeat itself, the same mechanisms are recycled.*

Just as the Irish would accentuate their whiteness by painting their faces with burnt cork, greasepaint and shoe polish to blacken their skin and cover their mouths with lipstick to exaggerate their lips to sufficiently caricaturize niggers; Negroes, Blacks, and African-Americans dehumanize to otherize by pulling their triggers to riddle bodies with bullets to accentuate their Amerikanness.

Amerika's celebration of the minstrelization of murder-nation is assimilation's rite of passage, we call this **patriotism**. For the Negro, *and all second-class Amerikans*, WAR is the theater for the performance of *Amerikan-blackface*.

==== **WAR is a MILITARIZED Reenactment of Minstrelsy** ====

*“The dissemination and perpetuation of disinformation is stalling our procession to global emancipation.”*

**In-Class Assignment: "I am from..."**

I am from the Galaxy of Sight  
We, the seeing people, bear curious minds  
We use eyes to filter through lies  
We see rich nations eat impoverished nations  
We link hunger and disparity to greed and apathy  
We see the planet Earth deteriorate beyond repair  
We link scripted consciousness, the cause, to mainstream media  
And are in search of the Galaxy of Sound  
To inspirit the human consciousness to master contentment  
Otherwise, humans should prepare for their annihilation

*“I refuse to be a semi-colon in this run-on sentence of oppression that is ever-present in history’s text.”*

## The World is a Slave Plantation:

Amerika is a Massa's house. We Amerikans, who are economically oppressed or disadvantaged, come in every form and hue and are the house slaves and mammies. Those who bear riches within Amerika are like white wives enjoying their whiteness.

France, Japan, United Kingdom and other peer-nations are distant plantations with their own house slaves, mammies and wives bearing riches.

Nations like Vietnam, Thailand, and Mexico are the field slaves. Those impoverished and underdeveloped nations are being worked the most and fed the least. And when they act up, they get whippings from troops at the bequest of the Massa. Sort of like the "Invasion of Grenada," the Vietnam War, and the Iraq-**genocidal**-War.

As it pertains to Iraq, Saddam Hussein was a house slave turned guard-of-the-field-slaves and became a shady dictator—an Uncle Tom implanted by the CIA. This guard-of-the-field-slaves thought he was a Massa and then got skinned and lynched by Amerika—a real Massa.

But even more nuanced, Egypt and Libya are having insurrections in the oil fields, and the Massa is sending lynch-troops to tame them. Perhaps to change their field-guards, I mean dictators.

Unlike Amerika, some slave-nations can't keep their slaves in-line. Cuba and North Korea are run-away slave-nations. Iran and Venezuela are still running. Haiti didn't make it that far. And other slave-nations are trying to evade invasion and Amerikan occupation.

### **but who is Massa?**

We used to call them *overseers*, we now call them **Multinational Corporations**. You know: Google, Halliburton, General Electric, HSBC, Wal-Mart, Goldman Sachs, JP Morgan Chase & Co, Exxon Mobil, Pfizer, Johnson and Johnson, General Motors, Monsanto Company, Microsoft, the list is endless.

They run the whole plantation, in their developed nations and out in the periphery of develop-*ing* nations. Profit margins are compared my measuring the nations GDP, gross domestic product.

And because slave plantations *necessitate* control and order, institutions must be erected to civilize the slaves.

### **therefore:**

All *governments* are corrupt and serve the Multinational Corporations. Democracy is a convenient disguise, I mean *decoy*. This is evident in how the Amerikan presidential candidates, both republicans and democrats, receive “donations” from Goldman Sachs and JP Morgan. And, those



who work explicitly or implicitly for their government are self-serving Uncle Toms who appease the Massa—it's a de-facto situation. Evidence of such would be, Pennsylvania Judge Mark Ciavarella who received \$1 million in kickbacks from a *private juvenile detention* center for locking up kids for extended periods of time—kids for cash, like slavery. Speaking of slavery, let's talk about taxes. Tim Geithner, the Secretary of Treasury, does not pay taxes. And, if you ask the *Government Accountability Office*, they'll tell you that two-thirds of corporations do **NOT** pay taxes. It would be a crime, punishable by law, for slaves to avoid paying taxes—ask *Wesley Snipes*, as he serves time in a prison penitentiary for tax evasion.

All *laws* serve to protect the Massa's state and property and are enforced by police units that behave like mammies catering to justice. Police only act when the Massa desires, and Massa is allergic to justice. Just take a look at the Prison Industrial Complex for the house slaves, as it relates to Amerika; the field slaves endure the brunt of the Military Industrial Complex.

All *money* is bribery. The accumulation of monies is permitted and required to convince slaves of their freedom. And all **banks** are counterfeiting agencies because the US\$ dollar, which is the *reserve currency* and backs all *national currencies*, is a **fiat currency**. This means that, due to the Nixon-Shock, all currencies are NOT backed by precious metals. In fact, the \$US\$ *monopoly money* is printed solely under the authority of **The Federal Reserve**, a private Multinational Corporation. Yes, this MC prints all the money we see!

All *churches, mosques, temples*, and their equivalents teach slaves how to passively surrender—must trap the soul to entrap the mind and body. This occurs when slaves turn the other cheek or, for example, I mean pay taxes. And considering that the 16th amendment, which supposedly grants Amerika the right to seize your money, was **not** ratified in 1913, how would holy-higher beings suggest we address this *white* lie?

All *educational institutions* indoctrinate mistruths. This is performed by “unintentionally” disinforming its public as to the depth of oppressive histories that are in constant rerun—starring a new cast in present day. If we slaves were to learn about the 1676 Bacon’s Rebellion in Virginia, an inter-racial peasant-class uprising, and how unified rebellions are most threatening to the capitalist regime, perhaps we’d stop essentializing race and gender as the **cause** for economic inequality. The truth is capitalism, our economic system, necessitates destitution. Race and gender have been vehicles for the stratification of wealth and finite resources. But a slave’s education, which is the new vehicle for wealth stratification, will tell us that we can *all* pull ourselves up from our bootstraps, even if many of our boots are cemented in poverty due to perpetual disenfranchisement.

All *mainstream media* is propaganda of the Massa. Viacom, Time Warner, News Corp, CBS, The Walt Disney Company and General Electric are dedicated to the *\*fabrication \**of our reality by controlling our **perception**. After all, once you enslave a person psychologically, the chains become invisible—they exist *within the mind*.

**For example, Disney Media Networks is the largest media and entertainment conglomerate in the world, in terms of revenue, and its company holdings include:**

*The ABC Television Network:* ABC Entertainment, ABC Daytime, ABC News, ESPN on ABC, ABC Television, ABC Kids, and Touchstone Television.

*Cable Networks:* ESPN, ESPN2, ESPN Classic, ESPNEWS, ESPN PPV, ESPN Deportes, ESPNU, ESPNHD, ESPN2 HD, ESPNEWSHD and ESPNUHD, Disney Channel HD, Toon Disney, SOAPnet, ABC Family Channel, A&E Television Networks (42% equity; includes A&E, the History Channel, the Biography Channel, History en español, Military History Channel, Crime & Investigation Network, A&E HD, The History Channel HD), Lifetime Entertainment Services (50% equity; includes Lifetime Television, Lifetime Movie Network, Lifetime Real Women).

*TV Programming:* Good Morning America, World News with Charles Gibson, World News Now, 20/20, Primetime, This Week With George Stephanopoulos, Sportscenter/Monday Night Football, ESPNplus, Playhouse Disney, Jetix, ABC Kids.

*Film Production and Distribution:* Walt Disney Pictures (includes Walt Disney Feature Animation and DisneyToon Studios), Touchstone Pictures, Miramax Films, Pixar Animation Studios, Hollywood Pictures, Buena Vista International, Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Buena Vista Home Entertainment International, Disney Theatrical Group, Marvel Studios, A&E IndieFilms (42% equity). *Magazines:* Family Fun, ESPN the

Magazine, Jetix Magazine, Wondertime Magazine, Bassmaster Magazine and Disney Adventures

*Music:* Disney Music Group distributes music and motion picture soundtracks under its four labels: Walt Disney Records, Hollywood Records, Buena Vista Records, Lyric Street Records, Disney Music Publishing Worldwide.

*Books:* Disney Publishing, a subsidiary of the Company, owns Hyperion Books, Hyperion Books for Children, Disney Press, Disney Editions, Disney Adventures, Disney Fairies, Disney Digital Books, Mirimax, ESPN books, ABC Daytime Press, Hyperion East, Hyperion Audiobooks, Volo, Jump at the Sun, Disney Libri (Italy), Disney Hachette JV (France).

Other: Marvel Comics.

And because The Walt Disney Corporation is exceptional, this Massa has manufactured and founded a town in Florida. This product is tagged: ***Celebration, Florida.***



The Massa makes the house slaves believe they are free, and righteously so. This is accomplished by privileging its house slaves, mummies and wives to institutionalized miseducation and mainstream media, as a quick reader for a **scripted consciousness**.

The Massa, through his institutional entities, tells the developing nations, the field slaves, that Americans are democratic and free; this is why Americans are in the house and if *they* become *developed*, they may leave the fields and *become* house slaves.

And *now*, house slaves and field slaves, those oppressed and disenfranchised in Amerika, and those being annihilated in the deserts of Afghanistan and working sixteen-hour shifts in sweatshops in the Philippines, think they are each other's *enemy*.

The Massa turned us into rivals. This way, Multinational Corporations can keep all of us slaves occupied with assigned labor—baited to the MC's phony dollar.



*The saddest affair to observe is two slaves killing each other to feed their Massa.*

**The most excruciating ceremony to witness consists of slaves of different nations, those of the house and field, killing each other passionately, without end.**



how do we cease these senseless suicides?

*“if your tongue is itching,  
scratch it with words.”*

**Dear Professor History:**

Written during Fall 2010, in response to a class  
pertaining to slave revolts and resistance.

I wanted to try and share some of my thoughts on Revolt... In general, I think large-scale revolts, or the mere notion of physical/violent revolts are important because people need to believe that slaves had agency. All the stories of lynching's and the underground railroads do not illustrate how slaves may have seen themselves in their capacity as the enslaved. Exercising one's agency implies that there was a consciousness which necessitated action, even if death was the consequence.

As an eight year old, I remember eavesdropping and hearing stories of violence enacted upon blacks for years. It was usually told in a crude joke, or as a warning to stay out of white neighborhoods. And although I became familiar with white tolerance [something I could identify in my white teacher's eyes or in their tone], I could not believe that people who looked like me were bought/kidnapped and brought to this country for over a century and then enslaved for 300+ years. In my little mind I needed to believe that slaves fought back. It was essential for me to develop a healthy self-esteem, cultural-esteem.

Thirteen years later, it is clear to me that I was born into a violent world. The history of peace feels so short and violence seems endless. I almost wish I could think that the notion of revolt was a beautiful theory that we could paint, and sing, and write about and that would bring all of our dreams to fruition...

But freedom/peace/humanity is something that is taken with force and is never given back the same. What is taken with death must be retrieved with death [this can take on a physical/spiritual/mental/? form...] if we're actually prepared to sacrifice our privileges.

What I also find interesting in the class is that we talk about slavery as though it has been utterly banished from our time. I see slavery, poverty, disenfranchisement everywhere. I think slavery has evolved. When I look at the prison industrial complex and listen to Angela Davis's tracks on the matter, I am angry. When I learn of how enormous the sex slave industry is I forget how to speak. When I learn that our education system produces so many dropouts and blacks who have earned diploma's but can only read at an 8<sup>th</sup> grade level, I change the topic.

Black Panthers and Zapatistas fought hard...with a purpose. I often feel like people forget to understand **freedom**. Its conception has become intangible, in physical form. I wish more people thought of revolt and the many forms it can take. In short, slavery is salient and subtle; therefore, the necessity for revolt comes natural to me.

This may also be because I'm an empath. I also feel like I'm stuck in time...things shift but they don't change. I, too, am

trying to make sense of this all. I am mainly trying reach an understanding/theory/idea that can assist me in my attempts to engage this world in manner that means something to me.

**Dear Zisa:**

I love this email and your thoughts on revolt and especially about slavery being very real and present. I've got a lot to learn to be able to teach that in a meaningful way, but you've encouraged me to do so! I think it's important for us not to forget how close we are to all of this and that it is so powerfully personal.

I will print this out tomorrow and save it. Thank you so much for your thoughts.

Thanks.

*“You split the sky ‘cause you were scared of the sun? I like for my skin to sizzle and for my heart to melt, perhaps you would prefer the craters of the moon.”*



## Tie Laces

tie them laces, make tights knots  
'cause you gotta run tonight  
there ain't no scoreboard because this ain't no race  
you got your ticket, your soul and your suitcase

*“We are all cuffed and collared by the same slavers,  
it's just a different chain for the day”*

**Kill the nig } N-WORD { ger**

An exercise performed in your mind  
as a demonstration of you acting kind

Render me a prune coon  
or a sullen buffoon

But them Jim Crow eyes  
don't hide your lies

Tongue tied, noose loose  
color-blind, your truce

Tag the atrocities a national travesty of past tense  
Amerikan idiosyncrasies perpetuate this pretense

Your distortion of history serves your ignorance with  
impunity  
and cultivates fallacies and hypocrisies of false unity

You see, prisons are lynch pens  
a racist patriarchal cleanse

The courts are jolly white sadistic mobs  
out from our souls they take souvenir swabs

Cops mask white hoods with the officer's badge  
string us up with bullets, our freedom we cadge

Lionel Tate, was imitating pro-wrestlers on TV, when he  
slammed  
her 12 year old body dead, he got life in prison at 14 and was  
damned

Oscar Grant, unarmed and shot in the back  
because he was black, LAPD got little blow-back

The Jena 6 black teens almost got hung on prison's bar  
for hitting white Justin Barker and making his skin scar

Sean Bell, full with glee, he was to marry his love  
the morning of, cops shot him like a black dove

Even ordinary folk like to pick and poke  
our humanity they seek to perpetually revoke

James Byrd, was dragged savagely to his death with a pickup  
truck  
during the gangly gloom of antemortem, he was taken by an  
evil white ruck

Megan Williams, enduring for a week, learned the pains of rape  
and torture

inflicted by 6 six white folk who ravished her, them was a  
nefarious vulture

The Jersey 7 lesbians were attacked and convicted because  
they dared to defend themselves  
from a vicious black male who went legally unscathed—even  
jimmy-justice has shelves

When set loose, those on probation and paroled,  
wear noose collars  
like sharecroppers, they served their time and can't make  
dollars

Let's be honest, this is an evolving cultural spell  
that we have failed to deconstruct and dispel

Still we colored folks hang off Amerika's tree limb  
it's *your* minds you trick to the brim

Because these strange fruits were young, and early was  
their pluck  
if they ain't niggers, would this shit run amok?  
Speak it, for it must be spoke  
'cuz I'll be a nigger 'til I croak

*“While the cryptic corporate empire expands and “freedom”  
morphs into a counterfeit notion that slumber societies are  
deputized to perpetuate, I cannot bear to chafe my astute  
heart against exalted idiocy—I shall find refuge  
in an herb garden.”*

**disclaimer:**

my soul is laced with stitches  
come as you dare, but please be gentle  
for my sutures have not yet healed

*“I was born into a world that breast fed  
me self-hatred, and I am learning  
how to feed myself love.”*

**Pedagogue of Love**

telegram my heart the awful news  
that you were love’s muse  
and we have no say in who our hearts choose

## Unbridged

I tried to be fearless and love beyond my truth. My mind told me that our pigments were a matter for the eye to discern, for the heart saw no variation in coloration. And yet, I did not know what to say to you when silence felt heavy. I did not know how to bridge the gap that rests beneath the surface. I wanted to be held by you, but I didn't want to seem weak. After all, you wanted me because you thought I was black and strong—like your morning's coffee. But I am not, all of the time. I feel, you know? And although we hold hands and share passions as though race were an abstraction that befuddled the masses—but not you and I—it perplexes me to think, “could I love her.” Because I don't know if I know you, and I know you don't know me. But the pretense feels so good until I want to connect outside of the sheets.

Somewhere in our heart's cleavage, I wanted to fuse our truths. But we exist on different frequencies and I could never match your pitch. Even our histories are marked in red ink, because I know yours and you only know me. You are so naïve and I, secretly jaded, yet desperate to believe that these colors are not lines to stand behind. But every time I cross over and try to love the other side, I return wounded. In ways that I cannot speak upon for the hurting is suffocating, and my heart's shell has nicks that even the thinnest of threads cannot rejoin. I needed to believe that we are more than boxes wrapped in synonyms of falsehoods. And although this holds true, I cannot bear to cross—as my heart can no longer withstand the loss.

## Freelance Negress

I ain't no billboard or illustration  
 Of a succeeding white liberalism  
 Nor do I don red, black and green  
 Because shit is deeper than black and white  
 Don't be confused, 'cuz I ain't no oreo either  
 Because if you rip me open you'll find a rainbow  
 I ain't always queer though  
 Because sometimes I don't know what it means  
 I ain't an anarcha-feminist  
 Because they make a habit of forgetting all women ain't white  
 I ain't a bleeding heart liberalist  
 Because libertarians talk about freedom  
 I ain't god fearing  
 Because faith in one man does not suit my soul  
 I ain't poor and I ain't rich  
 But I gots everything I need  
 I's a negress and I ain't nobody's pawn  
 Because everyone seems to forget that I exist  
 'Til they got a movement that serves their interests

## baby girl,

run little black girl, run  
 don't you stop running  
 don't you look back  
 it is peace you crave

you bear ancient pains  
 and modern-day chains  
 with truth in pace, seek the unknown  
 'til you rest beneath your gravestone

## Sapience

the stars are my witness  
i stood long at the tip of that cliff  
i screamed and cried and fought  
with all the words my tongue could load  
i warned the wind that I could not fly  
i pleaded and begged the birds to lend me a wing  
and as my body soars to the gravel, i tussle with gravity  
a trick no fool dare attempt but only a magician can survive  
this—a *Magician*.

*evolving...*

i felt the rumbles of my soul  
and learned it best to dismiss than embrace  
but you see, the scam began before ink marked time  
so i stand here wondering why did i not dream when books  
told lies  
and tore down skies, why did i not know that the book was a  
forge  
and the writer a man-made god for no one's people, i now  
know  
and i's hope my ink is strong & my words wise  
because my truth must greet margins & penetrate minds

## Wassup

*It hurt my soul to see the rage so raw  
in her eyes beamed at me.*

After repeating herself several times, we finally caught eyes. I took my headphones off and said, “Are you talking to me?” She said, “WASSUP.” It was after 11pm on a long cloudy day. As far as I was concerned, nothing was *wassup*. She then repeated, “WASSUP.” In utter mystification of why the fuck she was repeating the word “Wassup;” I said, “Excuse me?” And of course this one line fool said, “WASSUP.” Her body language implied that she had a score to settle with me, like a grievance of sorts. In my attempt to connect her “Wassup” to the lady next to me... for that could be the only reason why homegirl would say something to me... I said, “Do you know each other?” As suspected, they did. The robust black woman in the mammoth parka was her aunt.

I chuckled. I did not apologize for the disagreeable facial expressions I made when her aunt chose to squeeze herself into a tight spot next to me. I was sincerely pissed off because paying \$2.25 for two-thirds of a NYC bus seat was absurd. I believed I was entitled to feel as I did. That said, I was all but ready to return listening to Lauryn Hill when home girl said, “You got a problem?” It was in that moment that I went from being confused to sad, to just furious. I tried to nip it in the bud because I knew nothing good was to foreshadow such an exchange. I looked at her, rolled my eyes and said, “I ain’t in the mood for this.”



Homegirl was a black middle-toned, heavy-set stud. She was the closest semblance of a person who stood in the same cellblock this world has crafted for us specimens of humankind. She was black, a woman, queer, masculine and heavy-set. She had my love by the nature of her existence.

I gawked at her, and in that unequivocal tone, I declared, “Are you serious???” I was livid. “SISTAH, are you SERIOUS???” My eyes began to well with tears. There I was staring into the eyes of a woman whose life I would sacrifice my own for, if she would only loosen her trigger finger. I wanted to whisper into her ear and say, “Honey, I’s the wrong nigga”. Instead, she had it against my throat. I decided to tell her that when she walked on the bus I thought she looked mad chill. And this was true. She had three kids on her arm and a shorty; but I wasn’t mad at her, yo! She was living her family dream. I loved her for her bravery. I loved her because she looked like me, and I loves me.

After I tried to insert an IV with compassion streaming out, to treat this wicked cancer of the soul that was in remission, she responded with, “blah, blah, blah....” Her girl said she wouldn’t stop and the drunken chick on the other side of the woman in the mammoth parka was in an ignorant state of amusement. I then began to repeat, “Are you SERIOUSSS?” Not in that tone that would imply that I was ready to bump knuckles.

But more like:

You audacious cunt. Nigga I bleed for you. I lose sleep over bitches like you. I spent three years of my life in elitist academia to represent and help speak for

muthafuckas like you. And you got the fucking unholy nerve to say “**wassup**” to my ass? You wanna pop off with me because niggas who look like you, hurt like you, and fear you because we understand the might under your fist? Nigga, **I is you.**

How the fuck you coming at me hard like I’m the teller at the welfare office; or, the cracker cop who tries to frisk ya ass when you got a rolled blunt in ya Newport pack with a quarter in ya back pocket. Or, the muthafuckas who they call Child Protective Services to steal ya child and label that shit parental neglect. Bitch I’m the muthafucker on the frontlines taking it from uppity white liberalist yuppies and hood scrapping niggas. You got the wrong sistah tonight → kinda tone.

I couldn’t help but look at her and gape. As I felt the pain created and shared between two sisters, bleeding from the same slashes, I wanted to pluck out her eyes and gaze into her soul because I knew her pupils were lying. Fuck, of course I knew—I’s her.

And even so, in that moment she made me hate her. And by the laws of logic, if I’s her and she’s me and I hate her, then I hate me. I simply nodded my head as I fought to sink those tears. She just smiled, as though she had won a battle in the mirror.

She mentioned something about “being the wrong person on the bus” to her shorty. I laughed. I thought to myself: *this bitch*

*got fifty pounds on me, but I could have two ounces of steel to slit right through her veins. I could have brass knuckles itching to give her beauty marks all over her face. I could have bleach in a perfume bottle and have this bitch never see the day she'll live to ask "WASSUP" because she saw something—again.*

**The cancer has become contagious, and the self-hatred is blossoming...**

I have been bruised up trying to love and understand white queers, upper-middle class feminist, hetero Blacks and Latinos, Voguing Gays, drag queens, the gender variant, poor immigrants and all men. But I have never felt a bullet hang off the tonsils of a woman who looks like me; as she cocked her tongue and pulled the trigger, when she said "WASSUP," with her eyes gunning at me.

GUNNING at *me*?  
gunning at **ME**?

### **intravenous**

spiritual plaque  
is building  
inside of my bones  
the lesions are benign  
but the arthritis  
is undeniably murderous

## Dear Mister

Please resist your urge to blow your horn  
although I understand the hour is late  
YOU must understand that this sidewalk  
is not a restaurant and I am not a dish on the menu  
nor am I flattered that you would mistake my thickness  
for a plate of soul food to satisfy your jonesing

## Mathematics

Miseducation +  
Disinformation x  
Indoctrination = Higher Education

## dat ladder

chasing the dream, trying  
to cop a taste of the elite  
honey dear, you ain't nuttin  
but a sack of sautéed meat  
capitalism is a scavenger's wet dream  
like vultures circling 'round  
just waiting to snatch your soul  
and turn your mind into a grave mound  
they'll take you whole

## Emphatic Ghostwriting

Like a chameleon, I blended into whichever discourse surrounded me. The hippies loved the afro curls and shabby beard. They told me they wish they had some color in them. My girlfriend's wealthy friends who lived like the characters on MTV's *The Hills* or CW's *Gossip Girls* preferred my hair cut and beard shaved. They said I reminded them of Brad Pitt with a Bermuda tan. And my brother's friends told me I would've been a house slave. They told me my eyes were like those Toni Morrison wrote about in *The Bluest Eye*. My eyes are green. It was as though I had no true self. The world imposed its ideas upon me and I wore their masks faithfully until they seeped into my soul. Like W. E. B. Du Bois wrote, I had "this sense of always looking at [myself] through the eyes of others, of measuring [my] soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity." He spoke about a two-ness, of being "an American" and "a Negro." But I am not simply an American, or a negro, nor am I a Homer Plessy when I pass.

My identities shift like traffic lights go from green to red and a little yellow in between—when my green eyes don't deny my afro with its kinks. Crossing before the light turned red, or my blackness slipped through, was a strange chore to master. Even so, it was my father's words that poked holes in my search for wholeness. It was as though he took the tape the world used to bind his humanity and was too generous to share it with me. He was too smart a man, and turned tape into rope and swore to never let my feet touch the ground. He told me: "Son, you must work to be a man, but you will work twice as hard

as your white peer to get half as far as he.” My father never let me forget the sores of my black blood. He often mocked me. His favorite joke was, “you can wear that white mask but you will always have black skin. You best not forget you’re my kin.”

Everyday became red light, green light, one-two-three, who can tell I’m hiding a sad black sea. The fragmentation of my psyche was a truth no one ventured to see, as I lost me. My search for self has led me on a journey for knowledge—so that I may become spiritually free.

## **The Empire**

amerika is a strange house  
built upon broom sticks  
and haunted by wicked tricks

**please, I plead**

cease the whisper  
of restless soul

which creeps like shadows  
when misery claims the toll

## **my childhood**

the tooth fairy didn't want my teeth  
from my window i watched kids trick-or-treat  
i was prepping for prison break before it aired on ABC  
and while watching the Disney channel, i learned:

that the Grinch stole my innocence  
Pied-Piper lured me into self-hatred  
Cinderella stole my story, and  
John Smith conquered my soul

so i flipped the switch  
teamed up with Columbus  
in search of new lands  
and found ground zero

been in search of a perpetrator  
i blamed the lord  
for he was not my shepherd  
and it's been pandemonium for years

## **Je t'aime**

you were my opium  
and I was your devout addict  
content with being strung out on you  
because i forgot how to love myself

## on hold

generic souls clog the pipes  
of an evolving humanity  
dilute potential and possibility  
like phony magicians

who hide birds in crooked hats  
and charge a dollar by the second  
to witness the exploit of childlike glee  
they inject distrust and self-loathing

for when we wish to view  
the magical feathers  
of an invisible bird  
we are trained to dis-believe

*“I live an emotionally honest life because I cannot afford  
to be frugal with my soul...”*

## and...

i wish to plant  
seeds  
of truth  
to be harvested  
after  
my death



**Dear Katie**

*While in class, a fellow classmate became enraged when she learned of a black students' experience with racism during a group project.*

Katie,

The sight of your anger felt like sunshine rising out of a shallow well. I thank you.

I, too often, hear: “that’s offensive”; “I couldn’t imagine being a white person in a sea of blacks”; or, “I thought it was racist, but that would have happened twenty years ago—not today though.”

I have not seen a white woman angry when her own struggles were not the subject of thought.

I have only heard her speak, tongue sharp and sharpened, with hands drawn, standing in a circle bound by a pink ribbon, as though words were scissors; she held them up right and gave them to those whose eyes were blue, like hers. When I reached, between the passing of the scissors, to inject my truth between the white lines and thin margins, I bled. They were right-handed scissors and I had suddenly become left-handed. She said: “Please do not lean on the ribbon, or loosen its grip to make room—we are one, women fighting for our rights.” She protected the pink ribbon which encased the beauty of her whiteness—as her words cut into the very veins that rushed life into my dying heart. But I have never fathomed her cry. I

was certain her tears were preserved for the lapse of that pink ribbon—not its tenacity.

I am, at present, coming to terms with the mask this white world has strapped onto me, providing partial humanity amongst the debris. I, too often, am forced to transcribe my feelings into fiction, and slip it under the door of a house—to which I am denied a key, a bed, a dresser, and utensils to eat with. Creeping through the basement window before sunrise, has become my way of entry.

My face is plunged into the stale curtain, after I scratch and claw into the iron bars with my fingernails. The blood streaming from where cuticles once rested is like grease, helping me loosen the stiffness of the rusty bars near the window seal; as it has been destabilized by the intrusion of dusk.

The curtain masks my midnight blue face, but the shadow cannot be mistaken. I exit when the night sky illuminates the very darkness I try so earnestly to suffocate, behind that pasty curtain.

Like mahogany trees bending their brittle trunks in the night, when the moon's gaze reckons to be heavy; I turn to a dark sea, in search of my reflection, but only the white of my eyes rests over the ripples in this sea.

I have learned to distance myself from my truest emotions. I have to contain my pain, anger, happiness—the self, dreaming to be free. I have to generalize and depersonalize my

experiences, when I attempt to fuse sound with sensation. I have rearticulated my truths in a manner that denies ownership, so I can claim partial citizenship—in a country devoted to rendering my being inert.

I am learning how to become whole—in a white world that is insistent on stuffing my mind with carbon monoxide, and then puzzled when my soul is frail.

I have tried to lend a lens to many white women over the years, and failed. Perhaps, the lens I shared was for a nearsighted eye, and they stood too close to see what was tearing, bleeding and dying, before their very eyes.

I had decided to no longer inform white women—those queer, poor, full figured and disabled—of the ways in which they slap me every morning with their whiteness. I tell them: “you and I may enter through the same door, but your silence lacerates my dilapidated heart, when you leave mention of my existence at that door.” I say to her: “you hold me face down and drown me in your white ocean, after I told you I cannot swim in waters pale and blue,” as I gasp for air.

Katie, your tears disrupted my dry cries and your anger awoke my sluggish rage.

As the majestic Audre Lorde said: “My response to racism is anger. I have lived with that anger, on that anger, beneath that anger, on top of that anger, ignoring that anger, feeding upon that anger, learning to use that anger before it laid my visions to waste, for most of my life. Once I did it in silence, afraid of

the weight of that anger. My fear of that anger taught me nothing. Your fear of that anger will teach you nothing, also” (Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider*, 2007; 124).

I urge you to feel your anger, interrogate your anger, voice your anger, and find a way to cultivate that anger, so you may grow, and not harbor guilt under your wings. I beg you to resist the ease with which you could fall into the luminous cavity of not knowing: white ignorance. To “*not know*” a particular set of knowledge, which surrounds you, demands that you divert your eyes. I encourage you to amplify your view and enhance the sensation with which you experience this world.

Anger provides a space to shower oneself with the infinite possibilities of revelation and transformation. Do not lend your anger to the management of those who will invalidate, replicate and eviscerate the subject from which that great emotion was derived. Because of the immeasurable power it bears, it is deeply feared, and relentlessly under attack, by those committed to renaming, redefining and reconstructing the beautiful fruit of your anger—without its seeds.



I write this letter to you, and to myself. I abandoned my anger and became paralyzed. As I relearn how to feel, to cry, to laugh, to weep, to desire, and to dream, I have grown stronger. I have realized that we must confiscate our truths from those who robbed us after they shrunk our hearts and blinded our minds. We must cherish what is, righteously, ours.

I write this because the sight of your tears struck a chord so deep in my soul, I still hear an unfamiliar tune that I wish to never lose. I felt a fire spark, where gloom rested in bliss. I am knee bent in the cracks I swore would devour me, and the fire in your tears burn a light; I, who has no religion, has prayed for, all my life.

I, now, believe that that gloom can be reconciled and dragged into daylight. And although our history has latched on to my psyche, it is not set in stone. We can redefine our history by planting new stepping stones for our future. It is from anger, sustained and not self-contained, that new worlds are born. I embrace your anger, but let's begin paving a new world.

*Are you game?*

Truly,  
Zisa Aziza

## **disposable**

the rich will drown you  
with their simplicity  
they will soak your soul  
with their pains  
then discard of you  
like a rotten rag

## **awoke**

they told me I was free yesterday  
but when i woke up this morning  
and tried to live in peace  
it occurred to me  
that yesterday was a dream

## **Young Soul**

They told me I was free yesterday  
They told me I was free yesterday

How they feed me lies  
And keep my soul congested  
Won't let peace seep in

But I got a dream brewing in my soul  
I said I got a dream brewing in my soul

I need to find freedom  
I need to taste peace  
And I must share love

Because I am not in love with a dying world

I am a young soul  
Trying to find some truth  
In a lying world  
Built on half truths

## Beseech Thy Truth

Lust suckles me like an unrelenting leech  
 Cravings for thy presence will not cease, we must breach  
 In sound what silence would have us drown  
 Jokester, I am not, for these proclivities do not make me a clown

Unbound and unadorned we were in our raw skin  
 Tales unfathomed and unfettered bliss were to begin  
 Why must we erase the salubrious hymns hummed between our eyes  
 The whispers of truth riddled out of the mouths of those who love lies

Live long and strong because women like you and I can spark a revolution  
 Of passion, of wholeness, of unrestrained amorous bonds that disrupt friction  
 Between those of us dying to love because our love has grown ancient  
 In a world of seductive self-flagellation and cheap shape lifts of the soul

We are vagrant women straddling the chains of psyche  
 trickery and daring to unhinge  
 I felt you reach for the untamed pastures of pleasure and then you retreated  
 As to avoid the impinge of an unadulterated self-disrobed upon the universe  
 Except, the submerged axioms of the endogenous must be articulated

It is not my intent to rattle your cage of normalcy, but if your soul is itching  
 And you feel ethereally suspended, I vie to soothe your aching

However, if you feel inclined to forsake your senses, to  
renounce the emergence  
Of a fuller being, I wish you tranquility, or a variant of its  
semblance

*“And thus, I had to write. It is the only weapon [gift]  
I have as a negress.”*

### **The Present [tense]**

Grain of a soulful tear  
Shadow of the ocean  
Hope of the dead  
Mourn of the newborn  
Birth of the past  
Spark of the future

*“trek my trail and let me know if those knees stay sturdy”*



*“I have been tying and retying my laces, doing the same stretches and still have not stepped onto the track. I have a plan. I have a way. I have agency. I do.”*

### **Sistah [Sisthern]**

although you and i share a similar pigment, we were nurtured in dissimilar environments. i always knew there were wealthy black folk existing in the ‘burbs. but i never thought we’d exist in the same space, and yet the distance feels so great. even so, i want to know you; i wish to love you. but i fear the pain that would ensue if we fail to understand one another. i wish i were unafraid to misspeak or to be misunderstood... but you look like my sister and, for that reason, the hurting would be profuse.

*“in a daze, a trance itching to get a glance at the workings of this maze, fishing for something to believe...”*

*“the moon is my shepherd,  
I shall not lose my way in this dark night...”*



**Dear Loved Ones:**

This letter was written during my year off from Smith,  
while wwoofing (farming) in Argentina.

I imagine you all know that I am a little different. That said, I  
have decided to make a leap. As someone who has little to lose  
and, conversely, much to gain, I figured the time was ripe.

†††

I don't know what happened to me Fall of 2008... but I started  
to *feel*. Things stuck to me like dust does to dreads soaked in  
beeswax. It became increasingly difficult to learn, and feel, and  
stay complacent. I spent so much energy trying to calm myself. I  
tried to numb my nerves... pause my thoughts and silence my

doubts... but the feelings became a massive tidal wave, and I a lone surfer.

### **I felt lied to...**

I realized that I was being indoctrinated and that wasn't what I was paying for. That is not what they sold me... You see, I stumbled on knowledge like a child trips on untied laces. I took an Anthropology class that glorified globalization as a source of worldwide interconnectedness that enabled the free flow of knowledge and culture. Although this is very true, the professor hip-scothed over the misery, destitution, poverty and mass cultural/ psychological and physical genocide generated by this boundless invention: globalization. And... in a Government class I took, the professor made it clear that there was no true systemic means by which to redistribute wealth: reparations. We discussed how Jews were given money for the Holocaust and some tribes of the Native Americans were given millions... But the Israeli-Palestinian conflict was just **SO** complicated. And African-Americans were just a lost race; I paraphrase.



## Therefore...

I found myself sitting in classrooms which were instructed by persons who had obtained Ph. D's to teach me how best to become complicit with systems of oppression.

I cannot articulate verbally, or otherwise, how painful this was for me. I was truly going crazy, and rightfully so! My mind was being infiltrated...my soul bamboozled in mid-day, and I was paying in high-debt, heart-ache and in crippled Amerikan Dreams that have become folktales and mythologies, for it. I believed in it, I was a devout believer. I sipped that cool-aid. But I couldn't scratch out my nerves, or carve out my eyes and tear off my ears, and rip out my heart... because I know the world is becoming a more daunting place; Enron scandal, Madoff, 401k's disappearing, jobs drying up and states going bankrupt and the national debt at 11.7 trillion...

I just can't stay sane and calm when shit is getting worse. I am not even talking about the 1 million dead Iraqi's from an oil driven war, or the fact that Iraqi kids are dying from diarrhea because we bombed their water treatment facilities. I am not talking about the US invading Pakistan and Afghanistan and threatening Iran. I am not talking about the people in Fiji who don't have drinking water because it's in bottles at the campus center. I am not talking about the civil wars in Africa that are caused by the West's need for diamonds and gold—you name it. I am not talking about my own people in Nigeria who are dying from the oil war that is ensuing in the Delta region. I am not talking about China... because they own our debt and our jobs, and kill their own people.

I am talking about the chicken that has come home to roost. I am talking about the deficits, the housing crisis, the unemployment rate, the health-care crisis, and the decreasing standard of American living. I suppose I could have transferred a summer transcript and taken out \$5 k more in debt, but I see no future. I'm not talking about a future for my children. I am talking about a future for ME. When 50 and 60 year-olds lose their life savings after playing everything by the book and have to get in line for a job or unemployment benefits with no health insurance... I may feel a little insecure about my future. I might start to lose my composure.

And hey, when the government wants to take over health-care and legally mandate the inoculation of American citizens with untested vaccines, I may even want to flee the country. You see, I know that people die, are dying, and died because we, as a people of a particularly ironic nation, could not care less about who starves or is killed so we can pleasure our phantom Amerikan Dream. All I am saying is... I feel guilty, I feel responsible... and I know I am not invincible, or have a natural immunity against the ills of humanity. Even so, I am a perpetrator, a benefactor, and a victim of oppression—none of these roles are mutually exclusive. I know how it hurts when white, straight and rich people look at me like shit... and pass laws that threaten my pursuit of liberty and justice. I know how hurt I am when I hear white women, black men, the rich, the poor...*anyone* who hasn't lived my life say, "stop playing the victim;" without even wondering how many times I have scraped my knees to the bone, watched it heal, got up and saw more bone. No one cares! An eye for an eye and we all go blindly to our distant and vast graves.

I need to find peace in my soul. I am just not well. I hate what the US has become. I hate how apathetic people are. I don't know if it is the fluoride in the water, the high fructose sugar in every item of processed food, or the over-prescribed drugs because no one seems to feel the death enclosing upon us. The chickens have come home to roost and they may have returned to stay. I just feel like I have been suffocating and biting my convictions to stay normal and even-tempered. I don't know how we can be calm and nonchalant when our country is being hijacked by off-shore bankers and Obama is the latest puppet to distract us. All I know is: I need to clear my head and think of something that my soul can withstand, perhaps even flourish upon.

I owe it to myself to not surrender to capitalist enslavement. I owe it to the many nameless and faceless humans who have been murdered, will be murdered and are withering away in mass produced misery to sustain the United States of the Amerikas.

At the very least, I must **TRY** to seek a way out or under. You see, I intend to survive, sanity and all.

Truly,  
Zisa Aziza

*“I have rode this pony called life two times over and drank the shadow of death and misery into an alcoholic slump of fictionalized bliss; as I awake from a groggy decade and a lost pony, I dare retrace my unrelenting past.”*

*“if a mind is a terrible thing to waste,  
we must be living in a proliferous landfill.”*

**wants to know:**

what does “radical” mean in a society that commodifies thought. What is “revolutionary” about being slaves to a monetary system based on debt. what is “freedom” when we REFUSE to ask why misery and death haunts human civilization. who is fooled by the semantics of “CHANGE.” and I wonder if we will ever demand a refund on the Amerikan Dream that was HIJACKED by Wall Street greed, or just dream...

*“willful ignorance is a virulent virus that blossoms  
like lilies the color of death.”*

*“the world is missing its innocence and empathy. we are  
plunged into an existence of psychic despair. most never learn  
how much they have not been afforded and live their whole  
lives feeding a silent monster that grows weary and greedy  
within, until it emerges and conquers its vessel.”*

*“...humming the aches of silent souls, whispering the doubts  
of numbed souls, crying the tears of forsaken souls... as I  
search for peace with all of my soul”*

*“...although they cut the umbilical cord 20 years ago, it was  
wrapped around my throat and choked me all my life...finally  
it has been unraveled. I can begin to breathe...”*



*“new tools must be created to draw our dreams and new lenses must be applied, so we may envision the materialization of such dreams.”*

### **an Epiphanic moment**

Hush, let me listen to your eye lashes  
Flicker, let me catch the beat of your heart  
Race, share with me your souls  
Glory, sprinkle splashes of love  
Unremittingly, deny me the doubt of faith's  
Existence, spare me no mercy for you are divine

*“...if oppression were a highly contagious virus that was incurable and constantly mutating, would we be so nonchalant about its existence elsewhere? would we care that it was more feminine and brown and young or old and bowed to a certain god? would we ponder how prisons became quarantines? and poverty was just another lesion on the surface? and all the -izms were just minor symptoms?”*

## Amerika

**Facebook status:** i am seriously concerned about the mental health of Americans. Not even being hyperbolic. All the bad -isms and self-proclaimed -ists...just don't cut it. was the substance zapped out and then replaced with rhetoric one christmas evening? shit... fuck, at least i got my name! Zisa...not changing...will not be molded or deconstructed. Just Zisa...No nicknames...Zee-SAH!

**Andrea:** @Zisa, Even a name means nothing here. We're all just numbers.

**Zisa:** @Andrea, i knows... i need an L.

**Krista:** @Zisa, It's hard to know who your countrymen are when on the one hand the majority of them voted for regime change last year but on the other you've got people threatening to kill members of Congress... for reforming healthcare. It's a schizo-kinda time to be an American. I heard Dan Rather say it's the most divided he's ever seen the country... and Dan Rather is old as shit.

**Zisa:** @Krista, ha... he is old as shit. I'm sort of the wrong person to talk to about the health-care if you think Obama and HR 4872 represent the change, i believe, we need. just saying. I've read parts of the bill and listened and read a lot of economic/policy folks...and well...just look... at the Amerikan education system. what happened in New Orleans ..and did a bridge collapse in Minnesota? look at the war... Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan and Yemen...and Iran is next... over 9

years now. can someone tell me what the fuck we are fighting for? how the fuck is Osama still sending us e-cards and shit??? the country is divided b/c some of us are waking up...some of us have decided to think for ourselves...and pledge allegiance to the self and the constitution, such as myself.

Lastly, you cannot continue the legacy of bush and then sweet talk me. **NO**, I will not be bamboozled...I'm not falling for *the brown brother, sweet talking, slick walking, quick voting, show they got playing*. I'm no longer fooled by the divisions of red/blue and liberal/conservative...the **pure lunacy**. Oh...and after 1 million+ Iraqis have died...been murdered by an **ILLEGAL** war...i simply cannot afford to remain ignorant and "neutral" [**APATHETIC**]. there is nothing **NEUTRAL** about **DEATH** and an imperialist genocide. and... you can never cure violence with peace... you simply tame it. ...double lastly, what is so wrong with a country divided if we are truly a free republic? why is reading a crime and non-mainstream beliefs considered radical...on that domestic terrorist level? for one moment...contemplate how we invaded a sovereign country, hung their dictator and are presently occupying their country...for 9+ years, with **NO END** in sight? [mind you, iron doesn't turn to dust...in 6 seconds] if we can do that to a country that was completely **SOVEREIGN**...what can become of our *few dying* freedoms?

I assure you that while you watch MTV, and dance in the **LES** [lower east side, NYC], and shop at Urban Outfitters, and sip lattes at Starbucks, and stroll the isles of Barnes and Nobles, and critique the Tim Burton exhibit at MOMA...the freedoms silently erode; like a bank robbery during rush hour. and when

you finally get the memo, the constitution will be a relic to hang on walls. and by then, it will be TOO LATE. So please, WAKE UP... WAKE UP. and ask, “what are we fighting for? what are we living for?” and... “**is this truly freedom?**”

*an appetizer for the third eye...*

*“the rabbit hole is fucking DEEP. the masses are drugged up on the blue pill. they use the constitution to wipe their asses and still swear we FREE. a lil prayer: “dear jesus, I ask for one miracle: give humankind the will to wake up and fight for their convictions. if Moses could part a sea....we can be free! Amen.”*

*“if the Amerikan dream were a cow, she’d be bleeding out; for her head is severed and in the dirt. but her belly has yet to drop. And here we stand with our greedy pails and thoughtless hunger, hoping to squeeze out some milk... how did we become a people who indulge in necrophilia???”*

*“...ignorance is not a blankie on a stormy night. it’s more like two flat tires when you’re doing 130mph. most folks have an idea of what occurs when you have two flat tires and can’t slow down.”*

*“my soul has stretch marks like those draped around a mother’s eight month tummy. I need some cocoa butter for my soul—to aid me as I birth a fuller and freer self.”*

*“understands: 1. that “opting out” is not an option. 2. the notion of “privilege” should not be self-debilitating. 3. The key=subversion. must master subversion.”*

*“...I once found love in a museum and I’ve never been the same since. love ain’t a theory no more. its notion is no abstraction. someday, I hope I find love by a lake, on a farm, in a cafe, on a boat, while browsing the shelves of a library, or while staring at the brilliant midnight moon. but this time, I hope to take it with me.”*

## **For a woman whom I told, “I am scared”**

i have dreamt  
of your love  
for 1460 nights  
and awoken  
to a dream unlived  
i read about  
your love  
watched it  
on daytime tv  
smelled it  
on white roses  
at parks  
at movie theaters

I have seen  
your love  
encrypted in smiles  
rested on lips  
imprinted on souls  
i have felt  
myself love you  
i have felt  
myself run  
blindly back  
into uncertainty  
i have dreamt  
of your caress  
i have felt your caress  
i have fallen asleep  
in your arms  
i have awoken  
to your voice

i was cradled  
by your essence  
transformed  
by your beauty  
converted, from  
a non-believer  
to a devout believer  
i have ridden  
a pony called fear  
mastered a trade  
of doubt  
ruled by notions  
of misfortune  
i have loved  
frugally

i wish to love you  
like the ocean does  
the beach  
like grass does  
the soil  
like one woman does  
another woman  
i wish to make  
music with you  
by grinding our hips  
moans in our throats  
muffled through our noses  
skin turned rubbing silk  
like beat-boxing to  
the eroticism of  
our desires

my soul hinges  
on wishes,  
wishes...  
that dissolve

into thin air  
if one wish  
were to persist  
i wish for you  
to know  
that I miss you  
like a drummer  
does her beat  
like a bird  
does her sky  
like a fish  
does her sea

*“we are late at arriving to the truth only to remain arrogantly  
committed to our ignorance. some folks call it free will, I call  
this spiritual stagnation.”*

*“...how I hunger for women who feel like me, love like me and  
hurt like me. where art thou? shall we convene before we  
forget how to feel, how to love and how the hurting be. I beg.*



*“...Dear Universe, patience is a virtue and I am peeling away  
at the fruits of my long bide. I will no longer rush my desires  
into manifestation, for I know time is certain in its timing.”*



## Genocide Dressed in Freedoms' Rhetoric

**Zisa:** curious: is it ironic that we are pro repealing DADT? i mean, we want our gays, of color, who are poor, etc to go and die & kill brown folks who are being occupied & killed @ genocidal proportions, really? how can we offer our people up for an illegitimate/criminal war & insist that equality should be on all fronts. i DON'T want my sistren, those of color, poor, queerz or anybody to kill and/or die for oil, greed and corporatocracy!

*The statement above was a facebook status I wrote on the day that DADT (don't ask, don't tell) was repealed. The comments below reflect thoughts on the repeal of this legislation and its implications.*

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**Lark:** Ironically, the reason they ran Nixon out of office, the reason Rev. Dr. MLK, Jr. was assassinated and a host of other folks who have been crushed is because of speaking out against the military industrial complex. So I say Tell, Ask, and Bell the Cat! Do not bow down to their image.

**Zisa:** US hegemony is sustained by the military industrial complex [and its fiat currency]. they need our bodies to keep Wall Street afloat.

**Catherine:** I just think everyone should have an equal opportunity to choose their own course in life, even if it is one

I disagree with, disapprove of, and wish they would not choose. Anything else is oppression and tyranny.

**Zisa:** @Catherine, nah woman...nah! it ain't that simple!

**Catherine:** @Zisa, So you think someone should have the right to limit your choices "for your own good"? Paternalism much?

**Zisa:** @Catherine, i am not in favor of fighting for the equal right to kill innocent people. i think there are certain things that are inherently not worth fighting for...or clearly evil. as for what should be done... energy should be put into the discussion... on wtf we are still doing in the middle east! where is all the money going to... who is making money [Halliburton, defense contractors-Black Water, Exxon Mobile and all of its competitors, etc etc]...and lets not even talk about what the hell really went down on 9/11. point: this is a magnificent DISTRACTION!!! if we take a global perspective on matters, we'd understand that killing other poor people serves no one's interest. but if we keep on those perky red-white-blue lenses, we might as well nuke North Korea and take out Iran and Venezuela! shit, let's just scorch the earth while we're at it!

**Catherine:** @Zisa, I am as much against these wars as you are. I can be against the wars and be anti-military/industrial complex and still want the laws of this country to allow equal access to all.

**Zisa:** @Catherine, hmm... sounds like a case of schizophrenic consciousness, but very postmodern of you!

**Catherine:** @ Zisa, Have you never met someone who was against abortion but pro-choice?

**Zisa:** @Catherine, not the same. feminism... has its comparative limitations. signing up to kill someone/being a pacifist versus... not favoring abortion but respecting people's choice to do as they please to their own bodies is SO different. we are occupying COUNTRIES and KILLING their people... there is no CONSENT prescribed to a woman who may be socially identical to you in IRAQ, YEMEN [we've been doing some covert shit here], PAKISTAN, AFGHANISTAN, [ENTER MANY MORE HERE] when she finds herself racing against bullets, if not for geography.

you know... if they were bombing London this conversation would not be the same... if some entity was pillaging the lands of the mighty USA this convo would not even being taken place, PERIOD.

i'm more than willing to agree to disagree... but these are LIVES WE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... not numbers...not ideas... or goals...but humans who have the same amount of genes as you and i... who wish to be free of violence and live long enough to watch their children grow up and be well enough to bear their own children. take a global perspective on humanity. i beg.

**Susan:** I'm not crazy about marriage either but it is certainly a right for everyone to marry the person of her choice.

**Catherine:** Freedom isn't freedom if it only applies to people doing what you approve of.

**Zisa:** @Susan, yeah... marriage is a little different... marriage and abortion do not impose themselves upon countries of innocent people.

im not crazy about it either... but i would like those rights, one day. i am also anti-abortion, for myself...as in ...my womb...and mine only. but anti-legislation of the female body, as it is unconstitutional [check 9th amendment]... b/c we are, with many constraints, a free people [?]

**Zisa:** @Catherine, give it a rest! just think a lil... for a while. we should chat more on this!

**Sophie:** @Zisa, I agree with Catherine. While I completely disagree with this war and almost every war the US has ever fought, I do believe that anyone should have the choice to serve.

But I do see where you are coming from, we should be asking questions about the daily violence and be examining why we are fighting these wars and ending our dependency on war. We should be asking the question, why is it that the armed forces are allowed to advertise in the public sector, particularly in low-income public schools? To me this is unethical.

Honestly, I don't see why anyone who isn't properly protected by the government would want to fight for the army or air force or navy etc. May that include minorities, queers, Muslims, etc. You might even be able to add women to that list. But that's a whole 'nother story.

**Zisa:** @Sophie, the notion of freedom that you women are employing should incorporate respecting the freedoms of others. ethics? you speak of ethics? what is ethical about this war...? Whose freedom are we speaking to?

we need more *experiential knowledge* with war violence—we speak too abstractly.

**Sophie:** @Zisa, yes we do because I’ve never seen war in this country and I thank god for that. I feel guilty for being an American but one of the perks is we really don’t see war at its worst and we never see it on our soil.

no of course it’s not ethical to kill, but if we are going to send our citizens to do it, and our government tells them “they are killing for honor,” then is it ethical to say only the straights can “earn that honor?”

**Zisa:** @Sophie, uh...if the pie is rotten...so is all if its crumbs.

**Sophie:** @Zisa, meaning? sorry I’m not on my feet today.

**Catherine:** @Zisa, We have been fighting to overturn this legislation longer than we have been fighting in Afghanistan or Iraq. Before we were fighting this legislation we were simply fighting for equal rights to serve in the military and to get married. This law was the compromise on military service. Other stuff is happening on the marriage front, civil unions, etc...

So, what should long term activists do? When a couple years in the military means good money to pay for college we fight to get in, and for the right to serve openly, but as soon as it becomes objectionable, tell the queers who want to serve: “Sorry, we don’t support you anymore ‘cuz we don’t like your choices?” I don’t think that’s right.

**Zisa:** @Catherine, i’m sorry. i do not know how to engage your consciousness. i forfeit.

**Cyree:** @Zisa, while i think that the set of priorities expressed by the current LGBT “movement” is whack, at best, there are already gays and lesbians in the military. The question was whether or not they could serve openly.

DADT instituted a policy where people like me could be killed by their own in the military for who they are, and with relative impunity because their murders could not be claimed as a hate crime. Yes, this is a shortsighted move by an increasingly conservative body of people, but I think that it is small minded to pretend that LGBT service people aren’t experiencing danger of another kind in addition to the difficulties of combat and service itself. For instance, take the case of Barry Winchell.

Then, imagine how this may occur even more in the lives of soldiers of color, LGBTQ soldiers, etc. The military industrial complex should be dismantled, and we are the people who should work to do it, but right now we have a military and there are gays in it.

**Catherine:** @Zisa, I don't mean to bring you grief on your own wall... I honestly think we agree far more than we disagree.

**Zisa:** @Cyree, i am just tired of the concessions and distractions. yes... i agree with what you are saying... but i fail to care about following US discourse/ideologies on liberalism b/c that of humanity seems more relevant. perhaps i would argue differently in a month, or in a year. i don't know.

but i feel no need to celebrate or rejoice... b/c all i can think of... is more people being sucked in the MIC [military-industrial complex]...more people dying...and KILLING... b/c they are too busy caring about themselves...which is important for self-preservation... but shit is global [always been since the dawn of imperialism] ... and all I see is our poor/brown/queer/etc being **EXPLOITED** and used to **MURDER** /other /brown, poor/innocent folks for **OIL/MONEY**.

i suppose i just don't want to see it from an Amerikan perspective. i *refuse* to! randomly, super random, i imagine many whites in the antebellum south did not enjoy enslaving people who looked like you and me but they had to make **MONEY**. so they did what they **HAD** to; what was within *their* **LEGAL RIGHTS** for *economic security*! I imagine if the Union could have stayed intact with slavery, it would have because all they cared about was money and the same for us. there is no honor in what we are doing over there! patriotism is dead and decaying because this country was never honorable. so i ask you now: should we continue to support such delusional aspirations for equality because they suit our conception of

liberalism and freedom and ignore the fact that we wreak havoc all of the planet?

we make choices: i have chosen to understand the desire for repealing DADT but i **cannot/will not** extricate the right to serve openly from the occupation of innocent people.

how could i be anti-war and anti-DADT? i'm just saying, that would be inconsistent on my part. and since the US does not exist in a bubble, our political aspirations have very **REAL** and **MATERIAL** effects on the rest of the world, and i have chosen to keep the rest of the world in mind when i choose to support political legislation. if my freedom treads upon yours, what construction of freedom do i promote? this is where that feminist motto, "the personal is political" is most applicable to me. as a queer black woman, how the fuck do i rejoice over this or support it. If anything, i'd say i'm indifferent on this specific legislation. But the reason i am concerned is that, i feel, we are divorcing this moment in history from the larger discourse *on war, imperialism, and genocide*. they are using us against us. but they make us ask for it by getting us caught up in this schizophrenic consciousness/cognitive dissonance, and in this liberalism that germinates in a petri dish [or so it *seems*].

quite honestly, i am surprised that these dots are not being connected in the minds of others. i mean... is my argument really that preposterous? if so, i am sorry and *deeply* frightened.

Even so, let's keep the dialogue going... thinking aloud enhances the repertoire of human consciousness! =) [at least it's helping me, lol]



**Zisa:** @Catherine, we can agree when we are both willing to acknowledge that if we were in Baghdad and we were displaced from our homes and families and lost so much in the past 9 years for reasons unstated but known, that our arguments would differ!

until then, we will not agree. we can understand the fundamental aspects of our arguments that are factually similar; but as soon as we try to account for anything more than the US, we veer off to our respective paths.

which is okay but when we lose sight of another person's freedom who will speak for ours, when that day arrives?  
[because it *will*, you know?]

didn't MLK say an injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere? yeah, national liberties do not match up to human liberties.

point: it's all good b/c luckily we are neither soldiers nor the inhabitants of war zones. otherwise, this discussion would be less theoretical, right??

**Catherine:** @Zisa, I think you are making assumptions about me that may not be true. In the same time frame, roughly the last 25 years, that I have worked for equal rights for queers in the US across the board I have engaged in anti-war activities.

...I have lobbied for, among other things, a universal draft, with no deferments or exemptions. I believe that before the powers that be vote for a war they should know that their own kids,

the kids next door, are equally as likely to go as the kids from Shaolin. I don't know if you know soldiers. I do. I don't agree with all their choices, but I know them and I understand them. My bottom line is that I cannot withhold the full measure of freedom, to the degree that I have access to it, to anyone else without diminishing them, their voice, their life. I will not. What they choose to do with their freedoms I can offer my wisdom on, but when I try to control them I become just another overseer, just another tyrant. I will resist with my last breath the collar and I will not put one another person.

.....

*How did this become about Catherine? How does one engage atrophied minds that are bound to slight souls???*

## Read before you Rally

I am troubled to witness the overwhelming stupidity, which surrounds me, that has become commonplace in the US.

**My Facebook status:** Obamacare is not going to feel like MLK shaking ya hand...or Jesus anointing you. It will feel like health-care rationing. It will feel like Uncle Sam teamed up with The Man and stole ya Bill of Rights. You'll want to find your way to a courthouse, but they will be on vacation. However, when you find that last clerk, she'll tell you that family protects family.

**Friend responds:** duly noted. i don't disagree, but there are many helpful provisions in the legislation. i know that politics is a dish served cold, and there's no warming it up, but i'll take the bitter with the sweet if it means a measure of positive change.

**I then say:** sharecropping was change, it was bitter-sweet. i still got some of the bitter taste from my great grandmother's blood nursing on my wisdom teeth.

**Dear Professor Anthropology:**

*This professor failed me with a grade of 68/100. Mind you, I took her class pass/fail [needed 70 or above to pass] and was a rising senior. It was wicked in a cruel way.*

Professor, if you disagree with the thesis of my paper[s], I'd advise you to address your opposition to my arguments as cognitive dissonance.

Nonetheless, I should not be penalized for thinking independently—not subscribing to your discourse on Globalization. I do apologize, for I cannot easily dismiss the depth of history that can be addressed in your assignments. Yes, that history pertains to slavery and colonialism, which are akin to racism. These matters may not be of great comfort to you, but the class is about Africa.

From the first week of class, I contested your theory of globalization as something less than an oppressive and revised form of imperialism via disaster capitalism. I have not hesitated to mention, repeatedly, that Globalization is a progeny of colonization and imperialism in the 21st century.

As far as I am concerned, your notion of Globalization is comparable to someone saying we live in a “post-race” society. With our newly appointed half-white president [opposed to 100%], much of America has adopted a “color-blind” approach to subjects pertaining to race. If that were the case, a society deplete of racial hierarchies, I would not have to explain:

Why, if I were to write a letter to an editor, who argued that Ethiopians were starving because they were powerless to their own sexual proclivities and simply had too many unplanned babies, the “tone” of my paper would be impassionate.

Why, the library in Antigua was an imperialist fixture that was erected for the indoctrination of a Eurocentric discourse. This could be considered the suppression and distortion of history, an essential apparatus in the construction of cultural hegemonies: “the logic is reductive: supposedly ahistorical categories, such as biology or ethnicity, are employed as essentialist sources” for the construction of arbitrary hierarchies [Igarashi 73].

Furthermore, if we were to treat history as a set of fixed and unrelated events that do not dictate our present state of being, it would be an egregious disservice to any intellectual discourse.

Intrinsically, this letter epitomizes the legacy of racist patriarchal systems that replicate and perpetuate historical injustices. As a result of histories mis-told and erased, I have been silenced. It would explain why I stopped raising my hand in class, a matter I discussed with you in detail. A discussion you reduced to a waste of time, when you sent my Dean an email stating that I had failed to write the “Letter to the Editor” in accordance with your directions. That email was coupled with a tirade in class on the consequences of not following your directions. During this performance of power, you stated my grade as the case for which your tirade was warranted.

This would explain why class missed me. This would explain why I have written so much on matters your class, your instruction as a Professor, refuses to address.

As a result, you have demonstrated how the prescription of selective amnesia and its application to the “linearities of Eurocentric progress narratives” reproduce white patriarchies [Ferguson 2006: 33]:

“Women of today are still being called upon to stretch across the gap of male ignorance and to educate men as to our existence and our needs. This is an old and primary tool of all oppressors to keep the oppressed occupied with the master’s concerns. Now we hear that it is the task of women of color to educate white women—in the face of tremendous resistance as to our existence, our differences, our relative roles in our joint survival. This is a diversion of energies and a tragic repetition of racist patriarchal thought.” (Lorde 1984, 113)

This “repetition of racist patriarchal thought” is akin to the White Supremacy that was enacted upon at the commencement of the Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade—an avant-garde to the celebration of Globalization.

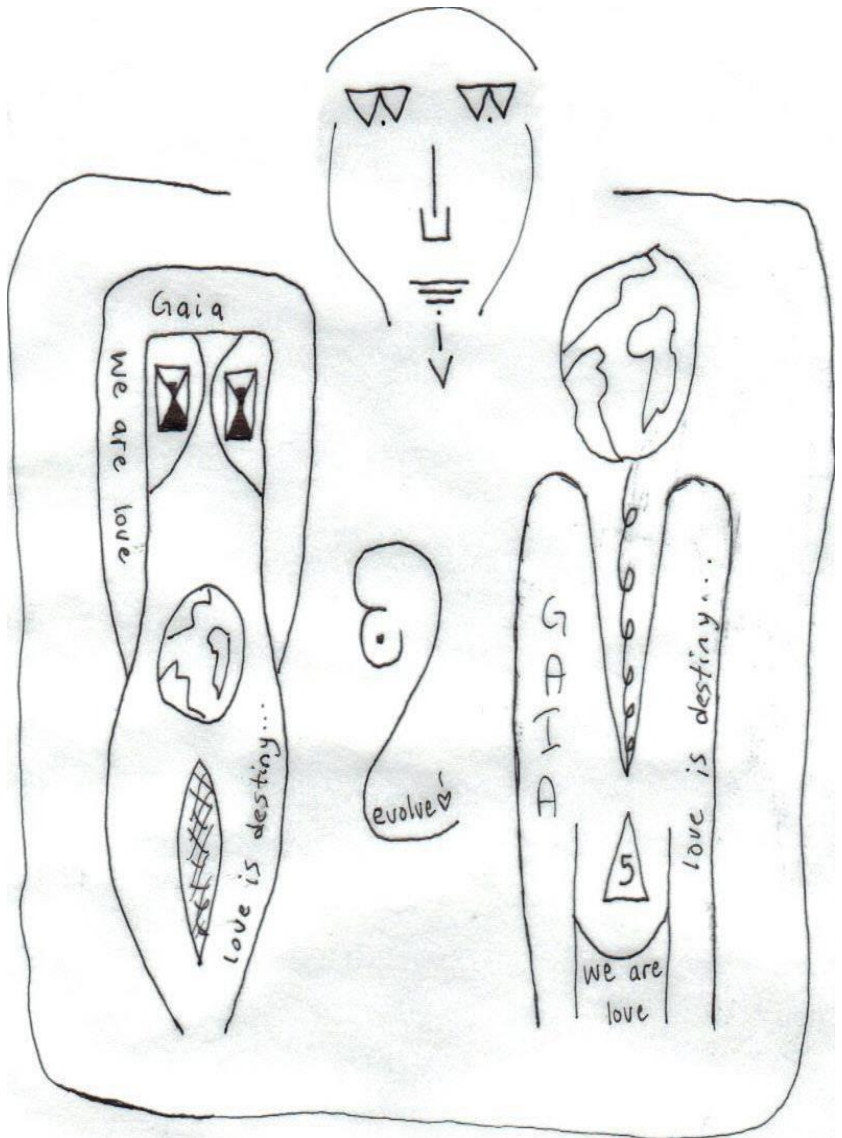
Lastly, please forgive my tone, as I know such matters are very sensitive for you.

Truly,  
Zisa Aziza

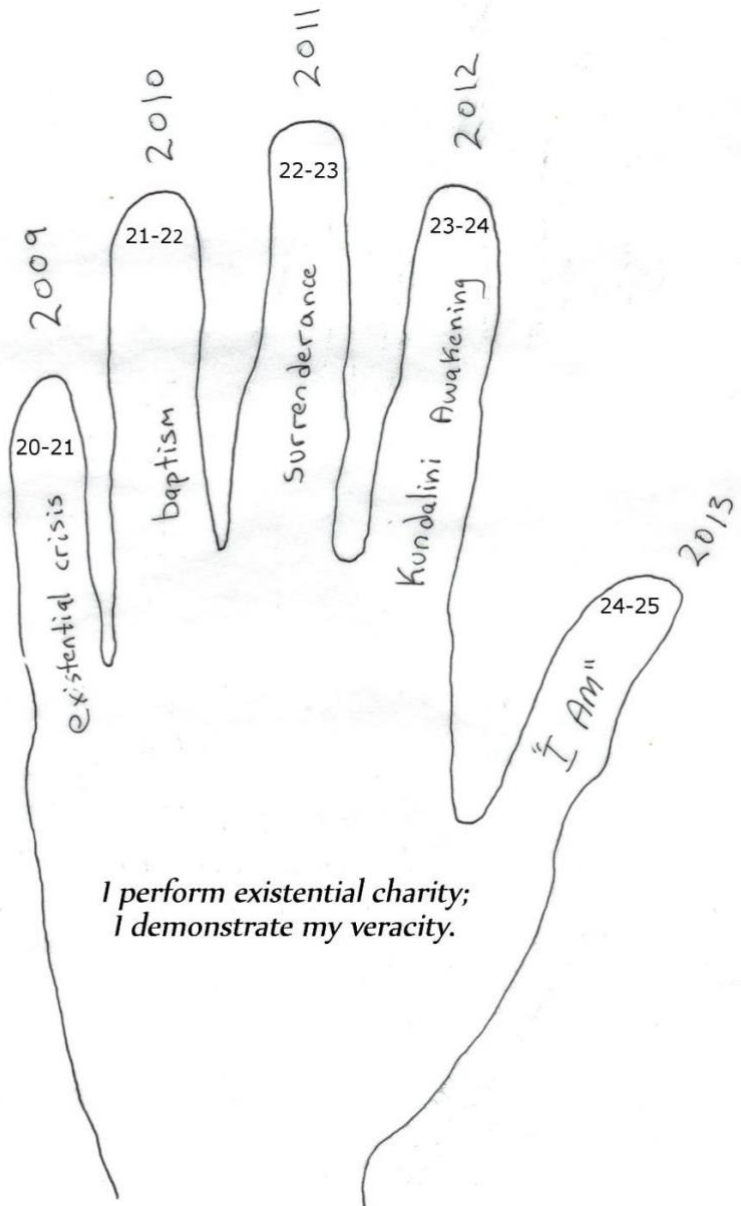








*Semper Peto Evolvenda*

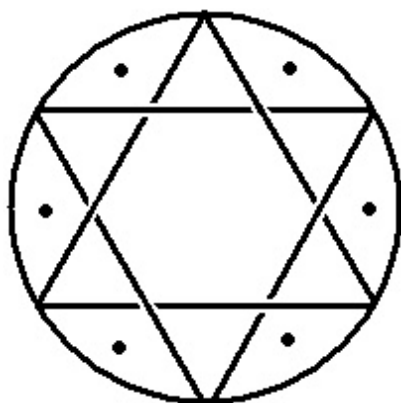


***äm̄— ē— äm̄***

***ä— ē— ä***

***ä— ē— yə***

***adios vaya con dios***





**Deliver Thyself**

*Dalu, Chukwu*



## At Love's Behest

*That which is in your possession is a:*

**Transfiguring  
Unsentimental  
Truth Beckoning  
Hypnosis Cracking  
Consciousness Sprouting  
Insurrectional Instrument**

*Gifted by the gods and deities of unseen worlds.*

This book does not wish to collect dust upon your bookshelf.  
It craves the willful grasp of a yearning soul.

*Please do not deny its quest.*

